THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

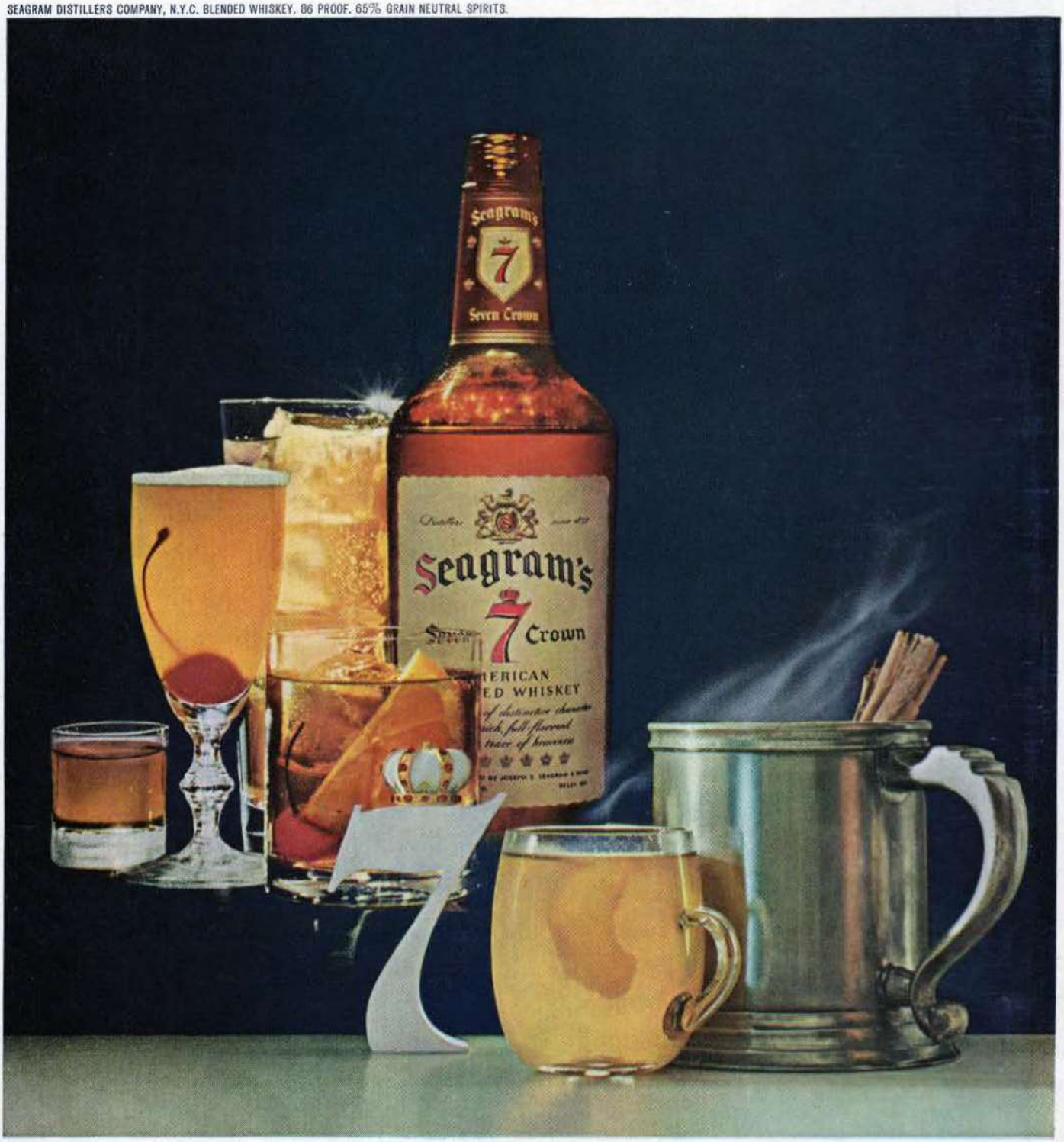
50 CENTS MARCH 1964 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

Revealed!
THE ASTONISHING STORY OF THE HIROSHIMA PILOT
By William Bradford Huie

The Gypsy Way–
MEN WHO MAKE SLAVES OF WOMEN

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.



The Great Entertainer welcomes two hot favorites to the big time

Everybody knows 7 Crown tastes great cold (as in the four famous drinks on the left).

But some like it hot—and you'll know why when you taste either of these steaming mugs laced with America's favorite whiskey. Delicious after a bout with Jack Frost.

Both are easy to fix. And thanks to the Great Entertainer's special quality of taste both belong in the big time. Here's how! 7 Crown Hot Toddy: 2 oz. 7 Crown, 1 tsp. sugar, stir in mug. Add hot water. Garnish with cinnamon stick. 7 Crown Hot Grog: 2 oz. 7 Crown, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 tsp. lemon juice. Stir. Add hot water or tea. Both are delicious.

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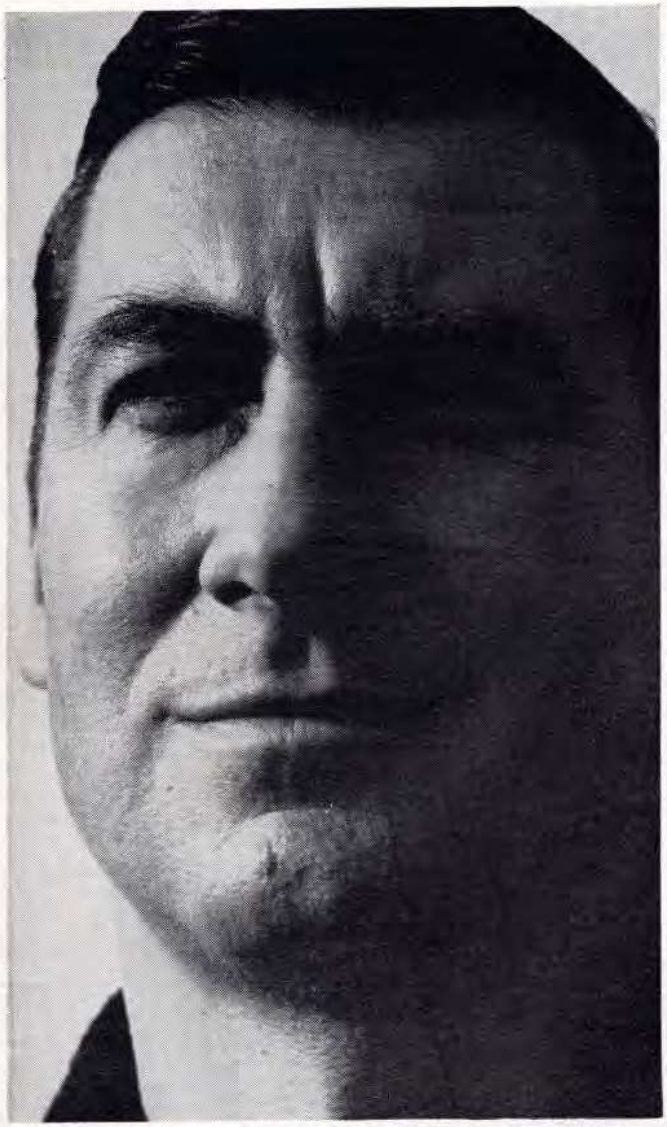

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TRUELY YOURS

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Stonefaced Star

All stellar contents of True's February issue noted with approval. Tops in my book was Richard Gehman's long, hard look at Hollywood hard guy Burt Lancaster (*Burt Lancaster: Hollywood's Terrible-Tempered Stoneface*). I like Lancaster's aversion to snoopers trying to discover "the real Burt Lancaster." Too many Hollywood types, all too willing to bare their souls in public, merely reveal their lack of anything to bare. Privacy is getting to be one of our forgotten institutions, especially for people in the public eye, and it's good to see that Lancaster insists that a large measure of his personal life is nobody else's business. This means writers like Gehman have to dig a little harder, but it also gives them a more interesting subject to write about.

—Thomas Doyle
New York, N. Y.

That Sterling Character

Take your editors—singly or collectively—and hang them from the yardarm—but first boil them in oil (and whatever else other readers might suggest)! This would only be fitting and proper for the sacrilege of putting Sterling Hayden's story (*Wanderer*—December, January) into a "continued next month" serial. I know Sterling only casually, having stumbled on him one day in '61 in Tiburon. He was very industriously sanding an old dory that he'd picked up somewhere on the coast—but that's neither here nor there. I've followed his star, both on and off screen, watched him grow from an awful actor to a man with a trained sense of how to portray characters that not only seem, but are, real to an audience. I've watched his off-screen life—as portrayed by the press—and have wished so many times that I could have the guts to be the man he is.

—Robert L. Scribner
Herlong, Calif.

Look at it this way: if we hadn't split the story into two parts, we could have given you only half as much.

Huckster Hoax

Congratulations to True and Ralph Smith for the revealing article, *How You Are Hoaxed by Vitamin Hucksters* (January). Almost two years ago, we published an advertisement under the heading, "Don't Spend Money Recklessly on Vitamins." The first paragraph under that heading told our story. "Seems odd for one of the world's leading vitamin companies to make this statement, but we are in complete agreement with the statement that vitamins are not cure-alls. And we also believe that there are too many vitamins 'promoted' to people who may or may not need them. Therefore, in all good conscience, we have always refrained from using any type of high pressure salesmanship."

—Herbert Brody, President
Hudson Vitamin Products, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

Stalins in Skirts

The letter gloating over men having to slave while women loaf, written by "A Woman" in *TRUEly Yours* in the January issue, readily explains not only the high divorce rate in America but also the appalling death rate among males from various heart afflictions. Whether man or woman, we should be human also. The easier life for women is nothing new. Women have always had it easier than men, as far back as I can remember. I recall when I was a boy that the women from the neighborhood would gather at my mother's porch for an afternoon-long gab session in the days when the work day for men was 10, 12, or even 15 hours a day, hard factory labor. The fair (?) sex could give dictators lessons in propaganda techniques.

—Ezra L. Austin
Danville, Va.

More Muslims

If the Black Muslim sect were not so ludicrous (*A Phony Islam's Unveiled Threat*—December), I would consider it a threat to the very human society of *our* world. The "our" represents my belief that the world was meant by God to be inhabited by all of us, black, white, yellow, red or even violet! It was also intended to be lived in as peaceful, warm human beings. It appears to me that people do not stop to think, while dreaming up groups set on revenge for the so-called underdog, of the really tremendous prospect of possible peaceful coexistence between all peoples.

—G. Santimaw
Fort Campbell, Ky.

Lethal Lightweight

Whoa there, boys! Restrain yoreselves. In Mr. John S. Tompkins *Our New Blitzkrieg Rifle That's Clobbering Communists* in December True the present prevailing American passion for spreading the stuff must have started you swinging with a scoop shovel: "I saw one guy hit in the arm. It spun him around and blew the arm right off. . . . A man hit through the buttocks lived for five minutes. . . . The fellow had his head blown clean off. . . ." Whoo-ee!

Yessir, that's some rifle! But *true?* A little practical experience and a check of ballistic tables stirs up a strong odor of fish. A .22 caliber, 55-grain bullet at 3,265 feet per second? That's neither new nor extreme. I've seen a .220 swift blow a crow into a cloud of feathers at 400 yards. But that's 4,110 fps, and a crow, not a man. The .222 Remington (from which it appears your cartridge is descended), as loaded commercially by Western, gives a 50-grain bullet 3,200 fps, a fairly close comparison, and I've never heard of nor seen such wild results from it.

—C. E. Roberts
St. Charles, Mo.

The quotes in the article were from eyewitnesses and may be further explained by: "It not only imparts tremendous shock on impact but the light bullet tumbles in flesh and, upon striking, turns end over end, literally tearing its way out. . . . The .223 bullet is purposely on the lower fringes of stability so that it will 'keyhole' when it hits." The "keyhole" effect is responsible for the results you doubt, C.E.

I've just finished reading your article on the AR-15 rifle, and I must agree with the author that this is truly an amazing little

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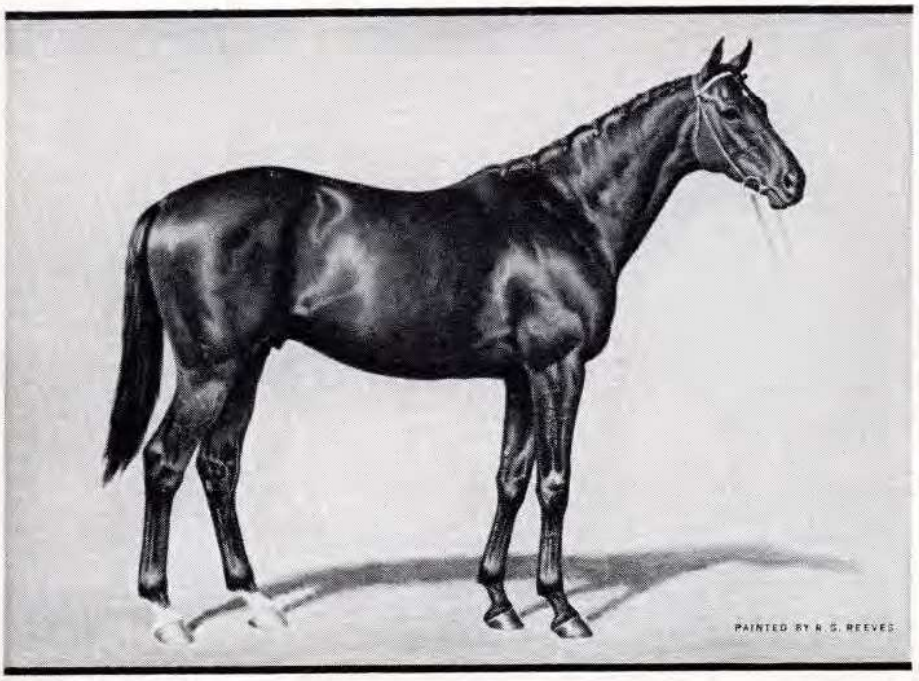

Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest

This thoroughbred bay colt was sired by famous Sword Dancer, stakes winner of $829,610 and voted best 3-year-old plus horse of the year! Just name him and he's yours!

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ELITE { BLUE LARKSPUR / ARISTOCRACY

GRAND PRIZE! Winner is awarded this prize colt during a special ceremony at Churchill Downs during Derby Week. Winner also receives 2 choice box seats at the 1964 Kentucky Derby, *plus* hotel room for 4 days *plus* $1,000 cash for fun and expenses!

Kentucky Club will feed and care for your colt—pay his insurance, board and training costs until July 1, 1964. Then you race him—or sell him—either way, you're money ahead!

HOW TO ENTER THIS EASY CONTEST

1. Submit as many entries as you like. Limit names to 16 letters and not more than 3 words. (Spaces and punctuation count as letters, too.)

2. With each entry, send one complete cellophane zip-off top from the outer wrapper of any of Kentucky Club's 9 great brands of tobacco.

3. Use plain paper or get an entry blank with complete official rules anywhere Kentucky Club Tobaccos are sold. Print name of colt and your own name and address.

4. Mail entries to Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest, P.O. Box 7K. Mount Vernon, New York, 10559.

5. Contest closes midnight, April 6, 1964. Entries will be judged on the basis of appropriateness (specific reference to the characteristics and lineage of the horse), freshness, and sincerity.

COMPLETE CONTEST RULES ON ENTRY BLANKS AT LEADING TOBACCO COUNTERS EVERYWHERE.

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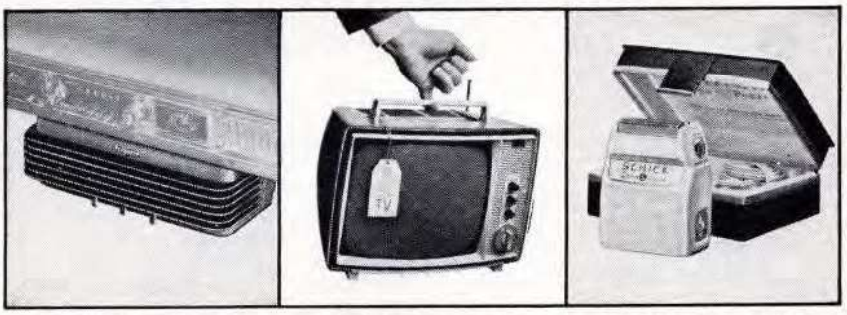

7 SECOND PRIZES!
Quality-Engineered Frigette Auto Air Conditioners!* Fits any car. So compact it fits compact cars—so powerful it cools station wagons.

*Does not include installation.

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Uniquely full-bodied and rich-tasting, yet pleasingly mild.

New!, menthol cool and mild with real tobacco taste.

A cool-burning, mild tobacco. Distinctively aromatic.

Join the fun! You may be a winner!

Love Letters to Rambler

Mr. Bernard Myers

School teacher Bernard Myers, of Levittown, Pa., has owned many makes of cars—drove a taxi during his college years—has even taught in a driving school. So he considers himself a "professional driver" when he writes us enthusiastically about his Rambler—a Classic wagon with stick shift:

"36,000 miles of heavy traffic—$5.10 in expenditures to date"

"The Rambler, in my opinion, is one of the most reliable, economical and pleasantest driving automobiles on the road today.

"That 36,000 miles represent hard miles of heavy traffic, in all kinds of weather, including mountains and broken-up roads.

"In expenditures to date, the car has cost me $5.10 (excluding normal maintenance). And it still runs as good as the day it was delivered. If anyone can beat that for economy, he's not riding.

"From here on in, there is no other car for me except Rambler."

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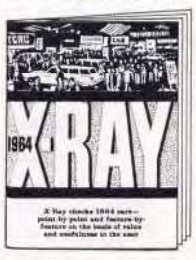

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[*Continued from page 2*]

weapon. I was fortunate to be present at a demonstration given for one of the local police forces and had the opportunity to fire it; I was most favorably impressed. The only other full-auto weapon I have fired is the M1928 Thompson, and, needless to say, I fired a couple of thousand rounds of ammo before I achieved a fair degree of proficiency. With the AR-15, I was a sharpshooter right off. With the lack of muzzle climb and the negligible recoil, all men trained with this weapon should have expert ratings in no time. I should like to see the Army arm all its men with this rifle, not just the Special Forces.

—D. H. Platt
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Booze Battle

The members of the 45th Ordnance Detachment at Fork Polk, Louisiana, read with interest the story of the battle at Sabine, Texas, in your December issue (*The Whiskey Warriors vs. the Fearsome Fleet*). Attached is a photograph showing myself and two other men of this unit unloading a 12-inch cannonball from our truck at Fort Polk. The ball had been found in shallow water near the ship channel at Sabine, Texas, by a shrimp fisherman. He reported his find to the Coast Guard, who in turn reported it to us on 1 August. The two enlisted men in the picture, Specialists Ball and Randles, went to Sabine and inspected the round and determined that it was loaded. It was brought to Fort Polk to be inerted. The ball had a brass time fuze in it marked ORD 1861 and a stamped anchor. We removed the black powder charge and returned the ball to the men who found it.

On 14 August myself and Specialist Watkins returned to the Sabine area and with the aid of a metallic mine detector located a four-inch Parrot projectile in the river bank in front of the Dick Dowling park. This round was also loaded and was inerted and returned to the Civil War Centennial Society at Sabine. I have written to you about this with the idea in mind that the finding of the projectiles is concrete proof of the reported action at Sabine, Texas.

—First Lt. Cyrus P. Smith
Fort Polk, La.

The Proof of the Punching

Al Stump's article *The Man with the Punch-Proof Belly* in December TRUE may have struck your readers as incredible, but measured against boxers I have seen and practiced with in the Orient, Cannonball Richards' performance is fairly routine. It is common for Asian boxers, particularly Chinese, to withstand punches and kicks with impunity. And more—Wang Shu-chin of Taiwan not only can do this but will also withstand kicks to the kneecap or any part of the lower extremities. But Wang can do much more—he is a complete boxer and can uproot an opponent with open hand attached at the start against the opponent's midriff. That is, there is no distance for his strike to work up velocity. Wang would say that the reason Richards is able to absorb punches is that the punchers fail to "break off his root." They punch straightaway, leaving his feet in firm contact with the ground. Wang strikes with double impact, the first directed downward to the feet and then upward, toppling the man.

—R. W. Smith
Bethesda, Md.

His full name: "WANG-SHU-CAN-HIT."

Kidnap Case

New Evidence in the Lindbergh Mystery in the December issue brought back some memories, as I was in New York City the time this took place. One of the ransom bills was left at Childs Restaurant on Lexington Avenue where I worked, and I attended the first day of the trial. I saw the ladder that Bruno Hauptmann was supposed to have built. For the finished product of a carpenter, that ladder looked like it had been built by a kindergarten pupil.

—Perry G. Powers
Sunnyvale, Calif.

Broads at the Ballot Box

Firstly, let me say that I am neither a member of the League of Women Voters nor an ardent feminist. I enjoy being a girl (my husband likes the arrangement, too), and I have no desire to grow a beard, smoke cigars, or cuss. However, your statement that "the terrible shape the world is in . . . has come about since women were given the vote . . ." (*Less Votes from Women—It's a Man's World*—December) can't go unchallenged. That argument is a good example of sophistic (a polite term for half-assed) reasoning, or, if you really want to be cutting, thinking like a woman. Similar correlations to explain the deterioration of world affairs could be drawn, following your line of reasoning, from the increasing use and efficiency of the internal-combustion engine or the growing starling population of downtown Washington, D.C. Surely you fellows could put your orderly, trained, logical heads together and come up with a better argument than that. Come to think

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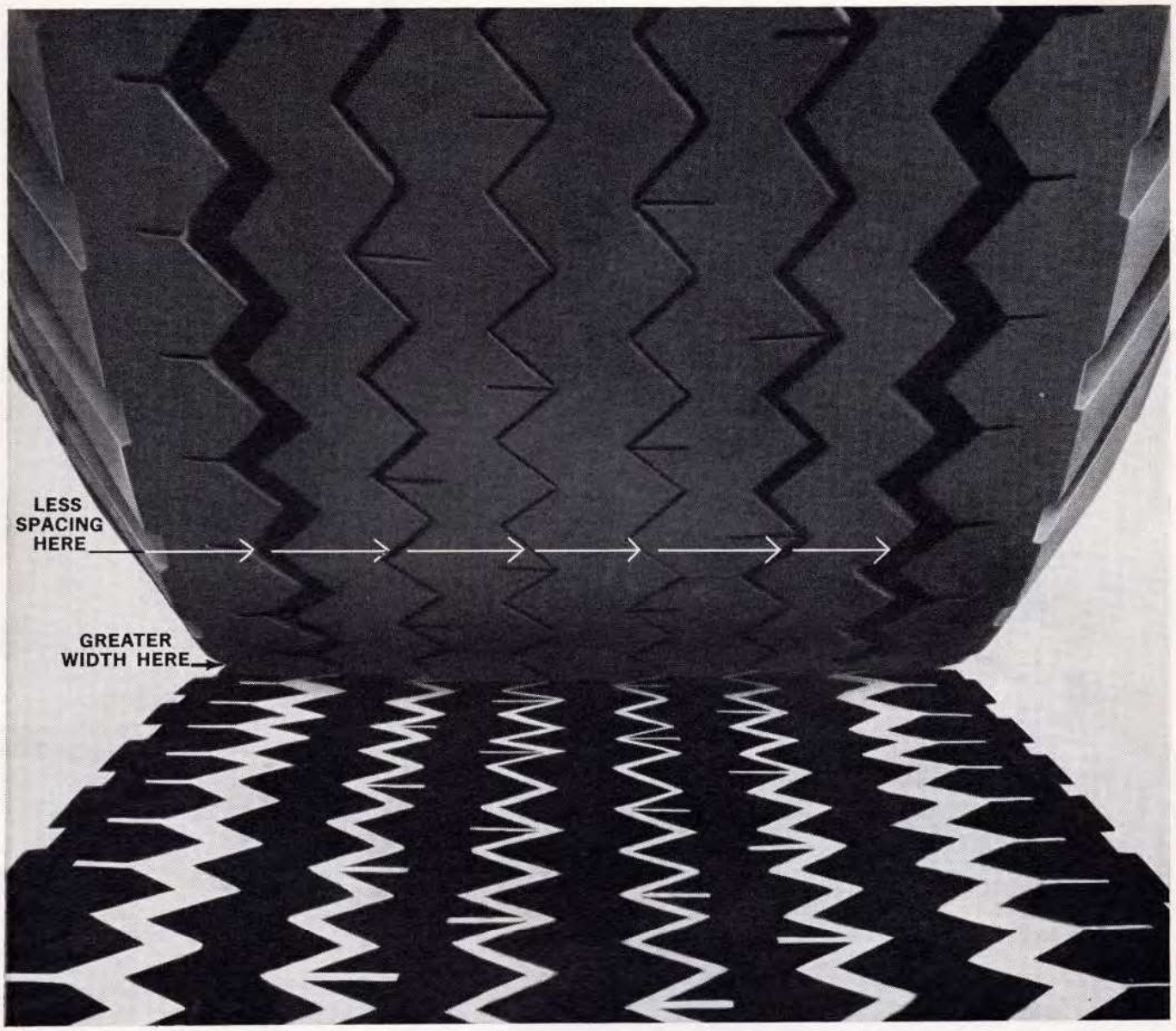

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Yes, outwears! Yes, any other!

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Runs up to 25° cooler, too!

The Super Hi-Miler tread is actually made of *two* kinds of rubber. Outside, an abrasion-resistant tread; inside, a softer, more resilient rubber that absorbs flexing and creates less heat-building friction.

This, plus a new specially grooved shoulder design, keeps Super Hi-Miler running up to 25° cooler, mile after pounding mile.

You get extra traction, more recaps, even a lower-pitched sound at high speeds.

Mileage-stretching features like these make sense for your fleet. Buy and specify Super Hi-Miler at your Goodyear Dealer's or Goodyear Service Store. Goodyear, Truck Tires, Akron, Ohio 44316.

Another reason why more truck manufacturers, more fleet owners choose Super Hi-Miler.

GOODYEAR

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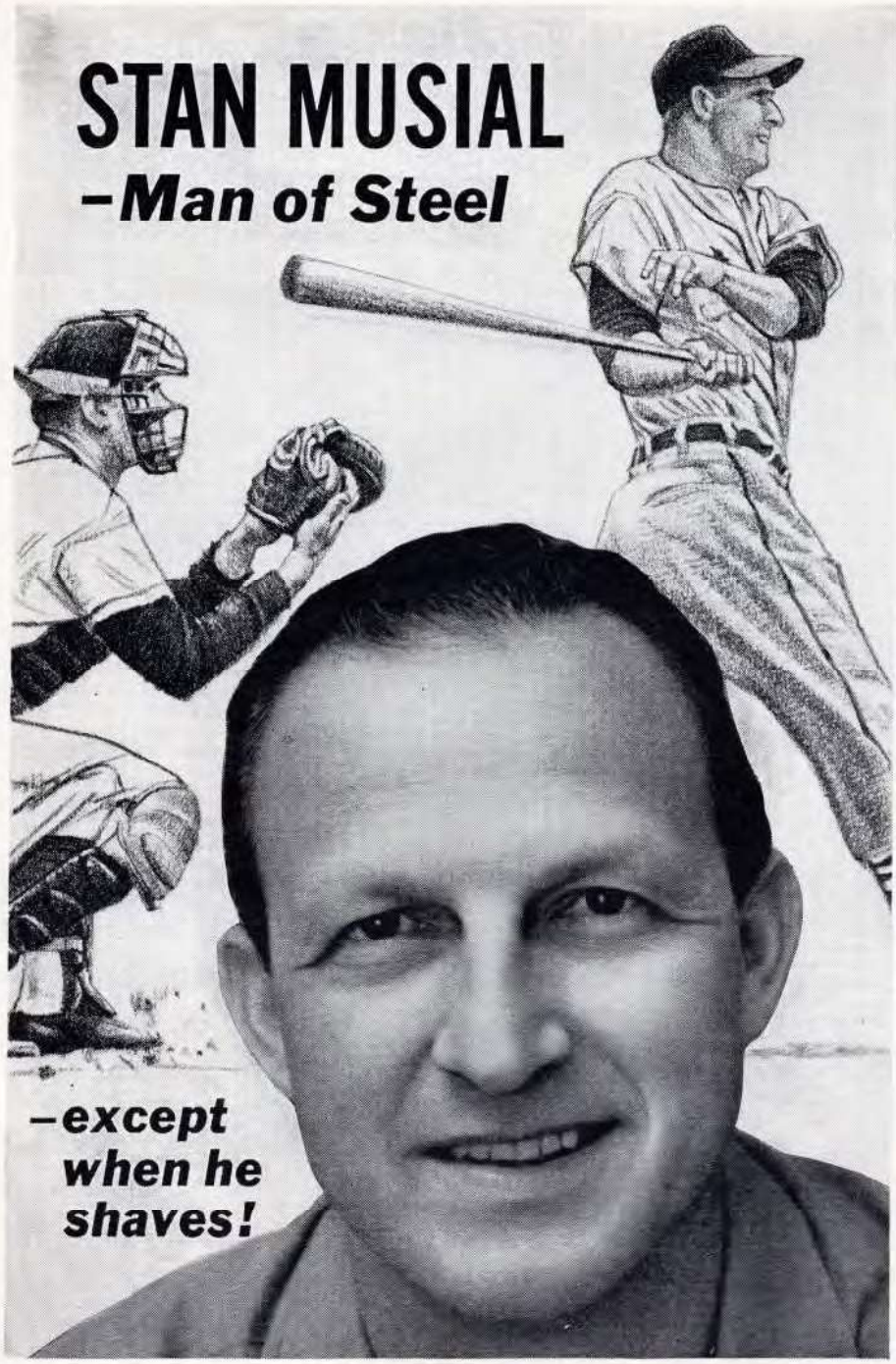

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For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

MARCH 1964

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

CONTENTS

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE **36** The Startling Story of the Hiroshima Pilot

One hour before the **Enola Gay** dropped the world's first atomic bomb on Hiroshima, another B-29, piloted by Major Claude Eatherly, flew a weather reconnaissance over the doomed Jap city. Strangely, his routine mission was to be the first leg of a bizarre, tortured career of crime and aberration. Was he the victim of a monstrous guilt complex—or the innocent dupe of the lunatic fringe? Here, for the first time, are the true facts in this astonishing story

TRUE ADVENTURE

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID B. EISENDRATH, JR.

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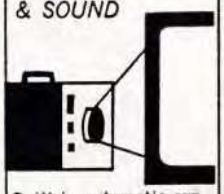

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*price slightly higher in Canada

Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin

When a business yields enough to repay investment and expenses, and the proprietor thereupon can say he has "got his nut back," he uses a slang term that had a quaint and little-known origin in American circus life some 150 years ago. The traveling show of the early 1800's was typically a primitive affair housed in one or two large gaudily painted wagons. They had big wheels to negotiate the rutted roads between towns. Since circus people were notoriously slippery customers, apt to sneak off without paying bills run up for animal fodder and provisions, the sheriff of a town immobilized the show by removing a wheel nut from an axle. Because every nut was handmade to fit its own axle—industry hadn't yet mechanized to create interchangeable parts—it wasn't easily replaceable. When the box office cleared enough to settle accounts to the sheriff's satisfaction, the circus literally got its nut back, and was free to move on. The term has descended through carnival and circus language to increasingly wider business usage in today's speech. *By Thomas F. Halverson, Rochester, Minn.*

Rat-killing as a spectator sport produced, a few generations ago, impressive performances by two animal species. One was the dog, usually of terrier breed. The other was man, of a peculiar breed that thought nothing of biting a live mouse in two to entertain saloon patrons for a dime or a drink. The dog was placed in a ratting pit—an eight-foot circle walled two feet high—with a quota of rats. The timekeeper triggered his watch when the dog touched ground and again when the last rat was killed. With the outcome, much money changed hands among crowding spectators. Small dogs, weighed-in for handicap matches, fought at one rat per pound. Larger dogs faced a set number; they achieved 20-rat kills in one minute 40 seconds, a five-second average. Pitting a man instead of a dog resulted in dazzling speed—at least, in the U.S., where he was allowed the unfair advantage of using hands. At a Philadelphia pit in the 1880's, a man, one knee amid 24 rats, worked both hands so fast—according to a fascinated news reporter—that he seemed a magician. Every snatch was followed by a squeak, a crunch, and a carcass tossed aside with broken neck, yielding a constant stream of dead rats from his mouth. In Britain, where sport was purer, human ratters killed with hands tied behind their backs. One authority wrote that though it was remarkable how quick some men were, of course they could not kill against a good dog. That judicious opinion became the epitaph for the bizarre contests in which men aspired to equality with dogs, and failed.

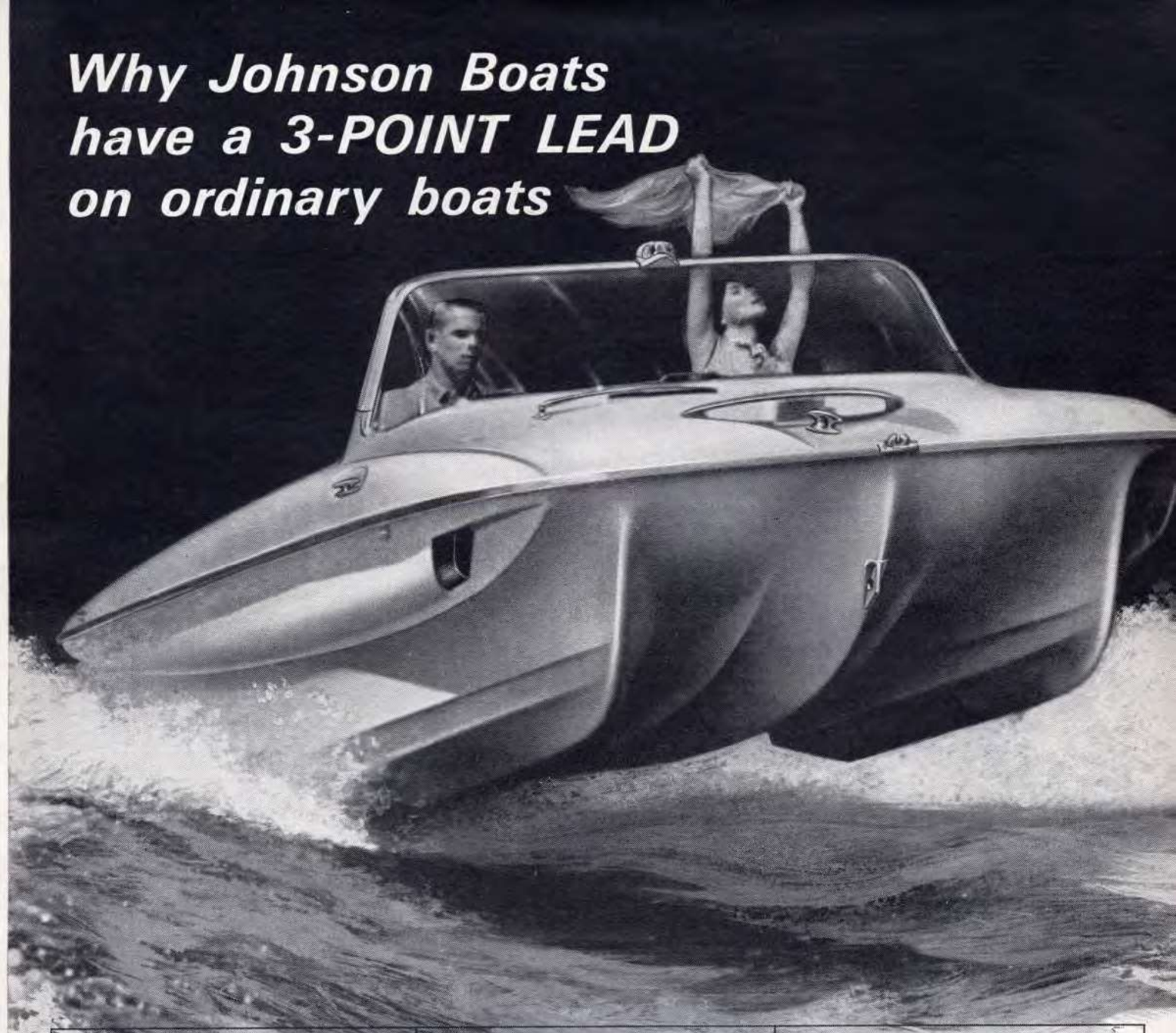
The pleasures of drinking so appealed to the Indians of Patagonia that they developed a unique religion. Their country, at the tip of South America, was chilly and dreary. Fortifying themselves with the fermented juice of summer berries, they thought nothing could be nicer than an after-world containing an unlimited supply. Thus their heaven, ruled by a benign god Soychu, was the Land of the Strong Drink, in which the dead dwelt in a state of perpetual inebriation. Each year they poured the first-made wine on ancestors' graves and drank to the health of those now eternally drunk. Unfortunately, all-year-round liquor brought in by the Spaniards proved too much of a good thing, and the simple-hearted Patagonians are now practically extinct. *By Martin Shalvey, Chicago, Ill.*

Indians wrote shorthand in western Canada 75 years ago, in the most novel of the white man's attempts to give his red brethren a written language. The method proved surprisingly successful. When missionary Father Jean Le Jeune came to the Kamloops region, he found a medley of tongues. Chinook was the hybrid common jargon; the tribes—six, in Le Jeune's scattered flock—also had their separate languages; and some broken English was spoken. But the Indians were totally unlettered. Anxious to spread the Word, Le Jeune knew that teaching alphabetic spelling would be slow. Stenography was easier, for its hooks and dashes represent simply sounds. Using the Duployan system of marks, the priest soon had a bright Indian boy writing his language in shorthand—and reading it back to fellow Indians. The idea caught on; others took instruction and became teachers in their villages. The phenomenon of Indians in tepees and birch-bark houses bending over shorthand lessons produced, in a few years, 2,000 stenographers. They wrote letters to one another, read transcribed Bible texts, and in church sang from shorthand hymn books. The world's only newspaper printed in shorthand, the Kamloops *Wawa*—Chinook for "talk"—a 16-page monthly, was published by Le Jeune until well into the 1900's, when English schooling made the Indians' unique sign-writing obsolete. *By L. M. Trevelyan, Toronto, Ont.*

Standing with one leg on the boat and the other curved around the shaft of a long paddle, boatmen of remote Lake Inle in Burma stroke their light, narrow craft over long distances at high speed. They steady the thrusting paddle at the top with one hand, leaving a hand free to hold a parasol or fish spear. It is picturesque but effective. Puzzled anthropologists have wondered why no other primitive people have hit upon this method of propulsion. The Inle native meanwhile continues to "walk" his lake, unknowing and unconcerned that he alone, in all the world, possesses the secret of one-legged rowing.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

Why Johnson Boats have a 3-POINT LEAD on ordinary boats



STABILITY

This is the boat that won't tip when you board it or beach it . . . tilts hardly at all when you stand the whole crew on one gunwale . . . skims imperturbably over a washboard sea and tracks straight as a shot when you quarter another boat's wake . . . takes hairpin turns at top speed with less than 10 degrees of bank, without skidding or spinning out . . . an uncommonly accommodating boat that keeps its poise in the face of the unexpected *and* in the hands of the inexperienced.

SAFETY

This is the boat that has 26 cubic feet or more of closed-cell flotation between cockpit floor and hull . . . that won't sink whether you pump it full of water or punch it full of holes . . . that has no bilge voids to collect spilled fuel or fumes . . . that gives you an "unforgettable" life preserver cushion in every seat . . . whose high, solid sides make it a wonderful "kid container" . . . that makes ordinary boats look and feel as if you're going to sea in a cockleshell.

PERFORMANCE

This is the boat that gets up and *goes* like a kid at recess . . . stepping along lightly on three dart-shaped planing surfaces with less drag and power loss than conventional boats — as proved by the flat wake it leaves (to the delight of water skiers) . . . that brings you a choice of *three* eager-for-action stern drive power plants (and an outboard model too, for Johnson outboard power) . . . that moves a full load at upwards of thirty miles an hour and keeps you dry, too!

We'll admit this 3-nosed boat takes some getting used to. Retired ferryboat captains and other brassbound traditionalists may never get used to it, but for most folks it takes about thirty seconds, on the average. That's as long as it takes to key its powerful stern drive to life, hit the single lever go-control and follow those three noses into a pleasure boat millenium.

Two years ago, OMC Boats with Johnson-built power launched a new concept of performance, style, safety and comfort that not only captured the admiration of boating experts, but a remarkable share of the pleasure boat market as well. Now, sailing wholly under the famous Johnson ensign, they are able to offer you, in addition, *worldwide service facilities* and *one-company responsibility for quality engineering and manufacture* — all combined in a company uniquely committed to furthering your total boating pleasure!

(continued on next page)

How Johnson Boats put you *Ahead All the Way!*

- **5 Models — all completely equipped**
- **3 Power Options — outboard, 2-cycle and 4-cycle inboard**
- **3 Color Options — throughout the line***

**White with Tawny Beige or Gulf Green or Bimini Blue, except Dual, white with Bimini Blue only.*

The longer you look at the new Johnson Boats, the more surprises you'll find. That's because Johnson Boats are designed to help you make the most of your hard-won recreational time and money . . . because they give you *everything* you set out to buy — a complete package with no omissions you have to make up later. In the matter of safety alone, a national boating authority has reported: "To date, of the literally hundreds of craft I have tested, I have not encountered a boat that boasts as many safety features within its size and price range."

Good beginning? Sure; but that's *only* the beginning! Check the full story to see why, if you settle for any ordinary boat, you'll always wish you'd picked a Johnson Boat instead!

The Hull Is Fiberglass. So are lots of other boat hulls. And cars. And household appliances. But every step in the process that produces a Johnson Boat hull is taken with marine service needs in mind. *A Johnson Boat has no "kissin' cousins" that are vacuum cleaners or towel rods.* The wedding of fiberglass and resin is Outboard Marine Corporation's secret, resulting in dynamic strength — a hull structure with "live" flexibility on the order of an airplane wing, but precisely tuned to your needs on the water! Post-curing in special ovens tempers the hull, locks in colors to make your Johnson Boat easy to live with. No fuss-budgety maintenance; a "lick and a promise" with hose and sponge keeps it looking factory fresh.

Stowaway Room. Stash *all* your gear in the generously-sized storage bins under the gunwales. Tuck valuables into two keyed lockers. Your Johnson Boat stays shipshape, uncluttered! Put yourself in the pilot's seat and see how every operating function is at your fingertips: electric starting, "Electramatic" one-hand throttle and shift control, power-lifting windshield of tempered, tinted safety plate glass, power-tilting lower unit, engine compartment blower and bilge pump, lights, horn, instruments. There's even a cigarette lighter.

Aircraft-Type Steering. Twice as efficient as most push-pull steering systems available for boats of its class is Johnson's aircraft-type cable steering with stainless steel nylon covered cable. Needle and ball bearings make steering effort negligible. Pulleys are bolted to metal plates, then cemented and glassed into the hull to withstand far more steering effort than anyone but a Samson can apply!

Tops Everything! For sun or showers, there's a vinyl convertible top that shields the entire cockpit, yet neatly folds out of sight. A snap-on rear curtain and zippered side curtains add snugness when it blows cool or wet.

Everything mentioned so far (and a lot more) is standard equipment on the Johnson Deluxe. Other Johnson Boat models offer varying equipment standards — but even the lowest-priced is complete, ready to go, with nothing to buy but gas and oil. Model for model, they're the biggest values in their class — the "standard" by which other pleasure boats measure standard equipment!

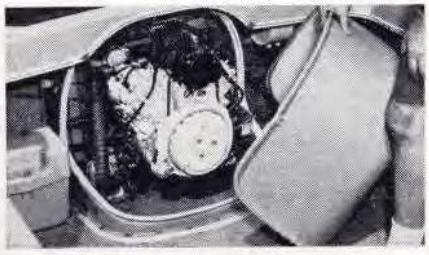
First in Dependability...

Reversible seats are removable for use ashore. "Controlled resilience", soaks up jounce. Front seats feature hydraulic shock absorbers. Life preserver cushion in each seat.

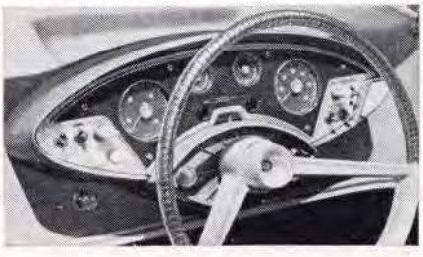
Extra-sturdy windshield frame is strong enough to sit on if you want to; grab it confidently when you have to. Electric wiper rests off glass to allow windshield to open.

JOHNSON SEASPORT . . . keyed to every water sport with wide-open cockpit. Optional camper top makes it a home away from home. 88 hp, 110 hp and 150 hp power options.

Noise-smothering, water-tight cover conceals engine. Lower unit tilts under power, has a full 90° steering angle for easy maneuvering, compared to only 60° for most stern drives.



"Command post" puts all controls, instrumentation, switches within easy reach. Rudder indicator shows lower unit position before you take off.



Choose from 5 Johnson Boat Models!

JOHNSON DELUXE (above) . . . pleasure boating refined to a fare-thee-well; most fully equipped boat in its size and price range! Three stern drive power choices: 88 hp, 110 hp, 150 hp. Johnson CUSTOM (not shown) offers the same unique hull with fewer deluxe appointments. Add them later, as you wish. And Johnson also provides a matching trailer that is custom designed to fit precisely the contours of the hull bottom. Your boat is properly cradled for carefree travelling. Special design features for easy launch-and-load.

Johnson Boats

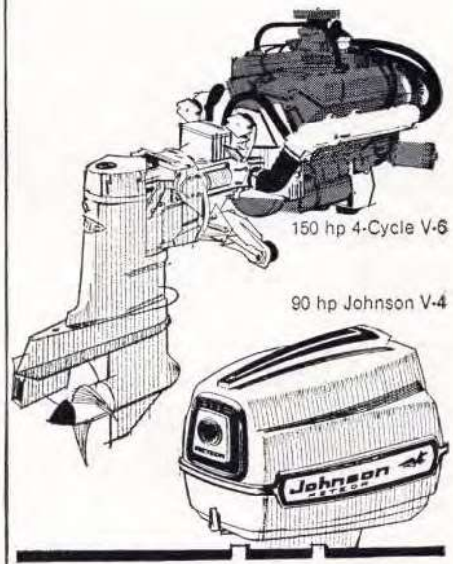
Johnson Motors Division Outboard Marine Corporation
Waukegan, Illinois In Canada: Peterborough, Ontario

JOHNSON OUTBOARD RUNABOUT . . . 3-point performance and stability designed for Johnson Sea-Horse outboard power. Five recommended power combinations, single or dual.

JOHNSON DUAL . . . twin 88 hp Johnson stern drives dish out 176 swashbuckling horsepower — and either engine alone will plane the boat.

Choose from 3 stern drives plus outboard power!

88 hp 2-Cycle V-4 . . . compact, light, powerful! Automatic lubrication ends fuel-oil mixing. 20 amp output alternator-generator. *New 110 hp 4-Cycle Straight 4* . . . abundant, smooth power, virtually noiseless even uncowled! 40 amp output alternator-generator. *New 150 hp 4-Cycle V-6* . . . economical, remarkably quiet with unique manifolding. 40 amp capacity alternator-generator produces current even at idle. Pick from 5 recommended Johnson power options, for Outboard Runabout.



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Twin City Marine
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VERMONT
Burlington
Thayer Marine Sport Shop
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VIRGINIA
Hampton
Commonwealth Sales
W. Pembroke at Bell St.
Richmond
Pinnell's
701-03 W. Broad St.
Triangle
The Boat House
U.S. Hy. #1

[*Continued from page* 4]
of it, "She gave me the apple" wasn't such a good alibi either.

—*Rhoda M. Spang*
Kansas City, Mo.

Woman's irrationality was forever proved when she showed herself willing to take dietary advice from a talking snake.

Picture Puzzle

December True arrived—eagerly awaited for the Christmas gift selection with its usually excellent diversification of items (*Princely Gifts to Give and Get*). While stirring a Martini until Joe arrived (Joe is the timid one whose wife has a wrist of steel) so the Saturday night poker session could start, the conversation immediately turned to page 70 and the abstract oil painting by a Mr. Hugo Weber. We assume that this is a picture for a man, True being the man's magazine. Are we correct in assuming that the man must be a rugged type, perhaps a cowpoke who has just hung out his Levis together with a pair of long handled drawers on a taut wire clothesline which has snapped and wound itself around the wash? If the $400 price tag is valid, certainly one should have some idea of what was in Mr. Weber's mind when he saddled up his paint brush and started to ride.

—*Tarrant Hale*
Lexington, Mo.

Weber was thinking how many pairs of Levis $400 would buy.

Cholesterol Addict

I like fat meat, and your article about

cholesterol (*The Great Fat Fight Over Cholesterol*—November) has caused me some worry about a hand on my uncle's farm, an old man named Uncle Summer. He is 107 years old, and I am afraid he may ruin his health by his eating habits.

Milk (as it comes from the cow, unskimmed), butter, eggs, fatback cooked with beans or turnip greens, etc., these cholesterol items have been basic in his diet all his life. He lives alone in a small house on my uncle's dairy farm feeding a herd of cows and milking them twice a day, doing this "light work" out of respect for the fact that he is past retirement age. Formerly he worked harder, in his 70's and 80's doing the full long day of farm labor.

He goes for pies and cakes, and his lunch at the shopping center is often a fringe benefit of his character, with somebody buying him a couple of quarts of ice cream or a four-pound cake just to marvel at his capacity for eating it all.

Uncle Summer is known to have been sick once in his life. Once after one of these lunches he was found seated beside the road sweating from severe stomach pains. My cousin, Bud Duffel, took him to the local clinic. They operated on Uncle Summer and removed his appendix. He was over a hundred years old then. Within a week he had recovered and was tending the cows again. The doctor said he had the fattest, healthiest tissues of anybody of any age he had ever cut into, although according to the article Uncle Summer should have died of a heart attack at least half a century ago.

—*Emmett Gowen*
Lavergne, Tenn.

There are exceptions and most of them do considerable hard manual work, but few reach 107.

"You're peeved about something—I can tell."

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RINGTHEBELL on Archive.org

This car set 26 dragstrip records. What's a drag?

Visualize a quarter-mile strip of roped-off pavement. Bring 2 cars up to the starting line at one end. Start them off.

Then time how long it takes each to travel to the other end. Also record their speeds as they cross the finish line.

That's one of the elimination heats in dragstrip competition. A million-fan sport, sanctioned by national organizations, operating under clearly defined rules, scrupulously observed.

It calls for tremendous acceleration. It also calls for expert drivers.

Tom Grove of Oakland, California, for example.

In one season, his "Melrose Missile" (a Plymouth Super Stock with factory-option engine) broke 26 track records.

Cars from Chrysler Corporation have a fabulous record in dragstrip competition. It further confirms the excellence of Chrysler Corporation engineering, developed through years of research and testing. For example: The superiority of Chrysler Corporation automatic transmissions over others including stick shifts!

For personal confirmation of this excellence take a ride in one of our new '64's. Engineered for greater response, dependability, performance and safety for you.

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CHRYSLER CORPORATION

SEE BOB HOPE AND THE CHRYSLER THEATRE, NBC-TV, FRIDAYS

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

NECKLINES RENUDE

The principle of containment may still be valid in military planning, but it's dead as a doornail in women's high fashion. The latest **haut couturier** stuff is the plunging neckline that takes a breathless high dive, or droops horizontally to the Plimsoll line. What with half-brassieres that give trifling uplift from the South, the new style is said to be superb for women of mediocre endowments, and it could become the Great Equalizer for the competitive sex, as the Colt was for frontiersmen. Time was when "rounder" was a term of opprobrium for a cad. We don't know how far the impulse to epidermal display will go, but we know how far it went one Sunday afternoon on a deserted street in New York's financial district, where a pretty model, Jan Tice, was being photographed. A cop hauled her in for breaching the peace, on grounds that she had no clothes on. The case was thrown out of court by Judge Richard Daly who ruled that Jan disturbed no one. We can tell the judge why nobody was disturbed, if that's the word. We weren't there.

PHONY AMERICAN BOYS

The supposedly ideal American Boy is a dope who probably doesn't exist—and we hope not. A couple of University of California professors, James J. Lynch and Bertrand Evans, have been taking a bilious look at school textbooks that supposedly entice adolescents into the joys of reading. The professors conclude that many high school reading texts are of the same cut as primers in which Dick and Jane visit the local fire station or Mr. McGregor's garden, except that older Dicks and Janes go to dances and ice cream parlors. Which creates the image of the American Boy as a "clean-cut, socially poised extrovert, an incurious observer of life, a willing conformer, more eager to get than to give, a bit of a hypocrite but a rather dull companion—a well-adjusted youth not much above a moron." And who is the American Girl? "One who likes the American Boy!" No wonder some youngsters cringe when they're called teenagers.

JOBMANSHIP

A man may be "demoted upward" in his job, into a penthouse, and right over the edge of the roof before he suspects he's being fired. More and more corporation firings are of the delayed-action type. They're remindful of the old story about the executioner who swung his ax at the victim's neck. The victim laughed and said, "You missed." The executioner replied, "Wait until you sneeze." Dr. Douglas More, an industrial consultant who has seen a lot of delayed sneezes, has collected a number of slow-motion firing techniques popular with squeamish employers.

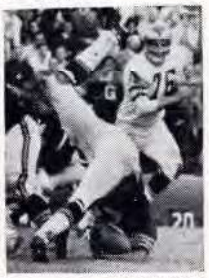
If your boss takes heavy responsibilities from your shoulders, and asks you to deal only with 80-year-old customers from Alabama because you handle them so well, look out. If you are moved out of the line of promotion just before an associate is promoted over what would have been your head, there's handwriting on the wall. If you are moved to a bigger office but have less to do and your assistants gradually disappear, the skids are greased.

Can a man beat the game? Job one-upmanship may do it. Dr. Conrad Berenson, who is professor of marketing at City University of New York, has devised an elaborate method for estimating one's chance of promotion and spotting roadblocks. It's based on an organization chart, beginning with a square for the president at the top, running in descending order to departments of approximately equal importance, arranged horizontally. Put each man in his square, with his age and your estimate of his ability, promotability and probable direction of advancement. A little analysis may suggest that Smith, the head of your department, isn't likely to be fired or to be promoted, either, and that the men behind him are stuck. Or if a beginner in your department is the boss's nephew, you can guess who'll be promoted. It's a little like a chess game in which the players move occasionally and you figure how this will affect your move next year or in five years. What if your line of promotion is hopelessly blocked? A prudent man will doubtless seek a better job. That's known as jump-the-gunmanship.

DANGEROUS DOUBLE

Alcohol and barbiturate sleeping pills make a deadly combination. A safe sedative dose of a barbiturate, and a mildly intoxicating slug of alcohol, can kill a man if the separately harmless doses are taken together. Doctors have long known this, but not the reason why. Now, studies by Dr. Jack E. Wallace of Lackland Air Force Base show that barbiturates interfere with a liver enzyme that triggers the first step in getting rid of alcohol. Sleeping pills plus firewater can be the last daily double.

G WHIZ



A "G" is either a thousand bucks, a kind of string used by strippers, or the force of gravity. Let's consider gravity. An astronaut suffers a force of a few G's for a few seconds when he is rocketed into orbit. This is nothing compared to the G's inflicted very briefly on football players. When Northwestern University fullback Bill Swingle hit the Indiana defensive line in a game last season, his helmet took a blow equal to 3,360 G's. The experts were more stunned than Swingle. They had predicted that the maximum force of a gridiron knock on the noggin would be about 300 G's. Some helmet blows have exceeded 5,000 G's. That's enough to keep 5,000 men glued to earth.

Nobody would know the punishment the team absorbs for dear old Siwash if it weren't for radiotelemetry. Swingle

(Continued on page 16)

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1964-1965 Corporation

You lose!

You lose your extravagant ideas about how much a good pair of shoes should cost when you discover Johnsonian. For example, our new dress blucher in black or brown. It has a cushion insole. It has "Living (Formula X-1000)"® Leather uppers that stay newer-looking longer. And it has a price tag dollars less than you'd expect to pay for quality shoes like this. All Johnsonian shoes cost $8.95 to $12.95. Maybe that's why they're fast becoming America's best-selling popular price shoe. See Johnsonians at the stores listed or write Endicott Johnson for name of nearest dealer.

Johnsonian
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FEATURED AT THE 1964/1965 WORLD'S FAIR

GIMBEL'S PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK

Astoria, Dave's Shoes
Attica, Super Duper Shopping Center
Bronx, Joe's Fordham
Brooklyn, Arrow Shoes
Carl's Men's & Boy's Wear
A. Frankel
Jerry Katz
Shoeland
Buffalo, S & W Shoe Co.
Corning, Van Slyke Shoes
Elmira Heights, Heights Family Shoes
Far Rockaway, Ray Mariano
Franklinville, Family Shoe Box
Goshen, Horace C. Sawyer
Jamestown, Arcade Shoe Store
Carnahan & Shearer
New York, S & M Shoes
Shoeland
Olean, Lester Shoe Store
Syracuse, Rochester Shoe Store
Watkins Glen, Van Slyke Shoes
Westfield, Beckwith's Shoes
Wolcott, Edward's Shoe Store

PENNSYLVANIA

Brownsville, M & S Shoes
Chester, Grand Shoes
Easton, Wilbor Shoes
Erie, Keystone of Erie
Gettysburg, Mares Sherman
Glen Rock, Wherley's
Greensburg, Ronald Shoe Store
Luzerne, Buddies Men's Shop
New Freedom, New Freedom Dept. Store
Parkesburg, Altman
Philadelphia, Family Shoe Store
Tyrone, Lester's Workmen's Store
Warren, Lester Shoe Store

RHODE ISLAND

Providence, Sams Clothes Shop
Warren, Warren Shoe Store

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 14)
wore a gadget in his helmet which sent electrical impulses to a six-ounce radio transmitter in his shoulder pads. When he was clobbered, the information was broadcast to a recording device scanned by Dr. Stephen E. Reid of Northwestern, who is studying impact forces in hope of designing safer football helmets.

Radiotelemetry can also separate physically superior athletes from the scrubs, by broadcasting a man's electrocardiogram when he's in there playing his heart out. Dr. Kenneth D. Rose of the University of Nebraska has telemetered a lot of trackmen. Running data on the runner's heart is transmitted by a 30-ounce radio worn by the athlete in a padded belt. The heart of a physically superior athlete returns to a normal pattern about four minutes after a 220-yard dash, while the poorer athlete's heart takes seven or eight minutes to get back on the beam. Girls' hearts take about 10 minutes to recover, about the same time span as rebound from a shattered romance. But the hearts of two trackwomen tested by Dr. Rose recovered in three and five minutes, and you won't catch us playing judo with **them.**

MAN'S POOR RELATIONS

If some big ape calls you a chimpanzee or gorilla, hold your punch. He may have something. If he calls you an orangutan or gibbon, let him have it. Seems that chimps and gorillas have some blood relationship to man, but that orangutans and gibbons sprang off the line of human descent so far back that they aren't even kissin' cousins. Delicate techniques make it possible to isolate and compare infinitesimal traces of proteins in the blood of man and animals. Applying such techniques, Dr. Morris Goodman of Wayne State University found that man, the chimpanzee and gorilla are closer relatives in terms of blood proteins than any other animals. This knowledge may be of little value except in classifying the wife's relations.

TIPS ON TIPS

A short waiters' strike (which included tall waiters) in New York turned up some background stuff on the economics of tipping. Waiters are paid $40 a week by the management and the rest comes from customers' tips. In posh hasheries the tip averages slightly better than 15 percent of the tab, and if you leave such an honorarium you won't be sneered at unless you're in a clip joint. We ran across a travel agency folder on Suggested Tipping Abroad which indicates a grievous gap in our coinage system. Suggested tips for hotel doorman, taxi, bar, are on the order of 10 pesetas in Spain, 5 escudos in Portugal, 5 drachmas in Greece, 100 liras in Italy, 5 schillings in Austria—or from 16 to 19 cents in U. S. money. What we need is a good 15-cent coin for tipping when a dime is too little and two bits too much.

DON'T DEFY PAPA

Frightful things happen when a submissive wife becomes aggressive and tries to wear the husband's pants. The fate of 40 wives who became uppity after years of marital submissiveness was pretty dreadful, according to case histories reported by Dr. George Finck of St. Petersburg, Florida, at a psychiatric meeting. After two to 18 years of compliance with their husbands' orders, these pitiable hausfraus began a misguided search for their "psychosexual identities"—psychiatric jargon, we suppose, for "to hell with the old buzzard." They defied the husband in matters involving children, housework and money; they limited or withheld sexual relations, got a job, or klatched around in activities outside the home. Every one of them wound up with a marriage threatened with total disruption. Waspish women of the world, arise, and watch your marriages fall.

COLT CHRISTENING

We always thought that race horses are named by guys under the influence of LSD playing Scrabble. It turns out that naming a thoroughbred is a rule-ridden affair. The name is limited to 16 letters, not more than three words, must be okayed by stewards of the Jockey Club, and they'll throw it out if it has been used within 15 years. We know this from being brainwashed about the Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest, which aims to promote pipe tobacco by giving a 2-year-old son of Sword Dancer to whoever comes up with the best name for the nag. It is implied that naming a baby race horse requires a great deal of ingenuity and hard work, but some winning names in past contests—Fildihil, Hopeharoil, Delphidessa, Fillequine, Ali Hurry Bhai, Sniffabuck—only faintly support this implication.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt once named a colt Social Outcast (its dam's name was Pansy). You can name a nag for a living person if the person okays it, as Liberace, Red Smith, Joe DiMag and Stan The Man have done. Names of great nags all remind us we, too, can concoct names sublime: Falsetto, Ballyache, Untidy, Bug Brush, Sarcastic, Wedlock, One-Eyed King. The prize-winning name in 1956 was Aurecolt, meaning golden hue. That's a horse of a different color.

SPIKED TIRES

You can't get them this year, but next season you may be able to buy snow tires that dig into ice like hobnails. The gimmick is studs of tungsten carbide in the tread which project about a thirty-second of an inch. On a hard dry road the studs are pushed in by the car's weight, but on an icy surface they grip like tiny spikes. All four wheels should be equipped for best braking results on ice. If tests by several tire makers pan out, spiked tires will probably sell for about $10 more than regular tires.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

There's a great demand for chick sexors. Expert training is given in chick sexing schools. Yes, the chicks are two-legged, but are classed as poultry, and a baby chick is so ambiguous that only a trained sexor can tell if it's him or her.

Camel owners chauffeuring tourists to the pyramids staged a strike, claiming that a passenger fare of 35 cents is too low to feed a camel.

The Student Council of Villanova University has struck a noble blow for men's rights, by denying women equal rights in college activities. They aren't against women, "but Villanova has a male tradition and we want to keep it that way."

The average woman spends a year of her life on the phone, speaks 4,800 words a day, eats 25,000 inches of spaghetti a year and dumps 400 pounds of edible food into the garbage. Says a Montana State College study.

The world's first cow hotel, called Cotel, is being built in Bonn, Germany, to accommodate 1,500 head of cattle.

A food company is test-marketing frozen center slices of vine-ripened summer tomatoes.

—THE EDITORS

MEET THE MILLION-DOLLAR FISHING MOTOR

SEA-HORSE COMPACT 9½

PACKS LIKE A 3 In fact, it's 3" shorter. And with no projections on its starboard side, it lies flat in small places.

TOTES LIKE A 5½ Its weight is a near stand-off and its carrying handle is located at exact center of balance.

GOES LIKE A 10 Here's one case you can believe your eyes. This Sea-Horse 9½ gives you truly big dig. All controls are located on front panel for easy access.

Fishermen, sportsmen and boatsmen please note: this new Johnson Sea-Horse 9½ is your dream come true.

It's little. It's light. It's lively. Super quiet—and super thrifty, too. A new down-draft carburetor and "downhill" induction system plus new 50 to 1 gas-oil mix mean maximum fuel economy every time you take it out.

More? You bet! A new tilt-drive mechanism allows you to run at slow speed in shallow water or over sand bars. Also—this new beauty has a low profile that gives you unlimited fishing room over the stern.

And just like all the other '64 Johnsons (13 models, 9 power classes, 90, 75, 60, 40, 28, 18, 9½, 5½, and 3 hp), the new 9½ is built to resist salt water corrosion and carries a special 2-year warranty.* Visit your Johnson dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. Johnson Motors, 1623 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Illinois. Div. Outboard Marine Corporation.

*For twenty-four months after purchase, Johnson Motors will replace, without cost to the original purchaser, any part of its manufacture which upon inspection proves to have failed in normal use due to faulty material or workmanship.

SEE YOUR JOHNSON DEALER FOR THE FABULOUS NEW LP JAZZ ALBUM "THE HOT ONES." ONLY $1.00!

Johnson...*first in dependability*

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD:

THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE

Few Americans realize that an assassin stalked John F. Kennedy long before Dallas, trailing him from New England to Washington, D. C.,

TRUE BECAME AWARE OF THE FOLLOWING STORY AROUND THE TIME OF THE 1960 PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION. WE REFRAINED FROM PUBLISHING IT AT THAT TIME, HOWEVER, AT THE REQUEST OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WHICH FELT THAT ANY BROAD NOTICE GIVEN THE FACTS OF THE CASE MIGHT TRIGGER SIMILAR—AND EVEN BETTER PLANNED—ATTEMPTS. WE PUBLISH IT NOW IN THE HOPE THAT IT WILL DRAMATIZE THE NEED FOR CONSTANT VIGILANCE WITH REGARD TO PROTECTING OUR CHIEF EXECUTIVE, AND ALSO TO ALERT CITIZENS EVERYWHERE THAT OVERT THREATS TO THE LIVES OF PRESIDENTS OUGHT TO BE REPORTED PROMPTLY TO THE SECRET SERVICE.

■ Four times in the last 100 years, Presidents of the United States have been murdered while in office, a record of violence and dementia unsurpassed in any of the world's major countries. Those four conspicuous successes, however, are only the visible peaks of a great subsurface iceberg of hatred and eccentricity from which have sprung, quite literally, scores of little-known but ingeniously planned attempts on the lives of our Presidents.

Richard Paul Pavlick was a retired postal worker whose imagined grievances against JFK led to the fantastic assassination plot.

In the brief two years and 11 months of John Fitzgerald Kennedy's life as chief executive, a series of unrelated assassination attempts was unearthed by the Secret Service—only the last of which they failed to discern in time and which ended in the horror and tragedy of Dallas last November 22. But even before JFK was inaugurated, while he was yet busy with the task of choosing his advisers, cabinet members, and the other men who would help him run the government, an assassination plot against him came to light—one which, but for the last-second vacillation of the assassin, would have been entirely successful.

The full details of that story are being told here for the first time, reconstructed from sources which, even now, cannot be made public. The facts are deserving of our full scrutiny for a number of important reasons, not the least of which is contained in an axiom which, ironically, was a favorite of the late President Kennedy's: "Those who do not learn from history are doomed to re-live it."

Secret Service Chief U. E. Baughman wrote of the incident later: "I was appalled to discover how near Kennedy had been to death."

The aggressor on that occasion was one Richard Paul Pavlick, a 73-year-old retired postal worker who had dogged President-elect Kennedy's footsteps from New Hampshire, to Massachusetts, to Washington, D.C., to Palm Beach, Florida, in a chillingly perverse and calculated attempt to murder the object of his hatred. His method: to make of himself a human bomb with enough dynamite "to blow up a mountain," as one Secret Service man put it.

Pavlick had written a letter intended to be read after the deed: "If death and destruction and injury to persons has resulted from my vicious action then I am truly sorry, but it won't help any. It is hoped that by my actions that a better country and a more attentive citizenry has resulted and corrected any abuses of ambitious moneyed persons or groups, then it will not have been in vain. . . ."

Secret Service man Baughman commented later: "In my 33 years in the Secret Service, and particularly in my last 13 years as Chief, I have discovered that would-be assassins who carry such letters with them are always extremely dangerous and

BY RICHARD W. O'DONNELL AND NEIL HICKEY

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

to Palm Beach. It's a story about a man who became a human bomb, a story that's never been told in its full detail—until now

mean to go through with their plans, even at the risk of death."

Richard Paul Pavlick decided on Wednesday, November 9, 1960, the day after the presidential election, to kill John Fitzgerald Kennedy. As Richard Nixon conceded the hairbreadth election from his headquarters in California, Pavlick was pacing nervously in a three-room bungalow on lonely Dearborn Street in the tiny town of Belmont, New Hampshire, and beginning the planning which, barely a month later, would take him to Kennedy's side.

Pavlick's hostility to Kennedy was founded on religion: he had, for whatever reasons, a deep and unmanageable hatred of all Catholics and could not accept the fact that American voters had chosen one of them to be their President. He disliked what seemed to him the "hypocritical piety" of Catholics, and the arcane litanies and Latin invocations that were part of their worship. He distrusted priests and nuns, and the spiritual thralldom they seemed to have over their parishioners. Most of all, he despised the Vatican with its pomp and ritual; he dreaded what might happen to the United States with a Catholic as its chief administrator.

In 1955 he had written to a group of Boston ministers: "The safety of the United States can only be preserved by controlling or eliminating those ideologies foreign to the American way of life, and those who seek to control the political future of the United States. Keep the United States free of ism—religious, racial or alien controlled. The State and Church must definitely be separated to prevent another Spain or Peron."

As a veteran of World War I, Pavlick had once tried, without success, to start an organization called the Protestant War Veterans Legion. He was a tireless letter writer, and habitually bombarded newspapers in Massachusetts and New Hampshire with opinions on national and local affairs. More significantly, Pavlick was a manic depressive: twice he had committed himself voluntarily to mental institutions, the first time in 1933 at Medfield, Massachusetts, and 11 years later, to a veterans' hospital in Bedford, Massachusetts.

Still, except for a pattern of harmless eccentricities—most of which were written off to Pavlick's advanced age—the 1,800 residents of the hamlet of Belmont, New Hampshire, a staunchly Republican town 50 miles north of Manchester, thought of their neighbor as a harmless old bachelor who spent most of his time manicuring his one acre of property on Dearborn Street and occasionally blasting tree stumps with dynamite he had bought for the purpose. Mrs. Nellie Chaplin, a clerk at the post office, considered him a "nice, gentle man," who always chatted pleasantly with her when he came to mail letters.

Postmaster Thomas M. Murphy, a long-time resident of Belmont, never considered Pavlick dangerous. "I heard rumors about him before I was appointed," he said. "I didn't get to know him well until I became postmaster. One morning he complained because the American flag wasn't hanging outside the post office. Another time, he wrote letters of some sort to just about every Congressman in the country, or so it seemed. Most of the time though, he just liked to talk. He talked about the old days, about how hard he had worked in the postal service."

At town meetings, Pavlick battled for a number of offbeat proposals of his own making, such as three shifts of workers

The late President and his wife leave St. Edward's Church, near the point where Pavlick made one of his assassination attempts.

Palm Beach Detectives Frank Kasten and Richard McDonald hold dynamite which was intended to blow JFK to bits.

at the town hall, and an entire new system of measuring the water consumed by local householders. Fire Chief Howard Reed described Pavlick as "a radical type of man. He wandered from one complaint to another. When he favored something, he favored it with all his heart. When he was against something, he was against it all the way."

Pavlick's anti-Catholicism got started in Irish Catholic South Boston, where he lived for 55 of his first 61 years. He lived on Dorchester Street with a sister, Olga, now dead, who was a teacher in the Boston school system. Another sister, Mrs. Eleanor Mains, lived in Boston's Hyde Park section. South Bostonians knew little of Pavlick's origins: "He always seemed to be living here," one neighbor said. "I can't recall where in Boston he lived originally. Come to think of it, I knew him for many years, and yet knew very little about the man." (He once claimed to have been a Catholic, but the Rev. Arthur Massicotte, pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Belmont, said flatly: "If Pavlick was a Catholic, he never went to church here. He's not listed in the parish census, and I've never seen him in our church.")

A former South Boston postal superintendent knew him well. "He never worked for me," the man said, "but I got to hate the sight of his face. He came into my office 23 times—I counted them—to complain about the flag not being up. My clerks and I finally worked out a set of signals; when they saw him coming, they'd alert me, and I'd duck out of sight."

Surprisingly, Pavlick, who worked more than 30 years for the postal service, was never a regular government employee. He chose to earn his living as a substitute, save his money in the summer, and go south in the winter. In 1948, he quit working for the post office, sold his South Boston property and moved first to Gilmanton, New Hampshire, for a brief time, and then to Laconia before finally settling on Dearborn Street in Belmont. Only a few bare facts of his life in the ensuing years are we able to reconstruct:

In 1955, he made a trip to Washington and paraded up and down in front of the White House wearing a sandwich board picket sign protesting disrespect shown the American flag.

In 1958, he wrote President Eisenhower complaining about the way some people treat the flag.

In 1959, he wrote again to Eisenhower about some business dealings in which he claimed to have been swindled.

And finally, in the last week of November, 1960, he sent to the local newspaper a letter announcing that he was leaving Belmont and its citizens forever because they "were back in the stone age."

By that time, he had decided he would try to kill John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

Precisely how he would murder the President-elect was not yet clear to Pavlick. He did, however, decide that the assassination would be accomplished before Inauguration Day so that Lyndon B. Johnson, a Protestant and a presumed Southern conservative, would take office after the customary 30-day mourning period. Pavlick then began sifting possible plans of action to implement his demented scheme.

A few days after the presidential election, he got into his old, green 1950 Buick and drove the 155 miles from Belmont to Hyannisport on Cape Cod, where the President-elect was visiting with his family. He drove past the Kennedy compound repeatedly and observed how the Secret Service men followed when the new chief executive went to church or to the house of a friend. He photographed both the compound and St. Francis Xavier Church, where the Kennedy family customarily went to Mass. He was outside the church one Sunday morning when Kennedy emerged after Mass. Then Pavlick drove home to Belmont, a plan taking shape in his mind.

A week later, Pavlick sold his bungalow and all its furnishings for $2,000, and turned over the money—plus the deed for a small tract of land he owned on Laconia Street in Belmont—to the Spaulding Youth Center at Northfield, New Hampshire. Then on December 1, he loaded up his car with the rest of his belongings, all that remained to him after 73 years of living. Included in one of the bags were 10 sticks of dynamite, a six-volt battery, electrical wire, detonator caps, and a detonating switch—equipment he had [*Continued on page* 22]

Who says a station wagon has to be dull?

Who says a station wagon has to be homely?

Who says a station wagon has to be clumsy?

Who says a station wagon has to be expensive?

We say, break away from the humdrum with '64's new habit-breaker . . . Wide-Track Pontiac Tempest

And we add, who says a station wagon can't be lively? The 140-hp six is standard. If you want more crackle, you can pay slightly more for the 250-hp regular-gas V-8 or the 280-hp premium job. Follow that wagon! (Everybody does.)

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION · GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

[*Continued from page 20*]
purchased to clear his land.

On his way out of town, Pavlick stopped at the post office and went inside. He approached Postmaster Murphy and told him he was leaving Belmont.

"Remember me the way I've been," Pavlick said. "Don't remember me for anything I might do."

Murphy looked at him suspiciously. Pavlick added:

"I'm going to prepare a place for myself, even though I may end up in pieces doing so." Then he turned and started to go out. At the door, he said:

"I'll let you know where to forward my mail."

Then Pavlick got into his car, bundled down against the New Hampshire winter, and drove out of Belmont past a large "Vote Nixon-Lodge" billboard at the edge of the hamlet. That was the last anybody in Belmont ever saw of him.

Pavlick drove south to Ashland, Massachusetts, and visited with a few friends for several days. Then he pushed on for his real destination—Washington, D.C. He arrived in the capital on December 6 and obtained for himself cheap lodgings. He sent off a letter to Postmaster Murphy in Belmont asking that his mail be forwarded to general delivery in Washington. Then, on each of the next two days, he drove to the Georgetown section of Washington, where Kennedy owned a three-story brick house at 3307 N Street, and cruised past the building at a slow speed. But he never caught sight of the President-elect; secret service men and police stood guard on the sidewalk outside the house.

On Thursday, December 8, Pavlick read in a Washington newspaper that the President-elect and his wife Jacqueline, with their infant son John F. Kennedy, Jr., would fly to Palm Beach, Florida, on the following day to join their daughter Caroline, and Kennedy's father, the former Ambassador to Great Britain, Joseph P. Kennedy. Hurriedly, Pavlick decided on an adjustment of his plans. He went to bed early that evening, and was up at dawn the next morning, checked out of his hotel and began the 1,045-mile drive to Palm Beach.

Pavlick stayed overnight at a motel in Aiken, South Carolina, and before continuing his forced march the following morning, December 10, paused long enough to send off another letter to Postmaster Murphy in Belmont. "Please forward my mail to Palm Springs," he wrote; and added cryptically: "After December 20, do not forward any more mail." In his haste he had written Palm Springs instead of Palm Beach.

Late that night, weary but still determined on his messianic mission, he rolled into Palm Beach and checked into a motel called the Twin Palms at 26th and Broadway. While unloading his baggage, Pavlick glanced across the narrow roadway to another motel, the Southwinds, where a number of long, black automobiles having out-of-town license plates were drawn up. Among the greatest ironies of Pavlick's incredible hegira was that he had chosen a motel only 50 feet away from the one occupied by the corps of Secret Service agents who had come to Palm Beach to guard Kennedy.

Pavlick hurriedly carried his bags inside, along with the 10 sticks of dynamite and their components. Then, he wearily heaved himself onto one of the beds, and lay, staring upward, rehearsing in his mind the awful task he had set for himself in the morning.

At that very moment, the Secret Service had already begun a frantic search for the professorial, genteel-looking Pavlick. His first letter to Postmaster Murphy, requesting that his mail be forwarded to general delivery in Washington, had set Murphy to thinking. The postmaster began to discern the outlines of a plan in the curious mosaic of Pavlick's behavior and conversation in the weeks following Kennedy's election: the trip to Hyannisport, the pessimistic predictions about Vatican domination of U.S. internal affairs after Kennedy's inauguration; the finality with which Pavlick had sold all his property and given away the proceeds; and finally, the cryptic remarks during Pavlick's last visit to the Belmont post office.

Quickly, Murphy notified his superior in Concord. Postal authorities there immediately brought Murphy's urgent letter to the attention of U.S. Attorney Maurice Bois. Agent Frank V. McDermott of the Boston Secret Service was dispatched to Belmont, and arrived there on December 7 to question townspeople about Pavlick. He drove hurriedly about Belmont, Gilmanton and Laconia, collecting impressions and information. Soon, he was convinced that Pavlick indeed had left Belmont on a mission of death, and was even at that moment stalking the handsome, vigorous President-elect.

Their last communication with Pavlick at the time had been the letter requesting his mail be sent to Washington. McDermott telephoned the capital and alerted security agents there to look out for an old Buick with New Hampshire license plates B-1-606, and sent a description of Pavlick. Treasury men were staked out at the main post office building in Washington, hopeful that Pavlick would arrive to pick up his mail. But he never showed up.

Sunday, December 11, dawned bright and warm. Pavlick was up before 7 and busy with his preparations. Carefully, he carried seven of his 10 dynamite sticks outside to the car and arranged them on the seat next to the driver's. Expertly, he assembled the deadly charge, with its battery and detonator caps, and placed it out of sight on the floorboards. A wire led up to a knife switch near his right hand, a rig that would allow him to detonate the charge with ease while retaining freedom to maneuver the car. By 8 o'clock, all was ready.

Pavlick drove away from the motel and headed for the Spanish-style, ocean-side home of Joseph P. Kennedy, four miles away. He located the house, an elaborate, two-story stucco dwelling set back only slightly from the main road. He cruised past it once, observing the few security agents who patrolled idly on the front lawn. Then he circled back through some side streets, made a second approach, and this time drew to a stop almost opposite the Kennedy home.

One of the Kennedy family cars was standing at the front door of the mansion, and behind it, a limousine for the Secret Service agents. Pavlick gauged the distance; he knew then that his task would be simpler than he had imagined. He would wait for the President-elect to emerge from the house and step into his car, preparatory to driving off to Sunday Mass at St. Edward's Church. At that moment, Pavlick would gun his auto, drive quickly up to Kennedy's, and when the two cars were side by side, throw the switch that would detonate the seven sticks of dynamite. The charge was sufficient to kill everyone in the area.

The main road was deserted at that early hour. The Sunday morning stillness was complete except for the sibilant murmuring of the Atlantic Ocean just out of sight beyond some trees. Pavlick was watchful and completely alert, his eyes rarely leaving the door of the Kennedy home. Near his right hand was the knife switch, its lever lacking only a quarter-turn to complete the circuit that would loose the dynamite's awful destruction. For most of an hour, he sat there and waited.

At precisely 9:50, the door opened and John F. Kennedy emerged. He walked down the few steps and got into the front seat of his car. Energized, Pavlick started his own engine and got ready for the final, suicidal sprint of the desperate journey that had brought him so far.

At that moment, Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy and daughter Caroline appeared at the doorway; they waved at the new President as he prepared to pull away. He waved back.

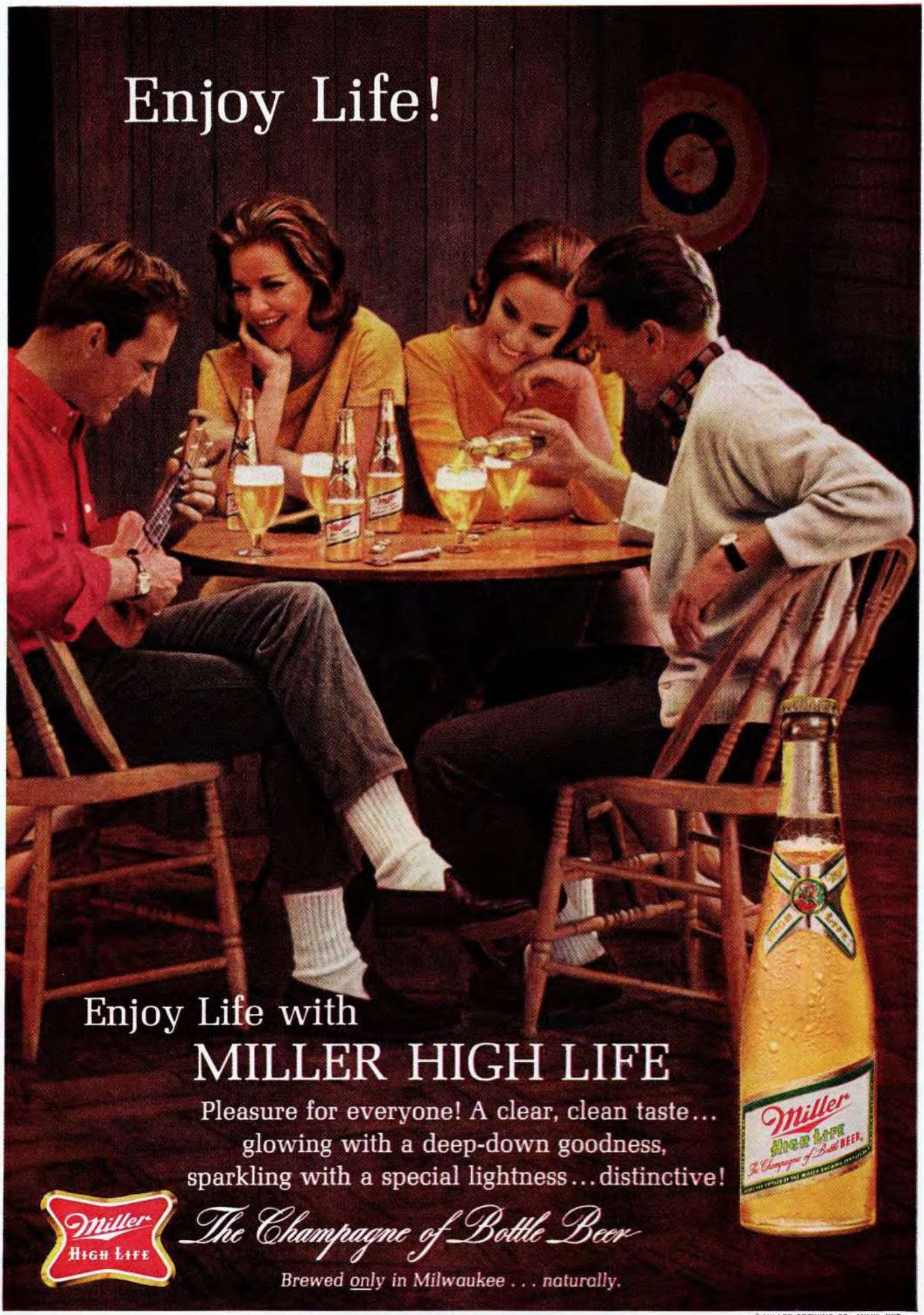
Pavlick hesitated, his motor racing. If he executed his plan at this precise moment, Mrs. Kennedy and the 4-year-old Caroline would be doomed as well. Some glimmering of compassion revived in him. He was suddenly reluctant to destroy the innocent family of his prey. It was the President only whom he was after. Pavlick's hesitation enlarged in him during the few seconds it required for Kennedy and the security agents to drive off at a fast clip in the direction of St. Edward's. And then it was too late. The killer's moment had passed.

Pavlick cursed, and hurriedly reconsidered his situation. He could give up the attempt for today—or, he could drive to St. Edward's, await the end of Mass, and accomplish his mission as Kennedy came out of the Church. The longer he

COMING . . .

Dick Radatz of the Red Sox is no run-of-the-bullpen relief pitcher. He's the TERRIBLE MONSTER FROM BEANTOWN. Read about him . . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE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thought about this alternative, the more it appealed to him: it seemed appropriate to him that this first Catholic President should be destroyed outside a Catholic Church—the better to dramatize Pavlick's purposes.

A few minutes later, he parked his car on a quiet street a few blocks from St. Edward's. He disconnected the wires on his bomb, and slid over to the car's right front seat. Carefully, Pavlick took the seven sticks of dynamite and began placing them inside his trousers at the belt line. He connected wires to the 6-volt battery and placed that in a trousers pocket. Then he attached the detonation switch and hung it from his belt under the loose jacket he was wearing. He got out of the car, arranged his jacket so that no bulges showed, and walked deliberately toward the church.

A half-hour before the end of St. Edward's 10 o'clock Mass, a crowd of a few score well-wishers began to assemble on the sidewalk outside the church. The day was warm and most of them wore bright shirts and sunglasses. Pavlick, his thick white hair and northern pallor only slightly conspicuous in the gathering, shuffled about to get closer to the walkway. A security agent stood at the head of the steps just outside the church door. As the minutes passed, the crowd grew, pushing in around Pavlick. He moved in a sidelong motion, nervously, surveying the entire scene and trying to determine how best to execute his plan with the least extraneous loss of life.

The church doors swung open, and the President-elect, preceded by two Secret Service agents, came into view, smiling and nodding to the gathering which now had enlarged even further. He strode down the walk toward his car past knots of admirers reaching out toward him. Pavlick, his hand on the knife switch near his belt, saw Kennedy come nearer, pass within a half-dozen feet of him, and climb into the waiting car. Then the crowd, their arms upraised in greeting, blotted the President-elect from view. There was no chance now to get closer. If he detonated the bomb it would surely kill Kennedy—and scores of innocent people as well.

Pavlick backed away nervously. Once again, his opportunity had passed. He walked away from the church hurriedly, and back to his car. He had failed twice that day—but such was Pavlick's state of mind that his determination to get Kennedy was undimmed.

The next day, Monday, Kennedy departed Palm Beach for Washington. He was scheduled to return on Friday, December 16, and remain in Florida with his family until after Christmas. Pavlick dispatched another letter to Postmaster Murphy in Belmont asking him to forward mail to Palm Beach "until the first of the year." He had decided to await Kennedy's return, and then reactivate his plan of destruction. He was still determined to get Kennedy before Inauguration Day.

In the meantime, his earlier letter to Murphy advising of his journey to "Palm Springs" was in the hands of Secret Service agent McDermott. The security agency alerted the Palm Beach police, supplying them with a description of Pavlick and the license number of his car.

Pavlick spent the ensuing days in leisurely fashion around Palm Beach: several times he photographed Ambassador Kennedy's oceanfront home, and also St. Edward's Church. He was content now to bide his time and perfect the plan which, even though it had failed twice, seemed to him essentially sound. It only required the proper time and place.

But time was fast running out on Richard Paul Pavlick. On Thursday—one day before Kennedy's scheduled return to Palm Beach—the human bomb and his desperate scheme were brought to ground.

Police officer Lester Free was driving over the Royal Poinciana Bridge away from Palm Beach when he saw a green 1950 Buick pass him going in the opposite direction. He wheeled his own car about and drew close enough to read the license plate: New Hampshire, B-1-606. Immediately, he radioed for help, in accordance with Secret Service instructions not to take Pavlick alone. At County Road, Free overhauled Pavlick and ordered him to the side. Pavlick got out of his car and inquired distractedly:

"What did I do?" Free charged him with crossing a white center line back on the Royal Poinciana Bridge.

Pavlick protested. "Plenty of people do that," he said. "Why are you picking on me?"

Moments later, four other police cars drew up and surrounded Pavlick. In his car, they found seven sticks of dynamite and the detonating apparatus.

At the Palm Beach County Jail, Pavlick realized at last that his ghoulish mission was at an end. "It's hard to say if I'd do it again," he told police. "I've always had charitable motives for the things I've done. If I wasn't so conscientious, I wouldn't be in this jam.

"I don't believe in any religion; it's all superstition. I believe in a First Cause. I can't eat and I can't sleep. My mind's too active. I guess you'd call it an inventive mind. I have what you call a depressive mania psychosis. I feel melancholy at times. I've turned myself in each time so I wouldn't hurt anyone. The security here is lousy, by the way. I drove around the Kennedy house several times, and even got caught in a dead-end street once. I had a hell of a time getting back. That Kennedy is a fool the way he travels around so much, shaking hands with everybody."

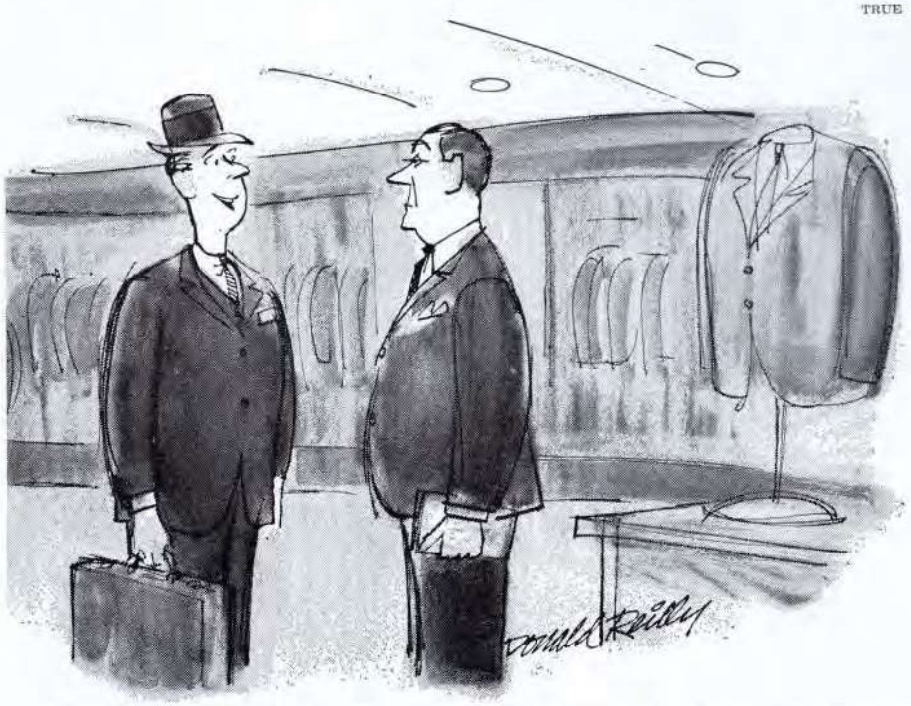
A few weeks later, a federal judge committed Richard Paul Pavlick to a Public Health Service mental institution in Springfield, Missouri, adjudging him incompetent to stand trial. And that's where he is today.

Looking back on the entire incident, Secret Service Chief U. E. Baughman in his autobiography wrote that it "ranks with the closest calls any President ever had. . . . Hardly anybody realized just how near we came one bright December morning to losing our President-elect. . . . Pavlick, it developed, had not just been a madman with a random impulse. He had planned the assassination with care."

What remains to be concluded from this pathetic bit of history, is that our nation, beloved and worthy though it is, is nonetheless able to produce and foster the kind of hatred and aberration which is personified periodically in a Richard Paul Pavlick, a Joseph Zangara, a John Wilkes Booth, or a Lee Harvey Oswald. It follows that all possible precautions must be taken in the future to protect our chief of state from the dangerous and the demented. Evidences of such precautions may be abhorrent to both the man and our citizens, but history, unfortunately, has proved them necessary.

—Richard W. O'Donnell & Neil Hickey

TRUE



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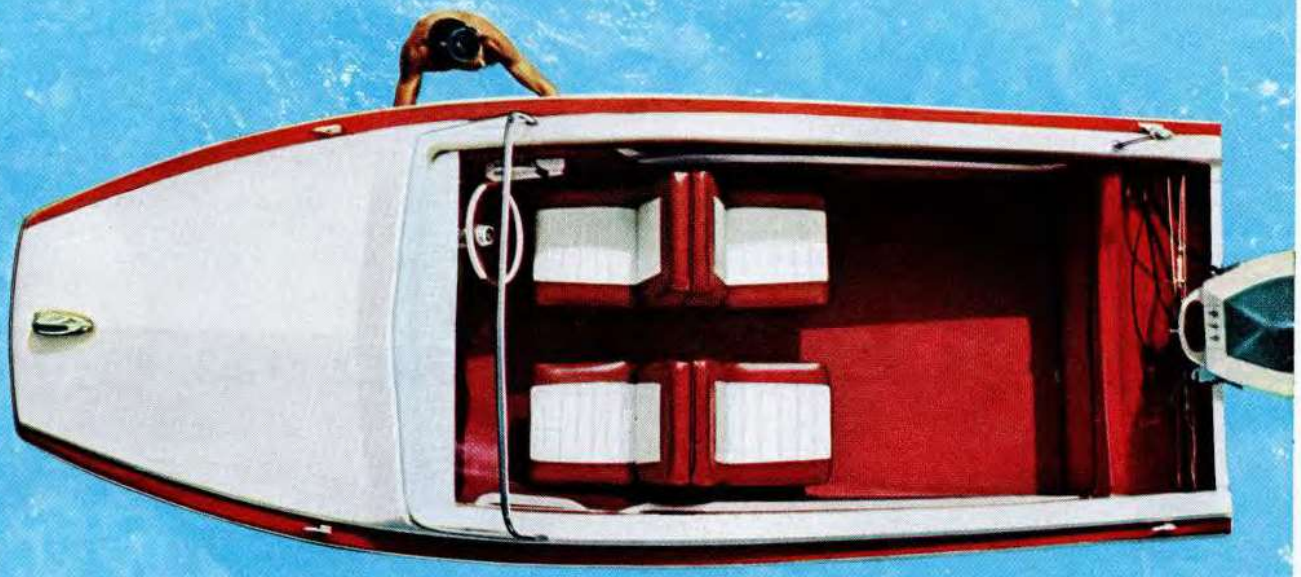

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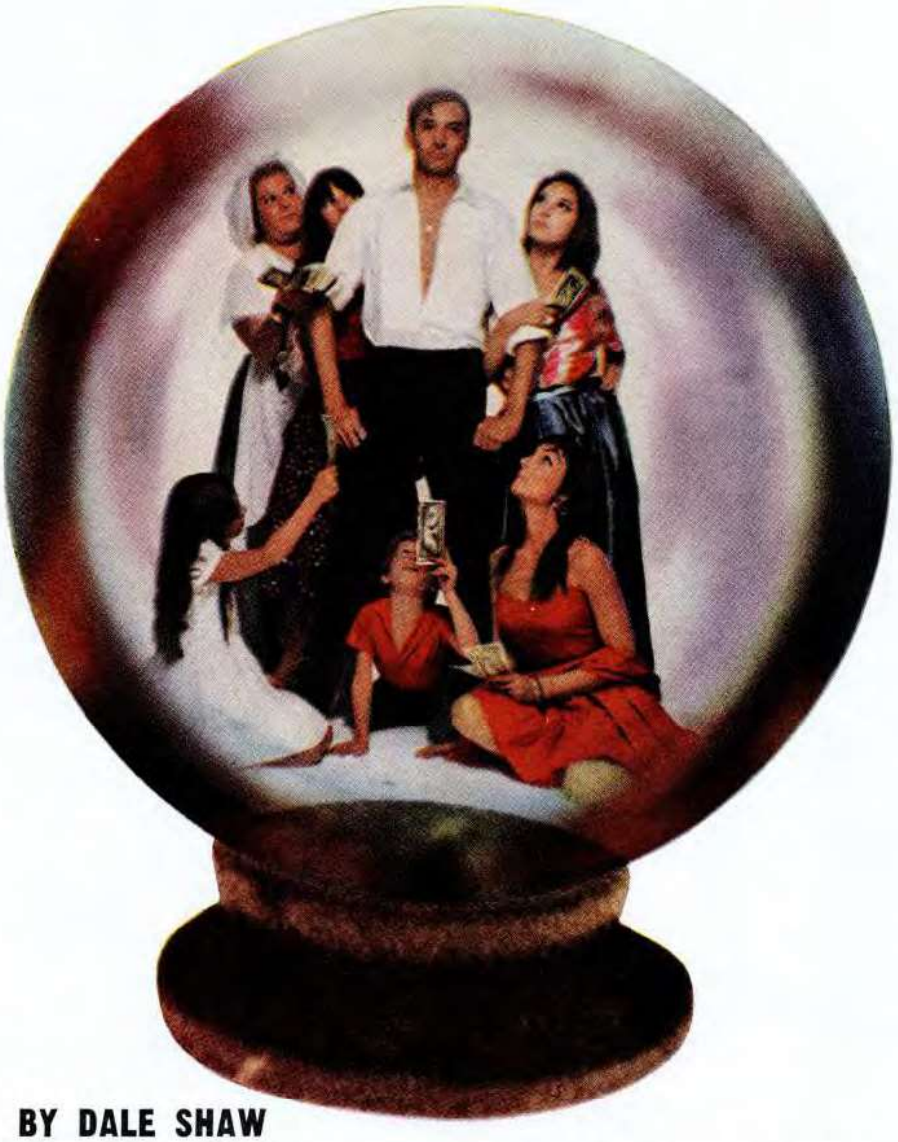
THE WORLD OF GYPSY KINGS & THEIR SLAVE-GIRL QUEENS



BY DALE SHAW

The gypsy is absolute ruler in his house. His wife speaks only when she is spoken to. She respects her man, loves him—and supports him

■ It has been my privilege and pleasure to know personally one of those few men who really have it made. He is Micky Marko, a full-fledged American Gypsy of that central group whose wives do all their worrying. It has been my pleasure, too, to know that zenith of perfection, Trina Marko, his wife.

In these friendships, and through the Markos' knowledge of the Gypsy world, I have penetrated the mysteries and delights and occasional problems of the men who have it made, and glimpsed into the inside story of the most sensational Gypsy swindle ever perpetrated in this nation—the

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAN WYNN

Gypsy girls soon absorb the knack of reading cards and getting paid in advance.

The children learn self-reliance by selling plastic flowers on street corners.

A girl who is a top pickpocket has fingers that make money get up and walk away.

Gypsies have been known to indulge in such lowly cons as framing and blackmail.

They are not all thieves but very few of them have much regard for private property.

The women are expert practitioners of the ancient art of burning cursed money.

great Friedman money-burning.

Recently, the Markos have been moved out of New York by police pressure. This was generated largely by one Valda Adams' cleverness in depriving a Mrs. Frances Friedman of $118,000 cold cash. In a way I was glad to see Micky Marko go: my envy of his position had reached the upper limit of toleration.

When you are in Micky Marko's home, you have to keep reminding yourself that you are in the United States. Although Micky Marko is not his real name, he is a real person. He is about 40, dark, fat and happy—his black eyes gleam with remorseless good humor as his wife, Trina, hands him a glass of hot tea, a plate of kidney stew or a fistful of folding money. She waits silently, somewhat tensely, hopeful of his approval while he sips, tastes or counts. Is it too sweet? Is it too salty? Is it enough?

"You have done well," says Micky ceremoniously. "Sit here beside me. How has your day been?" He yawns, for he has just crawled out of bed. "Were the suckers tough today?" he goes on. "Did the bulls come snooping around? How did the kids make out selling flowers? *Seventeen* dollars! Not bad." Micky glances slyly in my direction and slips an arm around his wife. "Ah, Red!" he laughs at me. "You poor *gajo*. Too bad your daddy didn't buy you a wife like my Trina."

Gajo is Gypsy for non-Gypsy, an outsider, an American. In the home of such as Micky Marko, you are *gajo* indeed.

Who precisely are these fortunate men? They are Gypsy husbands like Micky who are born into hard-core, tradition-bound families wherein the father buys his son a wife who [*Continued on page* 88]

In his home the Gypsy male is king. The women have been taught, literally, to honor, obey and support him by cleverness, guile and larceny.

they crash for cash

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HANS KNOPF

Conclusion of skillful reverse maneuver boxes one car and rams radiator of second. Any car with white stick still up is in action.

Cars line up facing infield and barrel out at derby start. They must keep hitting one another but deliberate head-on or driver's side crashing is banned.

Overturned car didn't eliminate this driver who got his car right-side-up and was back in within seconds. He even got car moving.

LANGHORNE SPEEDWAY, PA.

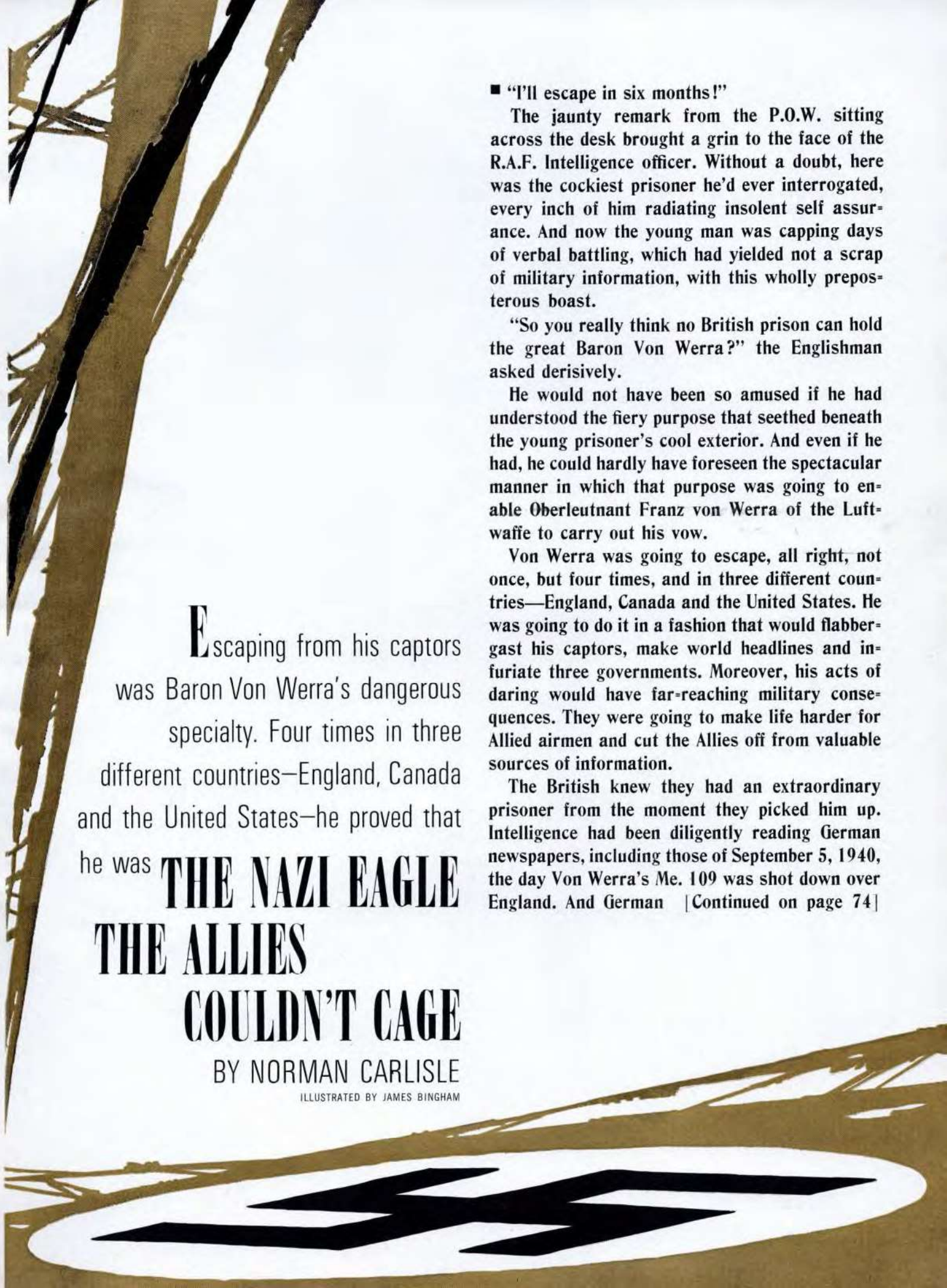
■ The battered winner of the motorized melee below gets $1,500. Everybody else gets 50 bucks, which is about what it costs to get an old heap onto the track. These drivers have brought junkers to the World's Championship Demolition Derby. Contenders line up in a rough circle on the speedway track and, at the drop of the starter's flag, charge out in any direction to cream as many other cars as possible—meanwhile trying not to get hit themselves. Drivers must keep slamming or leave cars. Last car still rolling wins the derby. Contest was invented about five years ago by stock car driver Larry Mendelsohn. He'd noticed crowd interest in crashes at stock car races, so on the theory of more crashes, more fun for everyone, he organized the demolition derby where the best crasher wins. ■

Drivers are required to wear safety belts and crash helmets and all glass except for windshields and rear windows is removed from cars.

World's Champion is Don McTavish of Dover, Mass. Cars are cleaned up but not reinforced for derby; most are hauled off for junk at the end of the contest.

End of derby is two battered survivors left from a field of 56, fighting a dogged duel on a field slick with spilled oil and gas.

Bingham



Escaping from his captors was Baron Von Werra's dangerous specialty. Four times in three different countries—England, Canada and the United States—he proved that he was

THE NAZI EAGLE THE ALLIES COULDN'T CAGE

BY NORMAN CARLISLE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BINGHAM

■ "I'll escape in six months!"

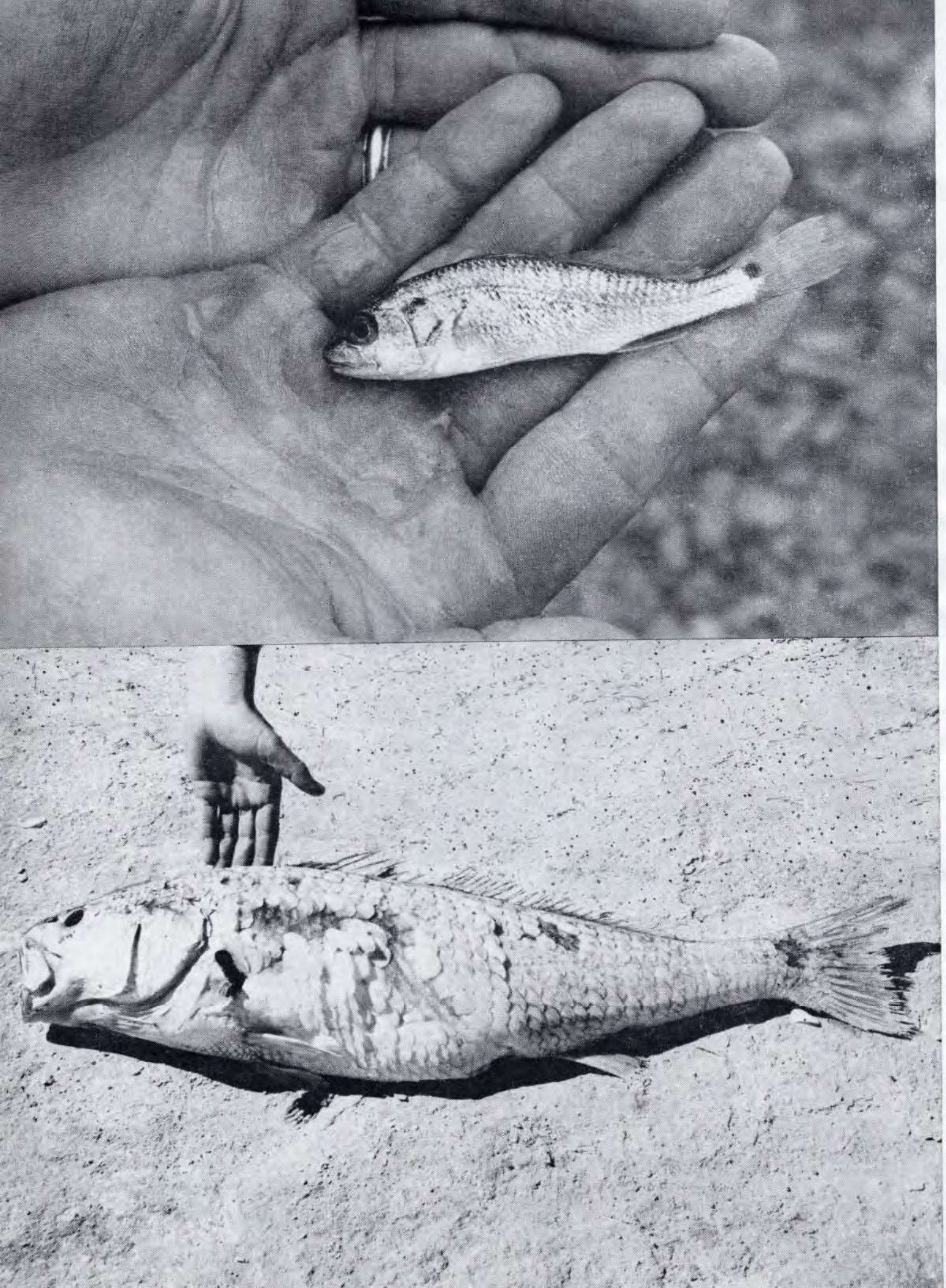
The jaunty remark from the P.O.W. sitting across the desk brought a grin to the face of the R.A.F. Intelligence officer. Without a doubt, here was the cockiest prisoner he'd ever interrogated, every inch of him radiating insolent self assurance. And now the young man was capping days of verbal battling, which had yielded not a scrap of military information, with this wholly preposterous boast.

"So you really think no British prison can hold the great Baron Von Werra?" the Englishman asked derisively.

He would not have been so amused if he had understood the fiery purpose that seethed beneath the young prisoner's cool exterior. And even if he had, he could hardly have foreseen the spectacular manner in which that purpose was going to enable Oberleutnant Franz von Werra of the Luftwaffe to carry out his vow.

Von Werra was going to escape, all right, not once, but four times, and in three different countries—England, Canada and the United States. He was going to do it in a fashion that would flabbergast his captors, make world headlines and infuriate three governments. Moreover, his acts of daring would have far-reaching military consequences. They were going to make life harder for Allied airmen and cut the Allies off from valuable sources of information.

The British knew they had an extraordinary prisoner from the moment they picked him up. Intelligence had been diligently reading German newspapers, including those of September 5, 1940, the day Von Werra's Me. 109 was shot down over England. And German [Continued on page 74]



SALT-WATER FISH GET FRESH

Catch a whopping channel bass or flounder or tarpon in land-locked fresh water? It's coming! Pioneering experiments in Texas show salt-water transplants grow big fast

BY BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

■ Obscure Imperial Reservoir is a man-made lake located in far-west Texas, its 1,200-odd acres a startling, refreshing blue dot flung down in the midst of a vast expanse of arid, near-cropless, sparsely populated nothing. Three of us stood on its baked, treeless shore and watched a group of men in yellow waterproof coveralls out in a boat pulling a long gill net.

Fragile channel bass fingerling, transported 500 miles from Gulf of Mexico, is handled briefly before liberation in water of fish-poor Imperial Reservoir in Texas. Researchers didn't know if tiny fish would thrive or die.

Excitement among us was electric. To anyone uninformed of what was happening here it would seem silly to get so worked up watching a net haul in this all but waterless, fishless country. But before us, in this perhaps least likely spot in the whole United States, was being played out by Texas Game & Fish Commission personnel a portion of the final act of what is perhaps the greatest sport-fisheries drama of the century.

Larry Campbell, the project leader, was standing at my left with binocular glued to his eyes. Suddenly he barked, "They've got something! Great gods, it looks as big across as a saddle!"

Norrel Wallace, the department's information officer for this area of Texas, was as wild-eyed as Larry. "It looks like a flounder —the biggest damn flounder I ever saw!"

We raced to my pickup, careened along shore as the boat finished and headed to dock. Moments later workmen were climbing out of the boat, faces awash with grins. One gently lifted the prize from a livebox. It *was* a flounder, a big, fat, healthy fish that would fit no ordinary broiler. The sight was so incongruous it seemed unbelievable. That fish, native of salt water as are all its kind, had been born away off in the Gulf of Mexico, 500 overland miles eastward. As a 3-inch baby it had been transported just 25 months ago to the midst of this inland desert. It had been placed in Imperial Reservoir, and now as the workmen weighed it, their scale showed 7½ pounds!

Phenomenal growth is shown less than three years later when, early in 1963, four-inchers had become 17-pounders like this one. Perhaps new weight records will be set by marine fish that like lakes.

Such was my introduction to this biggest fishing story of our times, a phenomenon that is very likely to eventually change both sport and commercial fishing concepts in many parts of the world. But I was to see and hear much more. In late February of 1963, on the shores of this same lake, I gazed upon two husky channel bass, or redfish, that had met accidental death, one apparently struck by a motor prop. The species is [*Continued on page* 97]

THE STARTLING STORY OF THE

HIROSHIMA PILOT

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

William Bradford Huie is one of America's most respected reporters. He is widely noted for his sympathetic understanding of our country's fighting men and for his willingness to stick up for the underdog. His best-selling books include *The Execution of Private Slovik* and *The Hero of Iwo Jima*. His explosive new book, *The Hiroshima Pilot*, which Huie has condensed for TRUE, is being published this month by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

One hour before the ENOLA GAY dropped the world's first atomic bomb on Hiroshima, another B-29, piloted by Major Claude Eatherly, flew a weather reconnaissance over the doomed Jap city. Strangely, his routine mission was to be the first leg of a bizarre, postwar career. Is he the victim of a monstrous guilt complex — or an innocent dupe of the "ban-the-bomb" groups? Here, for the first time, are the true facts in this astonishing story

A BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

■ This is a military-mental-criminal detective story. It details my search for the truth about a former Air Force major named Claude Robert Eatherly who has become the most publicized veteran of World War II.

Many Americans have heard of Eatherly, but his continuing publicity is concentrated in Europe, Asia and South America. There he is widely known as "the Hiroshima Pilot . . . the gentle, sensitive American who led the Hiroshima raid and who repented his crime, sought punishment, and was jailed for repenting."

The publicity continues because it emphasizes Major Eatherly's *repentance* and his being *punished* for it. He is called "the American Dreyfus," because for his repenting the crime of Hiroshima he is said to be "held in a military mental hospital in Waco, Texas." His mental disorder is said to be a guilt complex . . . "he yearns to be punished for Hiroshima."

Books have been written about Eatherly . . . poems . . . television shows . . . a motion picture script . . . many magazine and newspaper stories. He has attracted the support of Bertrand Russell and other leaders of the worldwide pacifist movement. He is a hero of Ban-the-Bomb groups. The Communist press throughout Europe and Japan repeatedly charges that "Major Eatherly has been framed by the American military"; and in numerous propaganda broadcasts, particularly those beamed to Cuba and Spanish America, the Soviet radio reports that "the leader of the Hiroshima raid is now mad with guilt and is being imprisoned by embarrassed American militarists."

I began hearing about Eatherly in 1959. Because I have written several true stories about young Americans who served in World War II (The Execution of Private Slovik, etc.), and because these stories have been translated into other languages, I receive suggestions for stories from readers throughout the free world. So I began getting letters urging me to "help Major Eatherly." And each letter-writer assumed I knew that Eatherly had led the Hiroshima raid, that he had repented, that he was the American Dreyfus, and that his "ordinary crimes were only efforts to compel the American people to punish him for the crime of Hiroshima."

For three years I tossed such letters into my Crackpot File. I knew no Major Eatherly had "led the Hiroshima raid." In 1945 I was twice on Tinian, the island from which the atomic attack was launched. I had met Brig.-Gen. Paul W. Tibbets who as a lieutenant-colonel commanded and "led" the attack, who piloted the B-29 *Enola Gay* which dropped the bomb, and who commanded the 509th Composite Group which dropped the atomic bombs on both Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

But in January, 1962, a book called *Burning Conscience* was published in London. It contained some of Eatherly's letters, written by him from his hospital, and the publishers of this book, joined by some of Britain's most reputable reviewers, proclaimed that Eatherly was suffering "one of the great injustices of our times" . . . that he was in truth sane but was being called insane by "embarrassed American militarists" so he could be held in prison. Here is a clipping sent to me from London, from *The Spectator*, of February 16, 1962:

> It seems a pity that the official American information services have offered us no guidance in the Eatherly Case. Surely the case has been enough of a propaganda football in the past three years, in Europe and Asia, that the State Department might have been expected to circulate some official version of the story. That no such version has been offered encourages the charges of injustice.

From this I concluded that Major Eatherly might possibly be suffering some sort of injustice. I began to wonder who in truth he was and what had happened to him. I decided to examine what had been published. So I researched the national press in the United States, and I asked my agents to send me *Burning Conscience* and various other books and clippings from abroad.

I found that Eatherly's first national publicity appeared April 1, 1957, in *Newsweek* Magazine. Headed *Hero in Handcuffs*, the story told how the 509th's "super-pilots" were based on Tinian in the summer of 1945 ready to launch the atomic attack on Japan.

One of these super-pilots was a tall, sunburned Texan (6 feet and 180 pounds), with wavy brown hair and piercing green eyes. He was Major Claude R. Eatherly, captain of the B-29 named "Straight Flush." [*Continued on page* 105]

The Hiroshima Pilot copyright © 1964 by William Bradford Huie

Charlie Millar had a theory
that women would do anything for money.
He backed his supposition with a
half-million dollars, and set off one of
the wackiest sweepstakes in history

CYNICAL CHARLIE'S GREAT BABY-BREEDING DERBY

By Gene Caesar

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HUEHNERGARTH

■ "Women," Charlie Millar used to insist, sitting with friends on the veranda of his apartment in a downtown Toronto hotel, "will do anything in the world for money."

Then, by way of demonstrating the point, he'd send a handful of dollar bills fluttering down into a crowd of lady shoppers on the sidewalk below, and laugh like a madman at the scratching, hair-pulling scramble that followed.

A deceptively-dignified fellow with a dead-pan expression that could mask the most audacious deviltry, Charles Vance Millar was technically a commercial lawyer but actually a gambler, both in the field of finance, where he won fortunes, or at the race track where he lost them by backing his own entries too heavily. And in a very singular way, he was also a philosopher, waging a life-long war of satire against the hypocrisies of society in general and bluenoses in particular. He had so little use for pomp and ceremony that when his horse Tartarene won the prestigious King's Plate Race in 1915, he shocked all Canada by failing to show up to accept the award from George V. But he never failed to show up or stand up if he felt a principle was at stake. A few years later, when his promising mare Lee Rose died and he collected the $15,000 for which he'd insured the animal, he ran full-page newspaper advertisements offering the entire amount to any opponent of gambling who could come up with a reasonable answer to just one simple question:

"Why is it any less sinful," he asked, "to bet with an insurance company on a horse's health than with a bookie on a horse's speed?" He found no takers, of course.

Even so, Charlie's opinions on the subject of the opposite sex were what brought him the most notoriety. A confirmed bachelor, he regarded feminine companionship as something to be enjoyed solely in private, never in public. He was no woman-hater. He liked the ladies fine in their place. It was just that he'd formed some very strong ideas about where and what that place was. He had, for example, no objection to professional women, as long as they stuck to the oldest profession. But the mere mention of such innovations as lady lawyers could trigger a towering rage in him, particularly through his later years. Beyond what momentary pleasure the female might offer the male, Millar believed, her only excuse for existence was the necessity of reproducing the species.

"And they aren't even too good at that!" he snorted one evening, in his 60's then and drinking with a group of his cronies. "Not when you compare them with other animals. Take rabbits, for example, or dogs. Why, any good mare can . . ."

"Come now, Charlie!" someone goaded him on just to enjoy the show. "Lots of women have babies every year, often twins."

"I dispute that!" Millar blasted back. "Maybe a hundred years ago, but not now. They've been pampered until they're so soft and flabby that the woman doesn't exist who could produce a live healthy baby a year over any extended period of time."

With Charlie getting ever more emphatic and the others happily baiting him, this rather pointless argument lasted long into the night. In the morning, everyone laughed at the episode and promptly forgot it, Millar seemingly included. But a short time later, he called in his law partners to witness his signature on a new will.

"You're still leaving everything to needy students, aren't you?" they wondered curiously.

"Let them work their way through like I did," Charlie Millar answered. "After all, a man must do his bit for God, Motherhood and building a bigger Toronto."

Not for several years was anyone allowed to learn what he'd meant by this. Then, on the afternoon of October 31, 1926, sitting at his desk and debating a point of law with a junior partner, the 72-year-old warrior waxed a little too hotly, suffered a stroke of apoplexy and was dead upon a [*Continued on page* 69]

SWEET SAFARI IN THE SAHARA'S SANDS

Camel caravans were quitting the Sahara as the hunters approached, for soon the desert would be mercilessly hot.

We explored a waterless wasteland with only rumors for encouragement, never expecting the bonanza of rare game surprises that awaited us

BY PETER BARRETT

TRUE'S OUTDOORS EDITOR

Fort Oum Chalouba faces the empty desert. From here, all travelers must have a guide, carry special water rations.

FORT ARCHAMBAULT, REPUBLIC OF CHAD

■ "Did you ever get into a jam and run completely out of water?" Roger Fawcett was asking the question that instinctively comes to mind the instant a man even *thinks* the word *desert.* And we were bouncing along in the brilliant sun glare of the Sahara, the desert of all deserts. The three of us—Roger and I, with Claude Vasselet, white hunter, at the wheel of the Land Rover—were at the start of what was to become an incredible hunt.

"Just once," Claude answered, after a moment's thought. "But it was in Syria, where I was born and raised as a youngster. One day I went hunting in the desert with my father and the car radiator sprang a leak."

Claude paused, and then went on. "As soon as we discovered the leak we turned around and headed back. Gradually we put all our liquids into the radiator. All the water first. Then our wine. Then even urine."

By this point the desert around us was becoming a blur as I stared out at it, and listened to Claude go on with his story. "Well, we just made it back that night. By then my tongue was very swollen and turning black. At first I couldn't swallow water without vomiting. But then I got a trickle down, and another. I was okay the next day, though rather weak."

Our safari car was a lonely green speck on a flat, blazing world. The nearest good well was 120 miles away and dropping behind rapidly. Only the occasional scatterings of old camel dung revealed that man had ever traveled here before. The desert seemed empty of life. All of which laid a mantle of unreality on our quest for the two big white desert antelope called addax and scimitar-horned oryx—trophies which rank high because they're among the world's most inaccessible game.

This was a weird world. And the strangeness of it demanded questioning.

"Why should the game way out here be so spooky of people?" we wondered to Claude.

"Because native horsemen have been riding them down and spearing them for centuries," Claude told us. "Nothing is the way you expect it to be in the Sahara.

"They'll be a long way off when we first see them," Claude went on, fighting the car through a bad spot. "I hope you print an accurate account of our way of hunting, because so far as I know, the truth has never been told. . . ."

What brought us to the Chad and a hunt in the Sahara were rumors so wild they finally became intriguing. Be prepared for 600-yard shots, I was told. Vasselet? A crazy Frenchman who drives a Rolls-Royce hunting car and charges outrageously. Addax? Sure, if you want to live in the desert for a month like an Arab. Those big oryx? Guy I heard about made three trips before he even saw one.

They piled it deep. Don't take good rifles and cameras into that black republic, I was advised, because I'd never get them out.

Finally I called our taxidermist, Steve Horn of Jonas Brothers in Mount Vernon, New York. "You have the right country and the right man," he told me flatly, "but you'd better grab Claude quick—he's the only English-speaking hunter there now. Besides, he keeps sending terrific trophies."

And so one day last January a plane from Paris set us

Fleeing safari car, scimitar-horned oryx pound across desert. They have been hunted for centuries by horsed riders with spears.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

Author with an outstanding oryx trophy bull. The ancient Egyptians domesticated this antelope of Sahara's fringes.

Hunters take close look at galloping addax herd to determine which are bulls. Both sexes wear horns—and from distance, long

White hunter, Claude Vasselet, searches for game. Grass, bushes grow in much of Sahara though water is far away.

down at Fort Lamy, deep in the Chad and deep in the French-spoken-only belt. Wow! I'll bet the customs chief still has a headache from my fluent high-school French. Then we met our very French charter pilot. And to top it all off, I tipped the porters in West African francs which I soon learned was the wrong currency for the Chad.

Roger found all this pretty funny. "You're making out just like a native," he said. "Of Greece."

We were to meet Claude Vasselet at Abeche, 400-odd miles east of Fort Lamy at the southern edge of the Sahara. Somewhere en route in our little charter plane, the magic that is the lure of safaris began to take over. Business problems vanish because you're concentrating on a vast wonderment of sights in a new country—sights that often come so fast you can barely take them in.

What is that tan lump way down there? A camel! I

tails and high grass conceal sex. By time car stops and hunter gets out, loads rifle and takes aim, fast quarry is 175 yards away.

wonder if an elephant might have made that big track?

Bits of background information I'd picked up before the trip flicked through my mind. Chad admitted to the United Nations in 1960. Formerly part of French Equatorial Africa. Still friendly with France, sends representatives to French parliament. Second year as republic in January, 1963. Almost as big as Alaska. More than half desert, with northern boundary in mid-Sahara located just under Libya.

Proud, friendly people, I thought of the Africans we'd met at the airport. It was a thought I was to have again and again in the Chad. . . .

After the screwball stories I'd heard about Claude Vasselet, it was a relief to meet him at the tiny Oasis Hotel in Abeche and find that the stories must have been hatched in envy. He drives a new [*Continued on page* 60]

Author and Roger Fawcett (right) pose with two big addax. These antelope are among world's most inaccessible game.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAVID B. EISENDRATH, JR.

GOLDEN HOARD OF THE INCAS

■ When the gold-lusting conquistadors with Pizarro saw Cuzco, Peru, they were almost too dazzled to believe it. The capital of the Inca empire was literally a city of gold. The earth in the garden of the great temple was gold nuggets; all of the flowers, trees and insects—even the lizards—were made of gold.

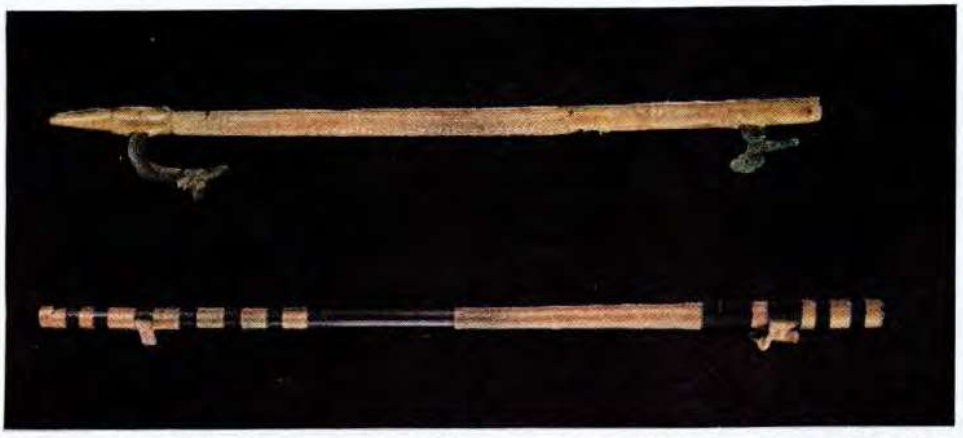
The golden treasure on these pages was photographed for TRUE at the Brooklyn Museum during the first U.S. showing of the private collection of Peruvian industrialist Miguel Mujica Gallo. Worth half a million dollars by weight, the collection of more than 500 pieces is actually priceless.

The Spanish wasted no time in plundering and melting down most of the Inca gold. But much survived, including the objects that make up the golden figure at left. The priest's tunic, the most spectacular single piece in the Mujica collection, is covered with 30,000 separate pieces of gold. Goggle-eyed mask was used as a false face for the mummy of a nobleman. Golden gloves, with carefully outlined fingernails,

Ceremonial puma pouch of hammered gold is more than two feet long, 10 inches wide. Pocket in stomach held coca leaves.

Gold receptacle in form of crowned idol is attached to vase inlaid with turquoise. Temples were filled with goblets, vases, beakers.

Double-spouted 21-carat ceremonial vessel is ornamented with an idol on the bridge, two serpent heads and dogs on its base.



Twelfth-century throwing sticks, about 5½ inches long, were used to throw spears. Top stick is made of wood covered with hammered gold. Its weight, or hook, is a copper bird. Bottom stick is also wood and is banded with gold. It has a crystal bird weight.

were also part of the burial dress of an aristocrat.

An opulent life for the Inca—the king—and the aristocracy was provided by the El Dorado of gold, silver, copper and precious gems that washed down from Andean streams. Noblemen wore golden shirts and shoes, ate from golden plates and even trimmed their beards with golden tweezers. In the king's palace, furniture and musical instruments were made of gold and silver. Goldsmiths were always busy because as each Inca died, his palace and all his golden possessions were preserved intact —the new Inca had to build a new palace and order a new batch of golden equipment. In time there came to be some bitter protests that the dead owned the best part of the kingdom.

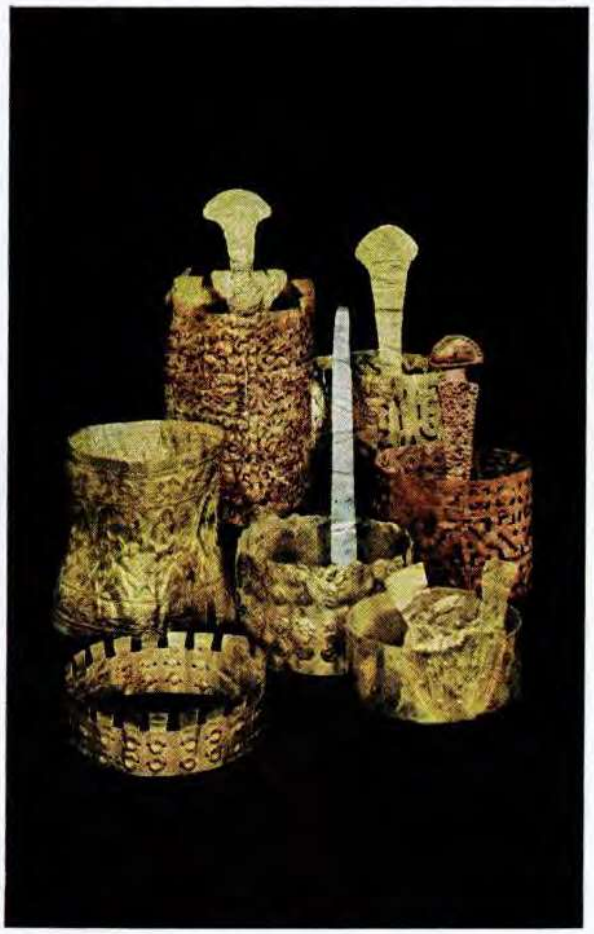
Gold was a symbol of the sun to the Incas, used for prestige and adornment. The gods were not forgotten, however, and many idols were made of gold, including the 18-carat pair, at left. The companion golden lizard, hung with spirals and pendants, is 14 inches long —symbol of golden plenty. ■

Tiny 2¼-inch high balance of gold and silver is one of many utensils Incas made with precious metal.

Idol standing on two-headed serpent is actually a golden tweezer, for beard-pulling and adornment.

Huge earrings of 22-carat gold inlaid with turquoise are hollow cast or they would be too heavy to wear.

Twenty-two carat golden idol holds ear of corn and a drinking vessel. It wears removable golden ceremonial garments and a crown symbolizing the half moon.



Golden crowns, from five to 18 inches high, show range of color of gold. Most are covered with hammered designs. Some have plumes cut from sheets of gold.

In his mine, Homer would let suckers see the gold for themselves.

BY WALTER WAGNER
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

THE MAN WHO TALKED RICHES OUT OF ROCK

■ "The Blossom Mine is richer than the streets of heaven," the chunky speaker told his fashionable audience of two-dozen mesmerized ladies, the full membership of the Los Angeles Women's Club. It was a sultry August afternoon in 1948. Homer Cecil Mills, a legendary mining magnate in the West and a man with the reputation of consistently finding precious metals in places where others had failed, sketched a boundless future for his listeners.

"You might as well get used to the idea—everyone in this room is going to be rich as a maharaja. And not some time in the distant future—the first dividend will be declared in three months!"

There was a burst of spontaneous applause.

The well-tanned tycoon rolled his hand back over his long, flowing white hair, adjusted his string tie, eased his 180-pound frame forward on alligator-encased boots and stabbed his big white Stetson into the air. "You've heard of Sutter's Mill, the Comstock Lode and the Anaconda? All of them put together are small change in comparison to the Blossom!"

A collective gasp went up from the ladies. The madame chairman of the club's entertainment committee, who had luckily snagged the distinguished entrepreneur as a guest after meeting him through a mutual acquaintance, was inwardly congratulating herself.

"Now, whether or not you decide to invest in the Blossom," the speaker continued, picking up a bulky black satchel, "I have a present for everyone here. It arrived only a few hours ago, brought from the mine by special messenger."

He opened the satchel, dipped his hand in, and casually littered the table with a shower of glittering gold nuggets!

The room erupted into chaos as the women forgot their manners and grabbed at the nuggets.

An hour later the club had pledged a total of $65,000 for shares in the Blossom Mine. . . .

Summer faded into fall and winter and still no dividends arrived. The worried madame chairman, after fruitless and repeated inquiries at Mr. Mills's office, concluded she must tell her club members that they had been swindled out of every nickel they'd invested in the Blossom.

For the disappointed ladies, there was a long period of austerity in household budgets. For Homer Mills, the razzle-dazzle performance before the women's club was but another score in a masterful and flamboyant career as a con man in the lively world of penny mining stocks.

Homer had all the classic qualifications of the supreme bunco artist, plus one. He had flair, showmanship and iron nerve. He was canny, smooth-talking and his kindly brown eyes and affable manner helped inspire confidence among the sheep who flocked to him in herds.

Even a hardened police officer, who knew him intimately for years said it was hard to believe he wasn't the most honest man who ever lived. "After listening to that silken spiel of his," the cop admitted, "I had to pinch myself to keep from handing him my pension money."

Homer's biggest plus, however, was his knowledge of the law. He spent more than half his adult life as a prosperous and respected attorney in two states until he was disbarred in 1936—though he never permitted that technicality to keep him from indulging his love of the courtroom. After his disbarment, he was involved in almost as much legal action as Oliver Wendell Holmes, all of it *in propria persona*. [*Continued on page* 82]

For over 20 years, con man supreme Homer Mills averaged $500,000 a year indulging his two favorite, illegal passions: law and mining. By the time he was through tampering with both professions, neither was ever quite the same

bag next year's

By Lucian Cary

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD NONES

Recently I met a man who confirmed a long-standing suspicion of mine. He was John Barlow, operator of a camp for deer hunters in Maine. Barlow has weathered many a deer season.

"I don't believe the average hunter in the East can be sure of a standing deer at 50 yards," he told me.

I asked him how big he thought the vital area of a whitetail deer is.

"The part you ought to aim at is maybe 10 inches in diameter. That doesn't include the head or all of the neck but it does include the area you shoot for."

"Then you think the average deer hunter can't keep his shots in a 10-inch circle at 50 yards?" I said.

Barlow snorted. It seems he had tested his notion about poor marksmanship by putting up targets at 50 yards and persuading some of his guests to shoot at them.

"Six of my customers fired five shots apiece last fall and only one of them could keep all his shots on the target."

The target in this case was 14 inches square.

I asked how men who shot so badly could kill deer.

"Mostly they don't," John Barlow told me. "The one man in that crowd who could shoot fairly well got his buck and also filled the licenses of the other five so-called hunters."

That talk made me wonder why men go deer hunting when they can't shoot – not even a little bit. It made me wonder, too, why there is such a fantastic difference between the ability of such hunters as Barlow was talking about and target shots.

Men who shoot .22 target rifles in competition get nowhere unless they can keep all their shots, from the prone position, in the two-inch 10 ring of the standard target at 100 yards, and most of their shots will be in the one-inch X ring. A fair offhand shot will average around 90 on the 100-yard target and a really good shot will average 95 offhand. And this is at 100 yards, mind you – not 50.

Aren't big-bore rifles harder to shoot accurately? Yes, they are. But consider what target shooters have done with the .300 H & H magnum, a caliber with a good bit more recoil than the usual deer rifle. A few months ago, a thousand men shot at Camp Perry, Ohio, in the match for the Wimbledon Cup; the oldest match that is still shot in this country. It calls for 20 shots at 1,000 yards and the bull's-eye, which counts five, is 36 inches in diameter.

But years ago it became necessary to add an inner ring called the V ring, which is 20 inches in diameter, in order to decide ties. When various competitors put all their shots in the black, the man with the most Vs wins. Nowadays you can't win the Wimbledon unless all your shots are in the bull and you have something like 18 in the V ring.

The record for the Wimbledon was made in 1939

buck today

Miss your buck last fall? The remedy is easy —and you won't even have to fire a shot

by Alfred Wolters, a Marine private. His first 20 shots were all inside the V ring so he kept shooting just in case someone else had that many. He stayed in the V ring seven more times – 27 in all. Few of his shots, if any, would have missed a deer *at 1,000 yards!*

That same year a Marine team won the Herrick Trophy, which calls for an eight-man team to fire 20 shots each at 1,000 yards. Every shot went into the bull's-eye and 123 were Vs, but it wasn't necessary to count these – no other team had 160 bulls.

What can the occasional deer hunter learn from the target shooter?

A hunter is not going to carry a heavy target rifle in the field. He isn't going to shoot at a black bull in a field of white but at an animal that usually blends with the background. In the East, he is unlikely to have time to get prone and his target will be at an undetermined distance.

It's true that a sporting-weight rifle using hunting ammunition won't win the Wimbledon. But a good sporting rifle will shoot well enough. And a telescopic sight makes it easy to aim at the part of the deer you want to hit.

A man needs to tailor his rifle to the type of shooting he expects. In the East, where few deer are shot at over 100 yards because of the thickness of cover, the .30-30 and its kissin' cousin, the .32 Special, are odds-on favorites. The new Ruger .44 Magnum carbine is also gaining wide acceptance. When sighted in for 100 yards, any of these rifles can for all practical purposes be aimed dead on at any range up to 100 yards.

In the West, where deer are often seen at 200, 300 and even greater yardage, a flatter-shooting, more powerful rifle is needed. New cartridges like the .264 Winchester Magnum and the 7mm. Remington Magnum are ideal. Zero the latter so its 150-grain bullet hits dead on at 200 yards and it will also be zeroed for about 35 yards, handy if you jump a buck close. And the intermediate ranges are nothing to worry about either, as the bullet strikes only 1½ inches high at 100 which is negligible. At 300 yards, the 7mm. Remington Magnum zeroed for 200, will be about six inches low, and at 400 yards, a foot and a half low. It is no great trick to deliberately hold the sight half a foot high for 300 yards to compensate for the drop.

At long range you usually have time to take a sitting position or even a prone position, or to use a log or a rock for a rest provided you put something soft between the barrel and the rest like your hat, jacket or hand.

The truth is that game shooting is usually *easier* than target shooting. You don't have to be a crack shot to kill big game. But you do have to learn to shoot passably well. [*Continued on page* 96]

A nostalgic look at illegal gambling and how it worked in the bad old days.

TAXAX: PEOPLE VS. POLITICIANS

BY NORTON MOCKRIDGE

■ Now that New York City voters have shown by a margin of better than 3-to-1 that they favor legalization of off-track betting, you might think that the state legislators who are elected to carry out the wishes of the people would do just that.

But you'd be wrong. In this instance, New York state legislators are *not* going to carry out the wishes of the people.

Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller, Senate Majority Leader Walter J. Mahoney and Assembly Speaker Joseph F. Carlino—the men who control the state's Republican-dominated Legislature—have said flatly that they are against legalization of off-track betting, and that's that. The reason given for this stand is, more or less, that off-track betting would induce extra thousands of people to bet and, because horse players lose more often than they win, this would work a definite hardship on their families, wives and children.

State officials maintain this stand despite the fact that their own State Investigation Commission has shown that *illegal* off-track betting is rampant in almost every city, village and hamlet in the state—protected by corrupt police and sanctioned by various mayors, city managers, councilmen and commissioners. The SIC, as a result of months of investigations and public hearings, has shown that countless millions of dollars are bet illegally with bookies every year in New York State and that the great bulk of this money—which could be diverted into the state treasury in the form of taxes—goes instead into the hands of underworld figures who use much of it to buy protection and to corrupt various public officials.

A bitter police officer, demoted from detective to patrolman because he arrested a bookie, once told me that the status quo "definitely will continue in this state because nobody, from top to bottom, wants to upset the gravy boat." Now, it's hard to believe that New York's top state leaders could be influenced so unworthily, but it's just as hard to believe that they are truly convinced that legalization of off-track betting would result in orgies of betting, would leave families penniless, fill the poor houses and drive hapless betting fathers to suicide.

Nowhere in the world where betting is legal has anything like that happened. But even more important is the fact that any New Yorker—and I mean ANY New Yorker—who wishes to make a bet can do it by picking up the phone or by sauntering into any of thousands of candy, stationery or book stores, or simply by walking up to a certain man standing on a certain corner.

The SIC, in its 1963 probe of Westchester County, just outside New York city, found 218 bookie joints in only 16 communities, with an annual volume of $30 million—all protected by the police. And Westchester officials, handed this information by the SIC, have done not one thing to crack down on the bookies or the cops. Oh, here and there a cop or two has been suspended—probably because he wasn't splitting properly with his superiors—and a district attorney or two feebly has declared that he's "studying" the report. But otherwise, bookie business goes on as usual. It always has.

Back in 1934 when I was a reporter on the *Mt. Kisco Recorder*, a small weekly, Thomas F. Reynolds, then sheriff of Westchester, announced a gigantic drive to rid the county of bookies, and he warned the heads of every police department to clean up their towns or be ousted. There was a good bit of scurrying around, and here and there a bookie was arrested. The word went out that the heat was on, and nobody could place a bet.

Frankly, the drive *did* make it more difficult to place a bet—you had to go around to the back of the candy store rather than just walk in the front. This lasted nearly two weeks. Then, a couple of years later, when I was on the *Daily Reporter* in White Plains, Reynolds' successor, Sheriff George A. Casey, held a press conference that I attended; he proudly announced that gambling in Westchester had been stamped out and that every bookie had been run out of the county.

On my way back to the office to write this momentous story, I stopped in at the old Carpenter House on Court Street, had a beer and watched five men placing bets with bookies on tracks all over the country.

During this period, with gambling stamped out, a tobacco store on Martine Avenue underwent extensive alterations. Prior to the elimination of gambling, the store had consisted of a tiny front room which contained a glass counter and a few dust-covered boxes and packages of cigars and cigarettes, and a large back room which contained phones, wooden counters and chairs, cash drawers, tally sheets, scratch sheets, pads, pencils and lots of money.

Shortly after Sheriff Casey made his pronouncement, business in the back room picked up so much that the operators enlarged the back room right up to the show windows in front, and eliminated the cigar counter entirely. They placed large cardboard displays advertising cigarettes in the windows as a screen. Thereafter, when you walked in the front door, presto, you were in the horse room. On any given day, you could rub elbows with detectives and patrolmen in uniform.

As a young reporter, I was a little confused by this. But I became even more confused a bit later when I paid my first visit to upstate Saratoga to attend the August races. There, of course, betting at the track is legal, but I found any number of gambling casinos running wide open in the big hotels. And early every morning when they closed, who drove the operators to the banks so they could deposit their winnings? Saratoga policemen, that's who.

Thomas E. Dewey was governor at the time. Talking to one of the cops, I said I was surprised that the racket-busting Dewey would permit such an operation. "Oh, Dewey doesn't know about it," said the cop, with a grin. "You see, every August he takes his vacation and visits his mother in Michigan. . . ."

In all the time I've watched policemen protecting bookies, I've seen only two of them get seriously hurt. One Yonkers plainclothesman got a little too greedy and held out on his captain. To teach him a lesson, the captain had him picked up by another cop, and when the story came out in the newspapers it was revealed that the plainclothesman had been netting about $150 a week above his salary. When he went home that night, he was met at the door by a raging wife. She clipped him over the ear with a

heavy poker and screamed: "You bum! You told me you were making only $50 a week!"

About a year later, a Mt. Vernon cop was badly beaten in a fight with a bookie who got away. We reporters heard about it and went to interview this champion of law and order. But we were met by a lieutenant who took us all down the street to a gin mill where he invited the proprietor to provide free drinks for us. "Lissen," said the lieutenant. "We don't want nothin' written about Joe gettin' beat up."

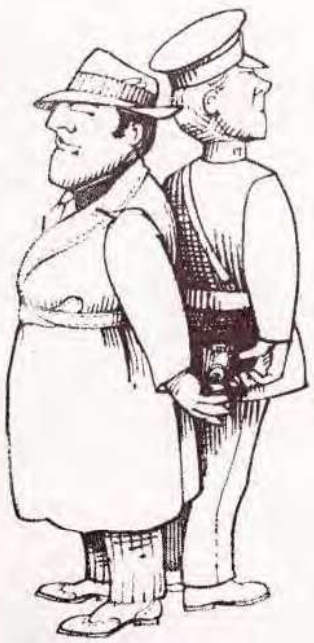
"Why not?" we asked. "Isn't he a hero? Didn't he fight with a bookie?"

"Yeah," said the lieutenant, ordering another round, "but this was a bookie from New York. He was tryin' to muscle in on our territory."

And so it went, over the years. But the most exciting—and most chilling—experience for me came one Saturday afternoon in 1937 when I was sitting alone in the tiny City Room on the second floor of the *Daily Reporter* building in White Plains. I was writing a story for Monday—something to do with a praying mantis, I believe—when an expensively but sharply dressed man walked in.

He wore a tightly tailored, black cashmere coat, a black velour hat and a white silk scarf about his throat. I recognized him immediately as the king of the Westchester County bookmaking and policy rackets and, frankly, I was scared. I glanced out the window and there in the street was this huge black Cadillac. Two men, both in black, stood outside it,

ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE HAMPTON



Cops and bookies had much in common.

looking up at the window and at me.

"Hullo, kid," said the king, in his Italian accent. "I come to put in a social item, ya know?" Then he laughed as though this were the funniest thing ever said.

I explained that I was not the society editor but that I would be glad to take the item. Then he lowered his voice and asked me if we were alone. I shuddered a bit and said yes we were.

"I'm Gene Cabrizzi," he said. (I'm not using his real name because he's still around!) "I thought you and me could talk a little business. I got my eye on you for some time." He smiled then and let this sink in.

I was shaking inside—Cabrizzi had had his eye on *me* for some time! But I controlled myself and said I was very flattered.

Without being invited, Cabrizzi sank into the chair beside my beaten old wooden desk and told me he was gonna level with me. And he did. In less than two minutes, he made this proposition:

Each day about 5:30 p.m., one of his boys would drop in to see me, ostensibly to deliver pictures and items for the paper. In the envelope, however, would be tally sheets for the day, lists of bets, policy numbers, checks and cash.

"There'll maybe be as much as 10 G's in cash," said Cabrizzi, "but I know I could trust you." His laugh reminded me of an electric saw cutting into steel.

All I had to do, he said, was to take this envelope to the Roger Smith Hotel where Cabrizzi knew I went each day at sundown for cocktails and/or dinner, and there I was to deliver it to a certain man I'd meet in the men's room. For this I was to be paid $125 a week which, as Cabrizzi noted, was "big dough compared wid the 45 bucks peanuts you gettin' every week."

"There ain't gonna be no risk involved to you," Cabrizzi added, "because every cop in town knows you and they all know you're above the board, and they wouldn't think nothin'. And besides, I got every cop tooken care of."

I asked him why, if he had every cop tooken care of, he needed me. His answer was a classic.

"Well," he said, "I got every police department in da county in my pocket. But, kid, it's like a game, see? A guy might be layin' down for ya, but he don't like nobody to know he's layin' down. If he's takin', he don't like his nose rubbed in it. So, if I got the right word, he don't like it should be obvious. Do ya see what I mean?"

Cabrizzi admitted that sooner or later every cop would know I was his runner, but, he insisted, the general public wouldn't know, wouldn't even dream of it, and therefore "there couldn't be no stink, and nobody's nose would get rubbed in."

Well, I sat there for a minute, not knowing what to say. I was overwhelmed by the enormity of the

His proposition was simple: $125 a week for five minutes' work a day.

whole thing, the brazenness of Cabrizzi, the certainty with which he made his proposition, and his contempt for the police. And I don't mind admitting that I thought for a moment about the $125 which, my buzzing brain told me, was indeed, big dough for those days and almost *three* times what I was making. And all for only a short five minutes' work per day.

Cabrizzi was looking at me coolly, a sneering smile on his face. He had taken out his wallet and was flipping it open, no doubt to lay out the first payment of $125.

I like to think that I surveyed him with all the dignity my 22 years could muster, but I don't really know what I looked like. I do know, however, that when I spoke, my voice seemed to be coming from someone else.

"I'm sorry, but I don't think I could do it," I said. "No matter what you say, sooner or later some cop would arrest me—I don't think you have them all in your pocket. In addition, I would get involved in gangland affairs, or my sudden riches would cause talk, and I certainly would lose my self respect. And besides—it isn't honest!"

Cabrizzi sat there for a full minute, staring at me. Finally, he snorted and lifted himself out of the chair. He stood over me and flicked his expensive suede gloves.

"Kid," he said, "I think you some kinda jerk." Then he turned and walked out. [*Continued on page* 95]

ILLUSTRATED BY BARYE PHILLIPS

I looked up and saw
to my horror
that the main chute
was tangled in
its own shroudlines,
fluttering
feebly in the air.

A one-in-a-million series of mishaps, including a chute that didn't work, sent me plummeting toward the Pacific Ocean in a long free-fall that seemed to last a lifetime. It was the day . . .

I fell 15,000 feet—and lived

BY 1ST LT. CLIFF JUDKINS, USMC

EL TORO, CALIFORNIA

■ In the brilliant sunlight 20,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean, I nudged my F8 Crusader jet into position behind the lumbering, deep-bellied refueling plane, and commenced the delicate task of plugging into the trailing conduit that would funnel fuel into my tanks. After a moment of jockeying, I made the connection and matched my speed to that of the slowpoke tanker.

Soon, my fuel gauges stirred, showing that all was well. In the cockpit, I was relaxed and confident. Looking around, I was struck for an instant by the eeriness of the scene: here I was, attached, like an unwanted child, by an umbilicus to a gargantuan mother who was fleeing across the sky at 200 knots as though from some unnamed danger. Far below us, a broken shelf of clouds filtered the sunglare that was shimmering in the Pacific.

In my earphones, I heard Maj. Van Campen, our flight leader, chatting with Maj. D. K. Tooker who was down below on a destroyer. Major Tooker had parachuted into the ocean the day before when his Crusader had flamed out mysteriously during refueling, leaving him no choice but to eject. We all supposed it had been some freak, some one-in-a-thousand malfunction, and everybody in the squadron regretted deeply the loss of that aircraft and the blemish on our otherwise perfect safety record.

"Eleven minutes to mandatory disconnect point," the tanker commander said. I checked my fuel gauges again: everything normal. In a few hours, I knew, we'd all be having dinner at the Kaneohe Officers Club on Oahu, Hawaii. Then after a short rest, we'd continue our 6,000-mile trek to Atsugi, Japan, via Midway and Wake islands. Our whole outfit—Marine All-Weather Fighter Squadron 323—was being transferred to the Far East for a year of operations.

"Nine minutes to mandatory disconnect." My fuel gauges indicated that the tanks were almost full. I noticed that my throttle lever was sticking a little. Odd, because the friction lock holding it in place was loose enough. It grew tighter as I tried to manipulate it gently.

Then—*thud!* I heard the crack of an explosion.

I could see the rpm gauge unwinding and the tailpipe temperature dropping. The aircraft had lost power! I punched the mike button, and said: "This is Jud. I've got a flameout!" But my radio was dead; I was neither sending nor receiving anything.

Breaking the connection with the tanker, I nosed over into a shallow dive to pick up flying speed again. I needed a few seconds to think. I yanked a handle which extended an air-driven emergency generator into the slipstream, hoping to get ignition for an air start. The igniters clicked gamely, and the rpm indicator started to climb slowly, as did the tailpipe temperature. For one tantalizing moment I thought everything would be all right. But the rpm indicator hung uncertainly at 30 percent of capacity—not nearly enough power to maintain flight—and refused to go farther.

The fire warning light—we call it the panic light—blinked on, and fuel poured over the canopy like water from a bucket. At the same instant, my radio came back on, powered by the emergency generator, and a great Babel of voices burst through my earphones.

"Jud, you're on fire, get out of there!"

Fuel was pouring out of the aircraft—from the tailpipe, from the intake duct, from under the wings—and igniting behind me in a great, awesome tail of fire.

The suddenness of the disaster overwhelmed me, and I thought: "This can't be happening to me." The voices in my ears kept urging me to fire the ejection seat and abandon the aircraft. I pressed my mike button and told the flight leader, "I'm getting out!"

Taking my hands off the controls, I reached above my head for the canvas curtain that would start the ejection sequence. I pulled it down hard over my face and waited for the tremendous kick in the pants that would send me rocketing upward, free of the aircraft.

Nothing happened. The canopy, which was supposed to explode away and jettison, was still in place and so was I.

My surprise lasted only a second. Then I reached down between my knees for the alternate firing handle, and gave it a vigorous pull.

Nothing! My continued presence in the cockpit actually stunned me.

The plane was now in a steep 60 degree dive. For the first time, I felt panic softening the edges of my determination. I was trapped in this aircraft and I was going to die. There was no way out of it. With great effort, I pulled my thoughts together and tried to imagine some solution.

A voice in my earphones was shouting: "Ditch the plane! Ditch in the ocean!" It must have come from the tanker skipper or one of the destroyer commanders down below, because every jet pilot knows you can't ditch a jet. The plane would hit the water at too high a speed, flip over and sink like a stone—if it didn't explode on impact.

I grabbed the stick and leveled the aircraft. Then I yanked the alternate handle again in an attempt to fire the canopy and start the ejection sequence, but still nothing happened. That left me with only one imaginable way out: jettison the

I fell 15,000 feet—and lived

canopy manually and try to jump from the aircraft without aid of the ejection seat. Was such a thing possible? I didn't know. I did know that no jet pilot had ever done it in a Crusader. The massive 20-foot high tail section is almost certain to strike the pilot's body and kill him before he falls free of the aircraft. But my desperation was growing, and any scheme that offered a shred of success seemed better than riding that plane into the sea.

I disconnected the canopy by hand, and with a great *whooosh* it disappeared from over my head. Before trying to get out of there, I trimmed the aircraft to fly in a kind of sidelong skid: nose high, tail swung around slightly to the right.

Then I stood up in the seat and put both arms in front of my face. I was sucked out harshly from the plane. I cringed against the expected blow from the tail section—but it never came. In an instant I knew I was out of there and free, and I waited . . . waited . . . until my body, hurtling with the 225-knot momentum of the aircraft slowed and began to fall.

I pulled the D-ring on my parachute and braced myself against its opening. I heard a loud pop above me, but somehow my fall was not slowed. I looked up and saw that the small pilot chute had deployed. But I also saw a sight that made me shiver with disbelief and horror! The main, 24-foot chute was flapping in a bunch, tangled in its own shroudlines. It hadn't opened! I could see the white folds neatly arranged, fluttering feebly in the air.

Frantically, I shook the risers in an attempt to balloon the chute. It didn't work. I pulled the confused bundle down toward me and wrestled with the shroudlines, but the great, streaming finger of parachute remained closed.

I looked down hurriedly. There was still plenty of altitude remaining. But I had the frustrating and sickening feeling that I wanted everything to halt while I collected my thoughts. Through the broken clouds, I saw a ring of turbulence in the ocean and a white froth at its center—the point where my airplane had disappeared.

Again I shook the risers and shroudlines, but the rushing air was holding my chute tightly in a bundle. The realization broke over me that I had done all I could reasonably do, and now there was nothing to do but fall. And I fell for long seconds, staring down into the sea.

I passed through the low clouds at perhaps 2,500 feet and then there was nothing at all between me and the ocean. I have no recollection of positioning myself properly or even bracing for the impact. In fact I don't remember hitting the water at all. At one instant I was falling, and in the next, a shrill, high-pitched whistle hurt my ears and I was suddenly cold. In that eerie halfworld, I thought:

"Am I alive?" And I decided, not all at once, "Yes, I think I am. I am alive."

The water helped clear my senses, and then I was back at the surface, coughing and retching. The Mae West around my waist had inflated, and I concluded that the shrill whistling sound had been gas leaving the CO_2 cylinders and filling the life vest.

A sense of urgency gripped me, as though there were some task I ought to be performing. Then I knew what it was. The parachute was tugging at me from under the water, billowed out now like some Brobdingnagian Portuguese man-of-war. I tried reaching down for the hunting knife in the knee pocket of my flight suit—and I knew I was badly hurt. The pain was excruciating. Was my back broken? I tried to arch it slightly and felt the pain again.

I tried moving my feet, but that too was impossible. They were immobile, and I could feel the bones in them grating against each other.

There was no chance of getting that hunting knife, but I had another, smaller one in the upper torso of my suit. With difficulty, I extracted it and began slashing feebly at the spaghetti-like mess surrounding me.

Once free of the parachute, I began a tentative search for the survival pack—containing a one-man raft, some canned water, food, fishing gear, dye markers—that ought to have been strapped to my hips. It was not there. It had been ripped from my body upon impact with the water.

How long would the Mae West sustain me, I wondered. I wasn't sure, but I knew I needed help fast. The salt water I had swallowed felt like an enormous rock at the pit of my gut. But worst of all, here I was, completely alone 600 miles from shore, lolling in the deep troughs and crests of the Pacific Ocean. And my aircraft, upon which had been lavished such affectionate attention, was sinking thousands of feet to the bottom.

At that moment, I was struck by the incredible series of coincidences that had just befallen me. I knew my misfortune had been a one-in-a-million thing. The explosion aloft, the failure of the ejection mechanism, the streamed chute; these were accidents which—even had they occurred singly—would have been extraordinary in the face of the squadron's perfect safety record and the impeccable standards to which all our equipment conformed.

It wasn't long—10 minutes perhaps—before I heard the drone of a propeller-driven plane. The pot-bellied, four-engine tanker came into view, flying low. It dropped several green dye markers near me, and farther out, some smoke flares.

The pilot circled, came in low again and dropped an inflated life raft about 50 yards from me. I took two strokes toward it and almost blacked out from the pain. The tanker circled again, dropped another raft closer to me, but I knew I didn't have a chance of reaching it.

The water was getting colder now, and a chill gripped me. I looked at my watch, but the unbreakable crystal was shattered and the hands torn away. I tried to relax and surrender to the Pacific swells; were it not for the pain, I could almost have enjoyed being buoyed up to the crest of one swell and gently sliding into the trough of the next. But—irrelevantly—I remembered the words W. C. Fields had chosen for his epitaph: "On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

In about an hour, a Coast Guard [*Continued on page* 104]

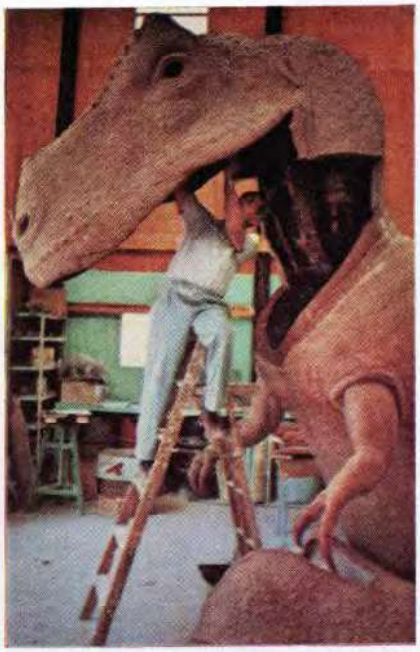
EARLY MONSTERS REVISIT EARTH

■ The oversized reptiles peering at unfamiliar landscape (above) are on a friendly trip—like millions of humans this spring they are looking for the road to the New York World's Fair. Nine life-sized dinosaurs were made by Louis Paul Jonas and his associates for Sinclair Refining Co.'s Fair exhibit at the reputed cost of $400,000. Jonas feels this is the finest surge of dinosaurs ever produced. He has made animals and exhibits for museums and zoos all over the world but the size and bulk of dinosaurs posed some real problems.

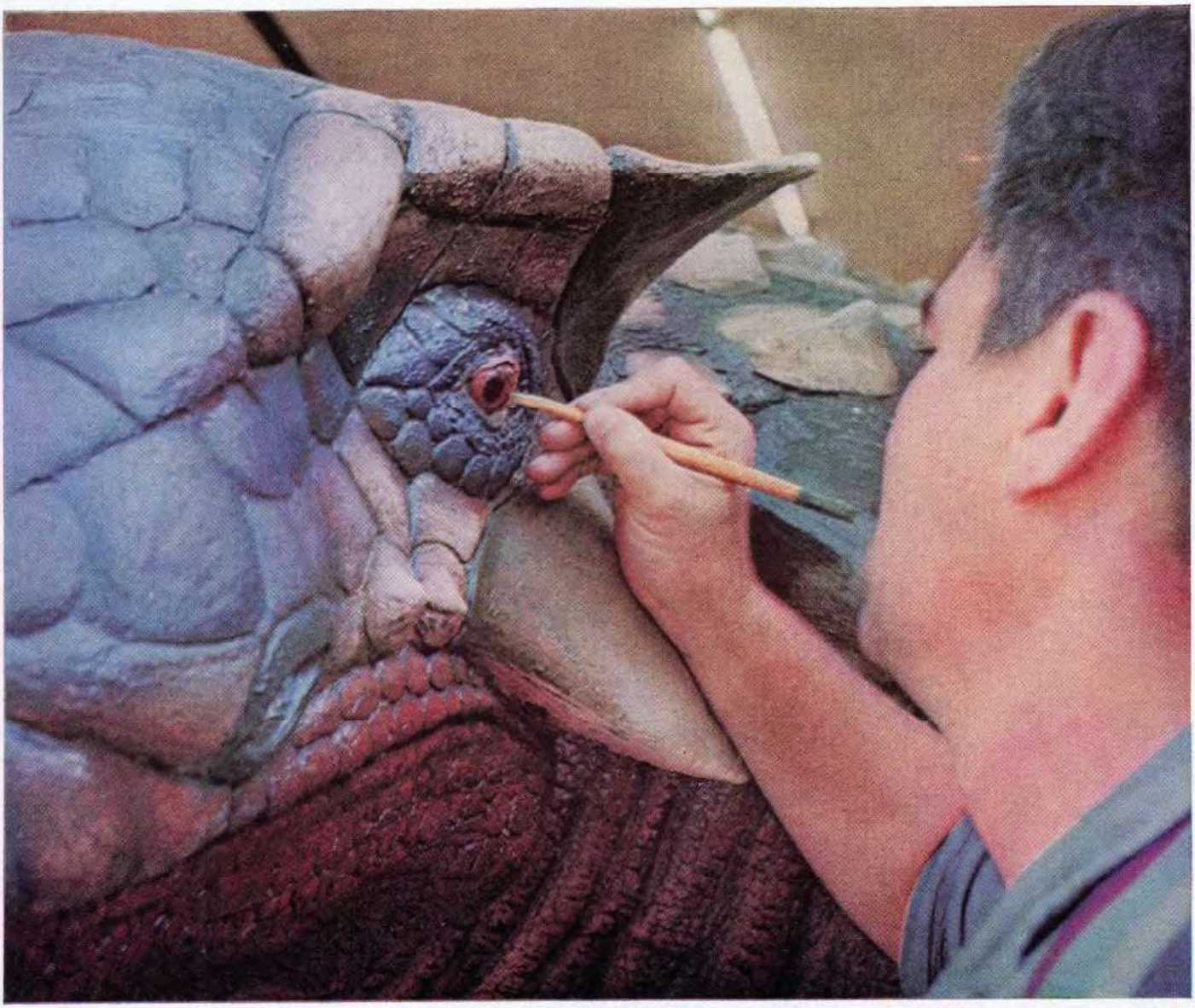
There are enough dinosaur bones lying around the world to give scientists a pretty accurate idea of the skeletons of the monsters. A few mummified specimens even preserve outlines of skin texture. Jonas, working from paleontological research, first made 1/10 scale models which got an extensive checking out from various experts. The models

Life-size model of the crested corythosaurus, is covered by plaster mold.

Louis Paul Jonas finishes skin texture on clay model of duck-billed trachodon.



Mechanics of tyrannosaurus rex's head are checked before teeth are added.

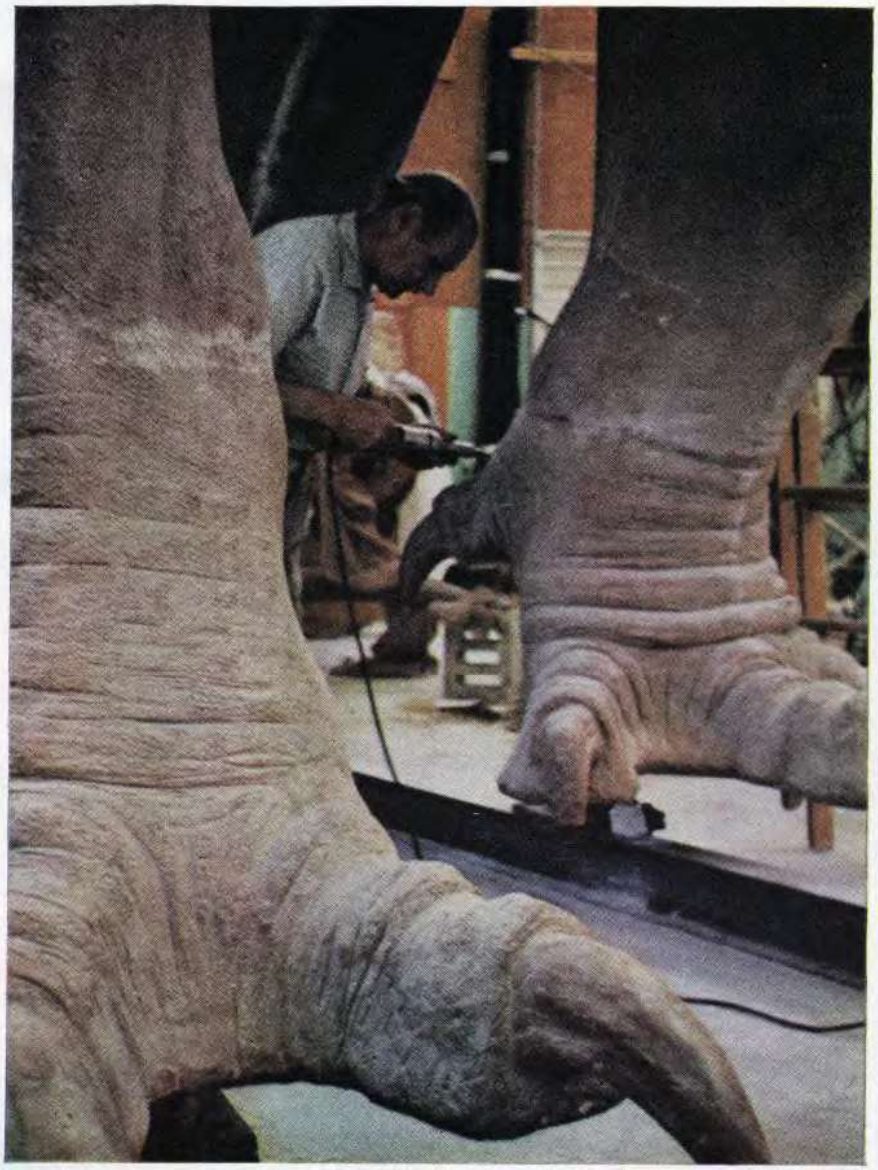


Eyes of completely modeled ankylosaurus are given finishing touches by Jonas's son.

Mold is prepared for meat-eater's formidable teeth. Final teeth are made of ivory plastic.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROBERT HALMI

Armor-plated stegosaurus had row of 3-foot-high bony plates along the spine, and spikes at end of its tail. Finishing touches are put on above.



Sandblasted sections are welded together and seams smoothed off for painting.

were projected to gigantic full size—tyrannosaurus rex is 20 feet high and 40 feet long—and a wooden framework was covered with wire cloth, plaster and hemp. Clay was put on over this and sculptured to the exact shape of the beast. A sectional plaster mold went on top of the clay form. When the mold dried, the sections were removed and then put together again with Fiberglas and resin in each section. It was all taken apart once more, sections were assembled over a steel framework, and the whole animal was painted.

The only problem left was how to get this huge herd out of Jonas's upstate New York backyard and down to the city. Too big for any other route, they finally floated majestically down the Hudson on a barge. ■

Monsters sail down Hudson on way to Fair.

Sweet Safari in the Sahara's Sands

[*Continued from page* 43]

Land Rover, not a Rolls. His rates are considerably less than those of East Africa and he hunts in such widespread areas that he never visits the same place twice in one season.

A slim, crew-cut young Frenchman who has spent much of his life in the Chad, he looks and talks like a businessman, which he once was.

"I developed a serious ulcer," he told us as we drove north to the desert, "and my doctor said I'd have to be operated on or take a complete break from my business. So I went hunting for a month. It improved a little. Then I went out for two months more, and it quit hurting. So finally I packed up and hunted for three years. That did it. I turned professional and have never regretted it."

We soon learned why we had got so little information on addax and scimitar-horned oryx.

"So few Americans have hunted addax that I doubt there are more than 10 trophies in the United States," Claude told us. "The difficulty is in finding them. Addax live in the middle of the Sahara, though they do make considerable migrations to the outer edges for food. We may have to travel a hundred miles or more from where we'll camp to find them.

"But oryx live on the desert fringes and are easier to find. Even so, they're a comparatively rare trophy today."

"How many do you think are shot every year?" Roger wanted to know.

"Perhaps 20 addax a year, with only four or five good trophies. Triple that figure for oryx."

"Is the game that scarce?"

"Oh no, there's plenty of game. We often see herds of a hundred or more oryx, and big bunches of addax. But the season for comfortable hunting is short —January to mid-March. After that, you get temperatures of around 135° in the shade which few hunters can endure."

"Just how tough is the Sahara on a man if he goes without water?" Roger asked.

"The French army long ago determined that in the hot months a man can last only 24 hours without shade and water. In the summer I am not permitted to travel in the Sahara without a minimum of five gallons of water per man per day."

We bounced along the dirt road. Dusk was falling. A delicious cool breeze swept the flat plain we were crossing. We passed a man leading four camels. Presently Claude picked a spot for an overnight camp and halted our three-car caravan.

A welcome campfire was started immediately.

"I hope you believed me and brought insulated underwear for pajamas," Claude remarked. "It's going to be a cold night."

"Then we're in the desert?" I asked.

"Not quite. We've several miles of loose sand to get through first thing tomorrow. Then we'll begin to see dorcas gazelle. We'll take a couple and *that* will be the beginning of the hunt and the real beginning of the desert."

We bedded down early under the stars, thankful for our warm underwear. A bunch of jackals passed the camp, yapping melodiously when they got our scent. I lay on my back staring at the Southern Cross and thinking how wonderful a thing it is to be on a safari. One time I thought I heard a leopard cough. . . .

The first shots of a safari are the anxious ones. There's always a carful of people somewhere behind watching. And probably you haven't used a rifle in a while. So I sweated a little, though the dawn was cool. For a bit over 125 yards away a fine little dorcas buck moved through the light brush, and I'd already missed him once.

They always like to test you on a small target. I was thinking of the devious ways of white hunters. All smiles, you are shown some mincing little critter out in the sun dazzle and the hunter may remark how delicious the chops will be. Then you miss.

Presently I missed the dorcas again.

"You're high," shouted Claude.

The buck showed concern now and walked faster. At any moment he might take off with the soaring leaps that are so exciting to watch when you're not shooting.

Hell, I thought, *I won't go to jail if I don't get him,* and holding the .264 a little low, I swung ahead and fired. The gazelle fell dead.

Roger walked over with a big smile. "If you'd walloped him right off I'd never have forgiven you," he said. "I blew my first shot, too."

"Exceptional horns on each dorcas," proclaimed Claude happily. "A good beginning and maybe a good omen."

We collected the little gazelles—they only weighed about 50 pounds apiece—and continued north into increasingly bleak country. We saw our first camel caravan of about 30 animals plodding in single file, and got our first surprise about life in the Sahara.

"I'll bet you can't spot a bachelor from 50 yards in America," said Claude. "Well, it's easy up here among the Goranes. That fellow on the lead camel is a bachelor."

"How can you tell?"

"By the spears. He has the traditional long one for use against cattle predators, and three short ones. To become eligible for marriage, he has to kill another bachelor with one of his short spears, after which he never carries them again.

"It's a form of duel," Claude went on. "A young fellow provokes a fight with another bachelor. Friends pretend to try to break it up but they don't really. Then, before at least one witness, the youngsters face each other at 15 to 20 paces and hurl their short spears, aiming for the opponent's stomach. The spear heads are wickedly barbed so they cannot be withdrawn without terrible damage."

"Does death come quickly?" Roger wanted to know.

"No, it may take a week or so. The injured man doesn't try to remove the spear and resigns himself to death."

"What happens to the victor?"

"He must pay a blood price to the victim's family in pots and pans, chickens, grain and so on."

"I'll be damned. Well, does the winner usually get married right away?"

"I doubt it," said Claude. "First he must pay the blood price, and then he must buy his wife from her family. In between, he has to save up for her, and the price is usually fairly high."

"Does a wife ever walk out on her husband?" I asked.

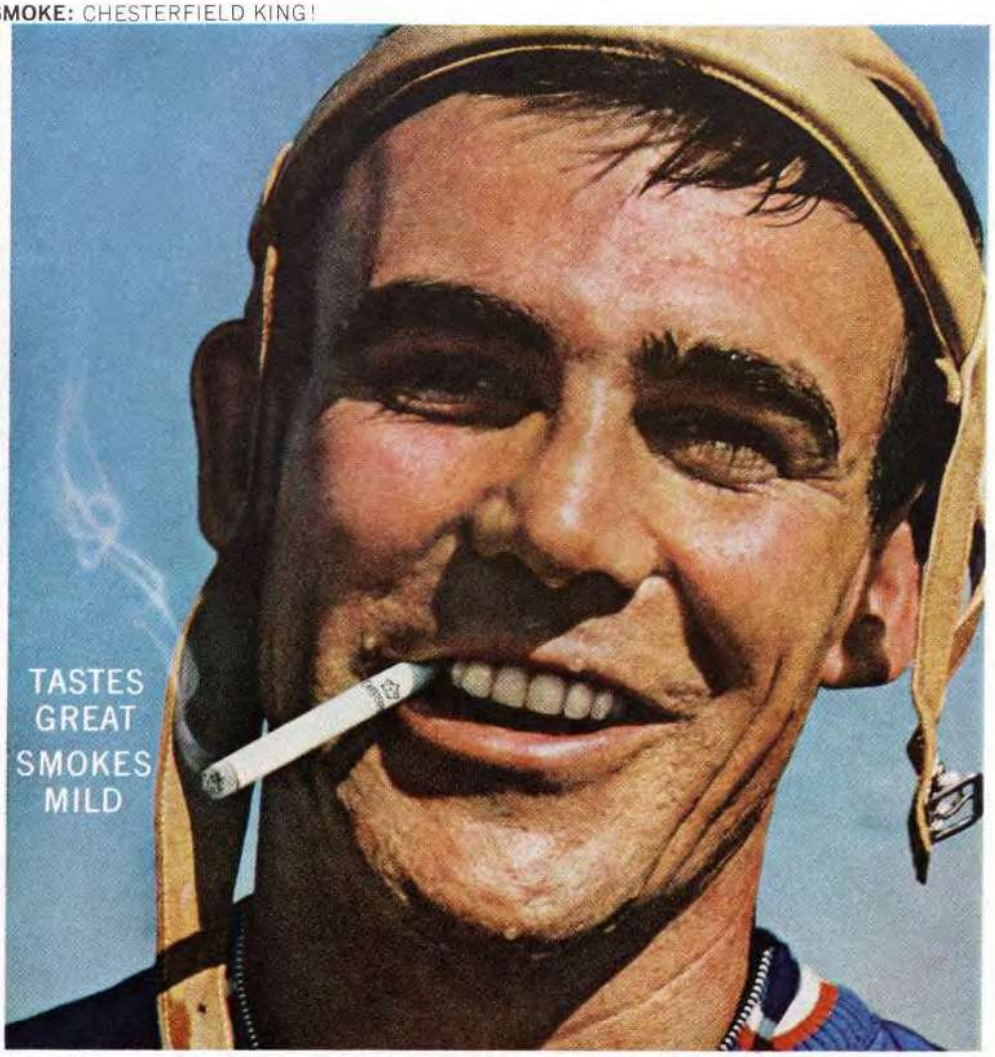
"Sometimes."

"What happens?"

TRUE

"No dancing!"

GREAT FUN: BICYCLING. **GREAT SMOKE:** CHESTERFIELD KING!



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"Not you, stupid."

"Then her family has to refund the full purchase price—with interest."

"You're kidding!"

"No, really. The increase in chickens and any livestock is figured and the abandoned husband gets a percentage. In some ways tribal laws make more sense than our own."

The country kept changing. We left the last rocks behind. The trees thinned out and the land seemed as flat as an ocean. By late morning we made it to Oum Chalouba, a mud-walled fort flying the blue, yellow and red tricolor of Chad. A sergeant of the Chad army came out and welcomed us warmly, speaking in French. . . .

"I can hardly believe it," Claude Vasselet said. "Addax and oryx together only 15 miles from camp! Usually the oryx are farther out. And I've never before found addax closer than 65 miles."

We had stumbled upon a veritable bonanza of game. Once there were oryx on one horizon and addax on another, with a big bunch of dama gazelles in the middle distance.

At Roger's urging, I had shot an oryx and a dama and now, back at camp just as the stars were appearing, I felt overwhelmed by my good fortune, for both were magnificent trophies that would qualify for the record book.

We stood around the fire having a drink. Every now and then I'd sneak a look at my oryx head being skinned out by another campfire.

"Never did a place surprise me so much," Roger remarked.

He was talking about the 120-mile stretch of Sahara we'd crossed with partly deflated tires in a day and a little bit. We'd both expected limitless sand and dunes and instead found a sea of dead grass, green bushes, quite a few trees and the dried husks of countless melons about the size of baseballs.

This was a *living* desert, even though there was not a drop of water anywhere within a 100-mile radius. The soil was sandy, but it was soil. Except that the land was almost dead flat and there was no sagebrush, it could have passed for Wyoming grazing country.

Our camp was at the edge of a grove of tall trees in whose deep shade the thermometer had stood at a comfortable 88° at noon. Now the evening wind of the Sahara sighed through camp and kept the fires bright.

"The Sahara of the movies is found in great sandy areas we call *ergs*," Claude explained. "The Grand Erg Occidental northwest of here in Algeria is such a place. But a large part of the desert is just like what we've seen."

"Is there anyone out there who could help us if we broke down?" I asked.

"Well, our people would follow our tracks and come for us if we didn't return in good time, of course. That's why I brought two extra cars. And my brother Paul is a terrific mechanic. Otherwise our only hope—and it would be a slim one—would be a chance discovery by the French Camel Corps."

"How come they're still in the Chad, now it's a republic?"

"Perhaps you didn't know that men of the Chad fought well in Africa with the allies in World War II. Anyway, there are still some bonds with France and the Camel Corps is one of them."

"But what is there for them to do?"

"They keep the tribes from warring among themselves and collect the annual head tax of 50 cents per man for the Chad government. But I'd say their most important job is to keep out raiders from Libya and the Sudan—cattle and camel thieves. Even slavers."

I had read about the old slave trade in this country; how the Sultans would send armies of perhaps 5,000 men to seize slaves. The Chad is still sparsely populated as a result. But I was unaware that slaving was still a threat and said so.

"Not on a large scale," Claude said. "But as an example, only last year in Abéché I was approached by an Arab—I speak the language because of my upbringing in Syria—who said he could offer me a large sum if I'd deliver to him some boys about 12 years old."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him to go to hell!"

"An enlistment in the Camel Corps sounds rough," Roger remarked.

"Damned rough. Time served counts double toward retirement."

"By the way, didn't some Chad people come to the States last year?" I asked.

"Yes, the mayors of our four biggest cities. They were guests of your State Department and I think they met President Kennedy. I believe it was what you call a fact-finding trip."

"What was the result?"

"New ways to raise money! Now we have sales taxes on goods, gas and water. Also checkpoints outside the bigger towns with traffic cops ready to fine a motorist for something like a cracked rear-view mirror."

"That's nothing," snorted Roger. "Just be thankful they don't spend the money before they get it."

"I'm not really complaining," Claude said. "This is a wonderful country in many, many ways. And the hunting can be absolutely fabulous, as I think you'll find tomorrow."

And so we sat down to a memorable meal of dorcas gazelle chops. The last ice cubes from the cooler tinkled in the beer glasses. There was a gay tablecloth, even some fairly fresh French bread. Only the wind that sent sparks flying through the trees like fireflies reminded us that we were dining deep in the Sahara. . . .

We shivered in our jackets as we started across the desert in the half-light of dawn, for without the windshield and top our self-made breeze was biting. But later the breeze would make the hunting bearable, and with no top you could get out of the car quickly.

"Two cars this morning," I remarked.

"To carry the game," Claude said matter-of-factly.

I looked around to see who was with us. André, the head tracker. Isaka, younger and taller, also a tracker. These two had fantastic eyes for spotting distant game. If Isaka saw something first, he'd mention it to André in the native tongue and André would relay it to Claude in French. Claude spoke several

[*Continued on page* 66]

Photographed at the Pelham Bridge Riding Academy, New York, N. Y.

NOT-SO-ROUGH **ROUGHWEAR**

THE WESTERN TOUCH GOES NATIONAL

The new rugged look in casual clothes is seen above in a fleece-lined cowhide jacket by Levi Strauss & Co., about $30; boots, low cut Wellington style, The Grad, by the Acme Boot Co., $11.95. Second model is wearing an olive colored rawhide pullover shirt from Breidbart's, N.Y., $49.95; sneakers are washable and Sanitized, B. F. Goodrich, $8.95. Both trousers are Frisko Jeens, 100% Sanforized cotton, by Can't Bust 'Em, $4.95 (slightly higher in Western U.S.). Girl is wearing Emba Mink turtle neck sweater; leather pants by Robert Sloan.

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER

The Western Look, now popular the world over, is also seen in a 100% American wool plaid pullover, at left, with elasticized waist and cuffs, by Fox-Napp, $11.95; trousers by Can't Bust 'Em; rawhide Chukka Boots feature crepe sole and heel, by Johnsonian, $6.95. Model at right is wearing Lee Westerner of 100% Sanforized cotton; jacket is $5.95; trousers, $4.95. Shirt is a wool Pendleton, available in a variety of plaids and colors, $14.95; jodhpur boots by Acme, $15.95. Girl's sweater by Geist and Geist; slacks by Sir for Her, Inc.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY PAUL HIMMEL

Roughwear styles, designed always for durability and comfort, include Levi's pre-shrunk blue jeans and matching jacket of cotton denim, by Levi Strauss and Co.; jacket is $5.50, jeans $4.50. Model is also wearing a Rugby Shirt of 100% cotton with twill collar, by Robert Bruce, $5. Pullover seen at right features a kangaroo type zipper pocket and foldaway hood, by Fox-Napp, $11.95; trousers are stretch denim by H.I.S. Sportswear, $6.98; shoes are Madison Square, Mark 10, hand-sewn loafers by Shoe Corporation of America. About $10.

[*Continued from page 62*]
native dialects fluently, but this was protocol.

We also had Sheephead, a Gorane guide we'd hired at Fort Oum Chalouba. No one is permitted to venture into the Sahara from a fort or an outpost without a local guide. Sheephead had proved his manhood—he no longer carried the three short spears—and was saving up to marry.

Robert, the head skinner, drove the second car.

"Good men," Claude said, noticing my interest. "And, believe it or not, some of them are union men."

"Who?"

"Robert is president and the only member of the skinner's union. André is president of the tracker's union. He has two or three members with other safari outfits."

"Does anyone pay dues?"

"Not so far. I pay top wages and everyone seems content."

We passed a small bunch of dorcas gazelles which went bounding off in the long grass.

"Remember what we learned yesterday," Claude said. "Once I pick out the male to be shot, never take your eyes off it. When I stop the car suddenly, there'll barely be time for the hunter to get out and get off a shot before the game is out of range."

Claude was following a subtle depression which screened our advance into yesterday's game area.

"Is what we are going to do legal?" I asked.

"Well, as you know, we are not permitted to chase game in a car. But in the case of addax and oryx in the desert, the game department sanctions it. Otherwise, a hell of a lot of females would be shot by accident."

This is a tricky problem. The game is often found standing in long grass which conceals a male's telltale tuft of hair on the belly line a bit forward of the hind legs. Both oryx and addax have long, heavy tails so *that* view is blocked. And they are usually found in close-knit bunches at long range—500 yards being a close look at undisturbed game.

But what makes it really tough is that both the males and females have horns of about the same size. Indeed, a big female scimitar-horned oryx often has longer horns than a big male.

No sportsman after a trophy shoots a female deliberately. And the Chad game department is so against the killing of a female even by accident that this counts as *two* animals on your license. A hunter is allowed two oryx, but if the first one he shoots is a female, he is finished. In addition, he pays a double trophy tax, which for oryx or addax would amount to $84.

Claude slowed down, waved Robert to a halt behind us, and eased the Land Rover out of the shallow depression. Then he jumped onto the hood to sweep the desert with his binocular. I saw him stiffen.

"Big herd of oryx," he announced, climbing back in. "Get ready to hold onto your hats."

He put the car in gear and headed for what looked like a line of white dots on the horizon about a mile away. Roger, in the hunter's seat by the right door, put on his sun glasses and dropped a few .264 cartridges in a shirt pocket. I got a camera ready and wedged tight our stuff in the front compartment.

Claude maneuvered the car to keep as many trees and bushes as possible between us and the game.

"Damn, they've spotted us already," he said presently.

Half a mile away, the oryx kicked up a small dust cloud. You could just make them out as tiny galloping animals now. The car accelerated across one of the frequent bare-dirt openings, then met long grass again. We hit a hole with a crashing lurch. But we were gaining a little.

Getting across the grass was the dangerous part. Holes suddenly yawned. Sections of turf—usually a slight telltale offcolor where mice had burrowed extensively—would collapse under a tire and bad areas made the car go *bang! bang! bang!*

At 300 yards the oryx were a magnificent sight. They were well spread out in a single white line, huge horns reaching well back toward their rumps. There must have been 30 galloping hell-for-leather at about 35 miles an hour.

Claude urged the car forward, twisting, dodging, braking.

He and André had a quick exchange in French. I caught the words, "big male." And then, "*Mon Dieu, non!*"

We went into a swerving, skidding curve as part of the herd broke away. Then we hit a big dirt stretch and Claude cut the animals' lead to 100 yards . . . . 80.

"Second from the right looks like a big bull," Claude shouted, "but I can't be sure yet."

Savagely he wrenched the car into a course that would bring us somewhat alongside and tramped hard on the gas. Then the oryx changed course and we were suddenly looking right at their sterns from about 30 yards. Bits of gravel hit us like buckshot. The dust was choking. I saw Claude stand on the brake and cut the wheel again.

Now we hit a long dirt stretch as smooth as a wet beach.

"Get ready, Roger! I'll stop at the grass. Take the one on the right."

In seconds the dirt was almost gone. We came to a skidding halt at the grassy edge and keeping my eyes on the game, I heard Roger's bolt slam closed. The oryx were at 100 yards, 150.

"Miss!" shouted Claude at the first shot.

Another agonizing wait. They were beyond 200. Now the bull on the right lurched once but resumed its gait.

"Hurry!"

Once again we were off on a wild dash. Ignoring all but the big holes now, Claude drove us clattering and wham-

TRUE

"To tell the truth, Winslow, that *was* a pretty crummy sermon."

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ming through the grass, flattened a tree, and maneuvered onto another dirt speedway.

"He's hit and slowing! One more good shot will do it."

The lurch, the halt, the wait. And finally the *whack* of the bullet as the oryx fell.

"Lord, they get way out there fast!" Roger said as we drove slowly toward the oryx. "It looked easy when I first threw the rifle up but all of a sudden they were almost out of range."

It was a magnificent trophy, the horns sweeping in a black arc for 43 inches.

"I never expected to get anything like this," Roger said. "Wow!"

Claude grinned. "This is only the beginning. Wait till we get after the addax."

"When were you sure it was a male, Claude?" I asked. I hadn't been able to tell one from another, even when we got close.

"First André and I concentrated on a big female by mistake. But when they crossed in front of us I got a good look at this bull."

Robert drove up and soon began to remove the cape of the oryx. Claude Vasselet hopped onto the hood of his Land Rover now and began scanning the desert with my spotting scope.

"I see a lone addax," he said presently. "Let's go look at it—a loner is often a bull, and if it is, it will probably lead us to a herd."

Soon Robert and the other car were mere specks behind us as we trailed the addax slowly. It seemed aware of us and was trotting south.

"You ever turn a car over out here?" I tried to make it casual.

"No, but I worry about it. Another hunter wrecked his car while chasing last year. Luckily no one was hurt. I carry spare springs and a lot of parts against damage in the desert."

He stopped briefly once, examined the addax and pronounced it not worth taking as a trophy even if it was a bull, and continued sedately behind it. The day was cloudless, as usual, and with the sun beginning to climb, the Sahara became almost dazzling. I noticed we left a quite discernible track—the only landmark in the vast emptiness about us.

Somehow we got talking about milk and this reminded Claude of the odd milking habits of the Massa and Toubouri tribes on the Chad-Cameroons border. I think Claude collects odd bits of information the way Jack Paar does, and he has a way of dropping one casually when the clients look a little soporific.

"This happens every evening in thousands of huts," he began. "A cow is brought into its master's hut and the hind legs are tied to stakes. Next the man pleads with the cow by whispering in its ear to please give all its milk.

"But before the job is half done, the cow withholds the remainder of its milk."

Claude's face took on a slightly pixyish expression.

"All right," I said, ever the straight man. "What happens?"

"Well, the fellow goes to the back of the cow, lifts its tail and puts his mouth to its—er, stern. Then he blows very hard three or four times. The cow doesn't like this and tries to squirm out of the way. When the fellow finally removes his lips the air comes rushing out almost with a roar. Then he resumes the milking.

"Those fellows develop terrific lungs from—"

He never finished. For suddenly we were aware that our addax had brought us to a bunch of about 20 and away we went, with me sitting handy to the door this time. I jammed my Stetson on my head and grabbed some of my .264 handloads with 140-grain Nosler bullets—ammo I'd worked up against the 600-yard desert shots someone said I'd get.

This time the game was more obliging. Two big bulls and three lesser animals detached themselves from the bunch and soon crossed right in front of us.

"The second from left!" Claude shouted as he brought us to a breathtaking stop.

The sight of that big white bull in the scope was so startling it took me too long to get into gear. I flubbed two shots.

Then we were off again. "Thought you'd never shoot," Roger said over the wind. "Man, look at them cut now!" Tails streaming and hoofs flying, half obscured by their own dust, they looked like the sort of ghostly animals man might find on the moon someday.

Claude fishtailed us to a screaming stop. Hurrying the shot, I missed. But the next one nicked the back and broke the bull's neck. He piled up.

"Get into the middle seat! We're going for the other bull," Claude shouted. He yelled at Sheephead, who leaped out.

"Got to keep the buzzards away," Claude muttered.

I looked back at my fast-disappearing addax and its buzzard scarecrow and the roostertail of dust climbing behind us and thought, *Well, this is the way they do it. Don't knock it.*

After a Le Mans sprint or two and some snappy turns, Roger at last got his chance and killed his addax neatly with two shots.

"That's a damn good bull," Claude said promptly. "They're both first rate—I don't think there's more than half an inch difference between them."

My respect for Claude as an assessor of trophies on the hoof was already high, but it hit a new peak when we laid the two addaxes side by side a little later—they were as alike as brothers, but Roger's shaded mine by exactly half an inch.

Now we could relax while the skinning was done and then the butchering for camp meat. So much had happened so fast that already the details of shooting the big oryx were blurred. Happy but dazed, we climbed back into the car later and headed for Robert and then back for camp.

Claude was absolutely bubbling. He began to tell of a tribe in which the girls pick the men for husbands. These fellows get all decked out, perform a big ritual dance and then line up. One by one the girls come forward and lay claim to the boy of their choice.

"Actually, I guess it is all prearranged," Claude said. "But—" We were slowing again. "Roger," he said urgently. "You need a big dama and I think we're going to find him in that bunch over there."

For once these gazelles weren't spooky, and with the cover of bushes it was no trick for Roger to approach to about 200 yards of them and take the buck that Claude selected. It was a beauty. We hoisted him whole into Robert's car and continued.

Roger and I sat almost numbly. We had seen and done so much we felt drugged, the way a person gets when he first witnesses a huge spectacle closeup, like a three-ring circus.

"Do you realize what we've done?" Claude was saying. "Four record-book animals this morning in four hours! With yesterday afternoon's big dama and oryx, that makes six in less than 24 hours. I doubt that has ever been done before."

This was indeed fine. We aren't record-book hunters in that a trip is spoiled if the trophies don't make Rowland Ward's elite listings of all-time African records. Just the same, it was quite a thrill . . . .

The afternoon was a delight. We cruised slowly over the desert just looking at the game and taking pictures. Ahead of us lay two more weeks of safari deep into southern Chad and then into the neighboring Central African Republic. We were to discover that the Chad is perhaps Africa's greatest unsung hunting land—huge, uncrowded, and with friendly people everywhere.

But this one day was the memorable one. The mighty Sahara had served up its riches and in the fading afternoon we had come to savor them for a last time. Claude reminded me that a hunter is allowed *two* scimitar-horned oryx but I declined.

The car banged over some mouse excavations. A little desert fox, pale as a puff of dust and hardly bigger than a rabbit, trotted off and then turned to watch us.

"Well," said Claude presently. "Here they are and I still can't believe it."

Two herds of oryx and a big bunch of addax were feeding only a couple of hundred yards apart. And not too far away. The Sahara's first breeze of the afternoon rippled the grass. We picked up our binoculars to watch the animals.

—Peter Barrett

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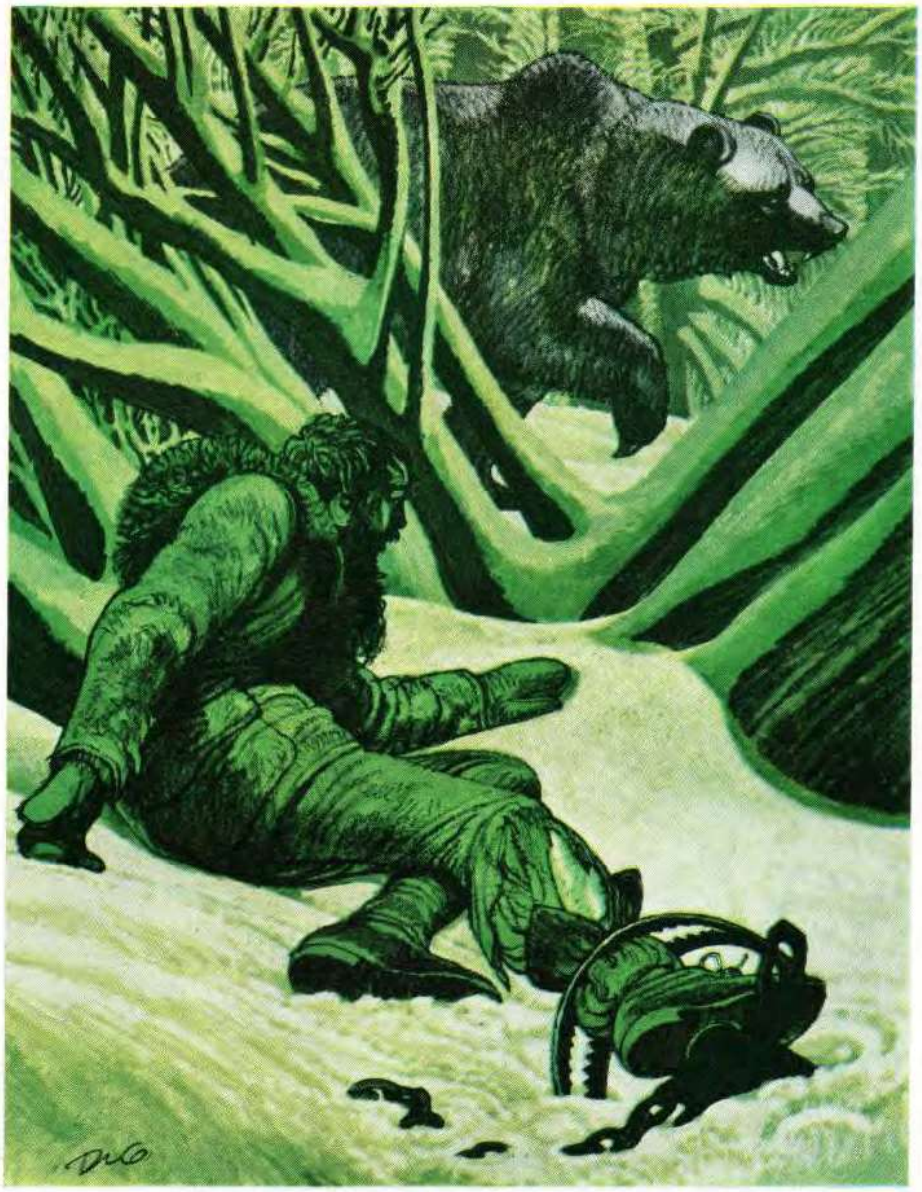

THE MAN WHO TRAPPED HIMSELF

Jeff Harper figured he might get a bear. What he caught made him sorry he ever set the trap—and he never set another

BY TOM BAILEY
ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

■ "Thar, b'gollies, that ought t'do'er."

When Jeff Harper, 51-year-old trapper for the Percy Fur House of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, uttered those words on a bleak, wintry day of 1901, high in Montana's Big Belt Mountains, it did not occur to him that setting a bear trap in a trail was an excellent way to catch a man . . . himself, for instance.

Jake Gotleib, 45, his friend and neighbor, who had come along to help carry the ponderous steel trap, was dubious about Harper's ability to find his way back to the trap in the event of a severe snow storm.

"Never set a trap yet I couldn't go back to in a snow storm or on the darkest night," Harper bragged grandiosely. He looked up at the bait dangling from the end of a strand of baling wire. "Bars like lamb better'n anything you can offer 'em. Wouldn't be surprised none if I caught that big grizzly I seen over on the divide t'other day."

"Snow'd sure make it look a lot different around here," Gotleib pointed out. "You wouldn't be able to tell where your trap was."

Jeff Harper had trapped since he was a boy of 13 living in Helena and knew the law governing trapping. It was forbidden to set traps in trails, but this one was different from most trails: it didn't go anywhere or come from any place; it was just a dim path deer used in crossing the divide. It began with a few smaller

paths feeding into it and ended in the same way. Harper doubted anyone besides himself had ever used it or knew where it was.

The day after the trap had been set, Harper's mule got out of its corral and he went after it on foot. Out for a lark, it would wait until he was almost within arm's reach, then off it would go, repeating the whole agonizing performance until finally Harper ran out of cuss words and gave up. He would remind himself some day to trade the damned critter off for a jackass.

When the chase ended, with the mule still in sight, he discovered he was about three miles from home and darkness was coming on. The distance was a little less if he took one of the trails down the ridge and cut over the divide. The main trail followed the creek and did a lot of winding.

He was walking along rather briskly, hurrying to get home before dark, when suddenly something went *calump!* And he felt his right leg seized in a powerful vise that sent excruciating pains through his whole body.

For the first few minutes after it happened he was in such dire distress that he could hardly think straight. That he had caught himself in his own trap became quite clear, but how could he have been so stupid? He realized now that he had taken the wrong ridge. He had been thinking of trading that mule off and forgot where he was. It made him violently angry to think that anybody could be caught in his own bear trap. Old Jake would certainly rub it in.

But he had no time to think of Jake or anybody else. It was getting dark and he was still a good two and a half miles from his cabin.

He sat down to have a look at the leg. The jaws of the trap had clamped shut just above the ankle and he feared the bone had been damaged. The elk-skin boot had provided little protection. The shark-like teeth had gone through both the boot and a heavy woolen sock.

Without the clamps to depress the springs of the trap, or without his 30-30 to shatter the spring ends, it looked hopeless. The clamps and the rifle were back at the cabin.

One of the first things he did was to free the trap chain from the fallen limb it was wired to. He tried hobbling along with the trap clinging to his foot, but every time he took a step the pain that shot up his leg was enough to kill a man. When he lifted his foot he thought the knee joint was coming apart. And when he tried to ease the grip of the powerful jaws, they clamped down all the harder, like those of a tenacious bulldog.

He tried using the dead limb as a lever to force the jaws open but being so close to the trap he could not reach back far enough to get any leverage.

At last in hopeless despair he gave up and settled down in a patch of young cedars to spend the night. Surely Jake Gotleib, who lived but a mile from him, would eventually discover his absence and start looking for him. Jake and he frequently played cards of an evening, visiting back and forth.

Harper called for help, fully aware that his voice would not carry as far as Jake's cabin, three miles down the creek. There was just a chance, however, that Jake might already be out looking for him.

All day long the weather had been threatening. The first feathery flakes of snow touched his cheek sometime during the early part of the night and in a couple of more hours the storm was upon him. It was the first snowfall of the season and early snows in Montana could be rough.

Lying still under the protection of the cedars he did not feel the pain as much as when trying to move about. Dressed in buckskin trousers, a heavy woolen shirt and a sheepskin-lined duck coat with coonskin parka, he was warm enough except for the imprisoned limb which absorbed the cold from the trap. A massive gray beard kept his face warm.

Toward morning he slept a little but awakened early to find four inches of snow on the ground. He knew by now that it would be impossible without clamps to disengage himself from the trap. If only Jake would come he could send him back after the clamps.

But Jake wouldn't be coming, not then nor for some time. He was home, all right, but busily preparing to leave for Salt Lake where his sister lay in a coma. Word of her plight had reached him only that afternoon by way of Three Forks. The storekeeper there had sent his son with the message. Gotleib, who had a mining claim near his cabin, left the following morning on horseback after tacking a note on his door explaining his absence. He did not bother to ride by Harper's cabin.

Meanwhile the trapper's leg had swollen badly. The elk-skin boot seemed on the verge of splitting from the pressure within. The only thing he had on him in the way of a cutting tool was a tiny penknife that he used to manicure his nails. With it he managed to cut away the boot top. This relieved the pressure but the leg kept on swelling.

The snow continued and Harper knew he would have to do something soon or die there in the wilderness. Chances of anyone happening along were practically nil, especially with snow on the ground. No one but Jake Gotleib, that is, and he had no assurance that Jake would venture from before the fire during a storm.

Gritting his teeth, he stood up and tried dragging the trap by the chain to relieve the pressure on his leg, but it was no good. No matter how careful he was the pain was there just the same, enough to almost kill a man. After three or four steps he felt as if he were going to faint.

Realizing the hopelessness of the situation, he threw back his head and screamed like some wild animal in distress.

Later in the day he made some progress in spite of the pain, covering perhaps 200 yards, but for every step involving floundering in the drifts and cursing his luck, the pain increased twofold. By nightfall there were no trails open anywhere in the area.

He spent his third night piled up in the cedars, the ever-present trap serving as a conductor for all the cold in the land, it seemed. The leg absorbed the chill and distributed it throughout his body, so that he was cold from within rather than from without.

Harper was now living on hope and little else. He had no food, no tobacco, and, worst of all, no matches. His match case had been empty when he went after the mule.

He found himself comparing his own plight to that of a wild animal caught in a trap. He knew now what it was like to go without food or water and suffer the terrible pain that a steel trap could inflict. The only difference he could see between his own behavior and that of a trapped animal was that the animal would snag its teeth and split its claws worrying with the trap while he would only break his fingernails. He had too many brains to bite the trap. But, like the animal, all he could do about it was sit there and wait for merciful death. He would be tempted, he thought, to amputate the leg at the knee were he equipped with the proper tool. His hunting knife was back at the cabin along with his rifle and the trap clamps. It added to his illness to think how stupid he had been.

He pictured his neighbor sitting comfortably before the fire and cursed him for his indolent ways. Had he not knocked off work at his mine when the first chill of fall came to the mountains, he would have passed Harper's cabin that morning and discovered his neighbor's absence.

Harper made another effort to walk but even his right arm was turning numb. The dizzy spells were occurring intermittently now.

From a tree limb he fashioned what passed for a crutch and tried to hobble with it but it did nothing to relieve the pain. It was a laborious effort that taxed his waning strength. He would take a step with his left foot, then reach down and lift the trap forward, then take another. And every step was agony. Sweat popped out on his forehead and searing pains stabbed through him like a knife. He fell into the snow, completely exhausted.

That night, the fifth of his ordeal, a

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family of inquisitive raccoons discovered him and came close to sniff at his coonskin parka. He grabbed a young one and strangled it to death. It bit him several times on the hands and arms but he was too desperate for something to eat to mind a few scratches. With the penknife he skinned it and ate it raw.

By the next morning the swollen leg had turned a deep purple. He had feared gangrene would set in, but his understanding of gangrene was that it made the flesh green, not purple.

Unless someone came to his rescue soon he knew he was down for keeps. There was one faint hope, however, that did not involve Gotleib who by then was many miles away. It was the time of year for hunting bear and there might be some hunters out. One could happen by.

Having had only the young raccoon for nourishment, he was growing weaker by the hour. The storm which had raged intermittently for three days had blown itself out and the temperature was rising, melting the snow and making for sloppy conditions underfoot. He was lying flat on the ground and the new wetness had soaked through his clothing, adding to his growing misery.

It was the afternoon of the seventh or eighth day (he had lost all track of time) that he heard something sloshing along the wet trail. He hoped it was a horse with a rider on its back, but when it came into view he was looking at the biggest grizzly he had ever laid eyes on. It was swinging along at an easy traveling gait, its head rolling from side to side as it cautiously took in its surroundings. But somehow it passed Harper by without notice. The wind was in the right direction, apparently and the grizzly failed to detect the scent of its worst enemy.

Harper was sure it was the same grizzly for which he had set the trap that now held him in its deadly embrace.

By the next day his whole right side was paralyzed, apparently from vital nerves the trap had pinched off. Even his arm on that side was beginning to feel numb. It was no longer possible for him to stand, even with the aid of the improvised crutch.

He conceived the idea of propelling himself along like a rolled log. He had found that by using his left elbow and lifting the trap with the toe of his boot on that same side, he could roll over. Every time he executed the movement, the heavy trap made a clanking metallic noise and the useless arm and leg flopped about like those of a grotesque rag doll being kicked along a wet street.

His efforts drew heavily upon his reserve stamina, yet he somehow managed to roll almost a quarter of a mile that day. His clothing was sopping wet and over night he almost froze to death. When he awakened from a short nap early in the morning, his clothing was white with hoarfrost.

There was not much pain any more. He could feel nothing in his right side; it was as if that part of him was dead and ready for the cemetery. The leg remained swollen to almost twice its normal size. The foot, still encased in that part of the boot he hadn't cut away, had swollen so much that some of the stitches in the elk hide had parted.

At one place where he stopped to rest and where the wind had kept the ground swept clear of snow, he discovered an abundance of acorns that had been blown down during the recent storm. He ate so many that he had stomach cramps for two days.

He put behind him another quarter of a mile and figured he was less than two miles from home. But the two miles were like 200, considering what lay ahead. Soon the trail would end, breaking up into small paths through the brush which would present his greatest difficulty thus far. None of the small paths was as wide as he was long. He would have to devise some other means of propelling himself over a terrain that was growing more rugged by the hour.

That night the moon was up, without a cloud in the sky, and it was cold as blazes. His clothing froze stiff.

He reached the end of the trail around noon and found his fears justified: all of the smaller paths leading into the brush were hardly wide enough to accommodate an animal, let alone a man dragging a cumbersome steel trap after him. But crawling was the only way he'd make it; there just wasn't any other way.

With all feeling gone from his right side, he no longer had to worry about the pain. By pushing himself along with his left foot and pulling himself forward with his good left arm, he did quite well except when the trap hung up behind him; when that happened he had to reach back and work it free. It was a painstaking, tedious ordeal, requiring that sort of patience a man sometimes must have when his life depends upon his coolness and ability to think clearly.

He was making good headway on his belly when a tree branch he grasped released an avalanche. Several tons of snow buried him completely and he was two hours or more digging his way out. There was no feeling in his hands when at last he lay on top of the snow gasping for breath; his heavy mittens had become watersoaked and were now of little use to him.

For two hours he lay in the snow recuperating. He traveled less than 300 yards that day.

If he said his prayers that evening they were answered at least in part the next morning. In a patch of snow he crawled through he found splashes of fresh blood. Just off the trail was a newly made mound of snow and dead leaves. The tracks of a mountain lion told the story. The cat, concealed on a limb, had leaped on a deer, devoured part of the carcass and buried the rest for a later meal.

Digging into the mound he found a young doe. The cougar had eaten the heart, liver and other organs of which its kind are fond, and part of a shoulder, but the rest was untouched.

Harper cut off strips of loin and ate them raw, which was the only way he could eat anything without two good hands to start a fire without matches. He stuffed meat into his coat pockets to see him through—if he got through.

By noon of the next day he was within a mile of his cabin when he saw his mule standing a hundred feet away, regarding him with a speculative eye.

Harper literally blew up emotionally. "Why, you lop-eared—" What he said, according to his own version of it later, no newspaper of the time could print without losing most of its subscribers.

Not until his repertory of choice cuss words ran low did he let up on the mule, which could be of no earthly use to him at the moment, and resume his plodding homeward, promising himself that when he got there he was going to unlimber his 30-30 and do a little mule shooting for a change, but of course he never did.

It was around noon of the next day when he sighted his cabin through the trees. He was so anxious to get his hands on those clamps that he crawled too hard, apparently. He was seized by pains in the chest and then he blacked out. It was found later that he had suffered a mild heart attack from overexertion.

He was within 50 feet of his cabin, out cold, when two sheepherders, their names now lost to memory, found him and took him to Three Forks where a doctor summoned from Bozeman cut off the leg and despaired of saving the patient's life. Harper fooled him and recovered.

Remembering the date his mule got out, Harper determined that he had spent 16 days and nights in the trap, with only a little meat and acorns to sustain him.

His experience made him a celebrity throughout Montana. He appeared at several county fairs and in 1915 a promoter took him to the San Francisco International Exposition where he was ballyhooed as the Montana trapper who had spent, not 16 days but 26 days in a bear trap. The trap was part of the show and people from all over the world gawked at it and shook their heads in disbelief.

Never in all the remaining days of his life did Harper set another steel trap; he was through trapping forever. He died in Butte in 1923 at the age of 74, having established something of an unenvied reputation, that of being the only man in all Montana history ever to catch himself in his own bear trap.

—Tom Bailey

Cynical Charlie's Great Baby-Breeding Derby

[*Continued from page 39*]

doctor's arrival. His partners dug into his private papers and began reading the document they'd witnessed. As prepared as they thought they were for Charlie's unpredictable sense of humor, their stunned disbelief grew with each succeeding clause.

To every minister who could prove membership in the Toronto Temperance Federation, Millar was leaving an equal portion of his valuable holdings in the O'Keefe Brewery Company.

To a preacher and a pair of politicians who happened to be the three most fervent foes of horse-racing in all Canada, he was bequeathing his $25,000 worth of stock in the Royal Jockey Club.

But the bulk of his estate, estimated at a half-million dollars, was to be held in trust and awarded as a prize to the Toronto woman who gave birth to the most babies in the next 10 years.

No one could take Millar's will seriously, of course. True enough, no one refused to take Millar's money. Every last one of his bluenosed beneficiaries converted brewery and race-track shares into cash, then announced the legacy would be donated to some worthy, if invariably unnamed, charity. But the big bequest could only be regarded as a joke. After all, what woman would ever profane the sacred role of Motherhood by considering it in the same breath with anything so crass as mere money? Different standards might exist in the materialistic nation to the south, editorial writers pointed out, but to the ladies of Canada, good breeding meant something other than turning themselves into human rabbits. It was true that Toronto's birth rate began rising, but this was only because local girls were suddenly realizing what attractive husbands they had and waking up to the fact that bedroom activity could be lots of fun. It was also true that the sale of products bought in whispers across drug store counters dropped to an all-time low in Toronto.

But the 20's roared to a close. The Great Depression came. And with a half-million suddenly seeming like all the money in the world, the pretense was soon shed. Charlie's executors began getting letters from ladies who were unabashedly declaring themselves in the race—first a few, then a trickle, then a steady stream. By 1932, newspapers were doing features on some of the front-runners. And on the floor of the Ontario legislature, Attorney-General W. H. Price rose to his feet in righteous anger.

"Most of the so-called 'leading contenders' happen to be on the dole, on public relief!" he fumed. "In effect, gentlemen, it is the hard-pressed taxpayer who is siring all these children!" And he introduced a bill to have the will set aside, with the money going to needy law students as previously planned. But just a few days later, he sheepishly withdrew his own motion. "Never before in my public career have I been subjected to such abuse!" he gasped, still stunned by the storm of protest that had broken upon him.

This was probably an exaggeration. The Dionne quintuplets hadn't as yet arrived to demonstrate how much ground could be gained in a single spurt of speed, and lots of ladies who'd allowed their family planning to be influenced by Millar's mischief in the starting-gate years were getting discouraged here on the back stretch, giving up hope and dropping out of the so-called Stork Race with each new newspaper story about the female generally reputed to be far in front—Mrs. Lilly Kenny, who appeared to be disproving one of the dead man's certainties by staying well ahead of a baby-a-year pace.

"Charlie was one of the truly great men of our era," she told reporters. She'd never met the deceased, but she'd been mentally spending his money so long that she felt like an old friend. Her hobby was carving wooden statues of famous world figures, and the one of Millar was twice the size of its nearest rival, the King of England. "After I get the half-million," she promised in a burst of generosity, "I'm going to have a fine memorial erected in his honor."

On the final turn and in the home stretch, with the grueling pace separating the women from the girls, the field was narrowing fast. On July 31, 1936, Millar's executors invited potential winners to an outdoor dinner party on the Rouge River, and only six of the ladies who'd labored so long and so frequently showed up.

"I would have had the children anyway," each insisted. "The money really had nothing to do with it."

The Toronto *Star* described this social mingling of the most fruitful females as "friendly." It of course didn't stay that way long.

"No, we most certainly do not consider ourselves tied for second!" Mrs. Lucy Timleck and Mrs. Kathleen Nagle, both claiming 10, told reporters afterward. "We don't believe for a moment that Lily Kenny had any 12 babies and that five of them died like she says! We'll wait to see the birth certificates." And a quick check by newsmen showed that each of the ladies thought the others were lying.

With the finish line less than a week away, Ontario's top statesmen began getting into the act. Premier Mitchell F. Hepburn called the contest "the most revolting and disgusting exhibition ever put on in a civilized country." Provincial Secretary Harold Nixon warned that the Bureau of Vital Statistics had no intention of accepting registrations now for children allegedly born years earlier. "No one need think we're going to search through more than a million birth records just to please the ghost of Mr. Millar!"

Closer and closer came the tape. With reporters present, a Mrs. Graziano gave birth to a fine baby boy and burst out crying because he wasn't twins. A Mrs. Bagnato labored mightily but produced just a little too late. At 4:30 p.m. on October 31st, under vehement attack from practically every pulpit in Canada including those of the same ministers who'd had no hesitation about taking Millar's money a decade earlier, the stork race he'd conceived ended. Justice W. E. Middleton had the unhappy task of ruling on the outcome, and he was forewarned about what to expect.

"I'm going down to that hearing Friday," Mrs. Kenny issued a formal press announcement, "and if that judge dares to say I'm not the sole winner of that $500,000, I'll slap his face right in court!"

The hearing was held with enough officers present to restrain the ladies, and no slapping was done. But no prize was

TRUE

"Ah! Checkpoint Charlie!"

"Didn't I tell you? Ever see anyone could save you so much on a tax return?"

awarded as yet, either. Millar had no near relatives, but some nieces and nephews of a step-aunt showed up charging his will was designed to encourage "immorality and illegitimacy." Solely in the interest of morality and legitimacy, they wanted the money given to them. On November 20th, Justice Middleton handed down a 30-page judgment upholding the will, but the distant relatives immediately appealed his decision. With all Canada waiting, the due process of law seemed to move at a ponderous pace.

The lull was livened up a little when the illustrious Lady Astor arrived in Toronto on one of her speech-making tours. She devoted most of her considerable vocal energy to attacking the United States for repealing Prohibition, but she saved a good share for "that horrible will" that had become the talk of England, too. "What we want in children," she lectured primly, "is quality, not quantity."

"It's easy for her to talk!" Mrs. Kenny told newsmen by way of rebuttal. "She's already got a half-million and more!"

On February 24, 1937, the Ontario Court of Appeals ruled that the Millar will was unbreakable. Fighting it out to the bitter end, the far relatives went all the way to the Supreme Court. Reporters did their best to keep the story alive through the long wait ahead.

"What do you want most if you win?" they asked Mrs. Timleck.

"A new car and a job as a birth-control advocate," she laughed.

On December 22nd, the stately justices of the Dominion's highest court unanimously declared the stork race a legitimate legacy. "Mr. Millar himself stated in the preamble of this document that it would necessarily be regarded as uncommon and capricious," a spokesman pointed out informally. Obviously, the man was of sound mind and knew exactly what he was doing. Since his wishes for the disposition of his estate violate no law, they must be carried out."

Word of the decision reached Mrs. Kenny, the alleged front runner, in a hospital labor room. "I'll get the money yet, all the money!" she whispered between clenched teeth. The habits of a decade were hard to break.

The task of judging the race was back in Justice Middleton's lap. And suddenly, when asked for acceptable evidence, the ladies proved Charlie Millar had been right after all. In a wide photo finish, six different hopefuls offered nine birth certificates each. In spite of all the early talk of 10 and 12, not one could show more.

"You mean we'll have to split it six ways?" the enraged Mrs. Kenny sputtered. "Why, that's less than $100,000 apiece—mere pin money!" Her husband, when not on relief, earned $12 a week.

She felt a little better upon learning the field was narrowing to five. For Justice Middleton, suspecting that a Mrs. Pauline Clarke had committed something of a foul on the back stretch, also ruled that the children had to be legitimate. After all, in a regular race horses were never allowed to switch jockeys or vice versa, and Mrs. Clarke had stayed with the pace only by leaving a faltering husband, putting the four entries he'd sired into foster homes, then moving in with a virile fellow named Harold Madill and letting him carry on through five more—promising him a share of the prize money, by his account.

"There wasn't one word said about the children having to be legitimate!" she raged. "I'm sure Mr. Millar never meant it that way."

She was probably right, but her lawyer hastily interrupted her anyway. "We are by no means prepared to concede that my client's children were not in fact all legitimate," he stated, as straight-faced as Charlie himself might have been. "After all, the law presumes all children born to a legally married woman to be her husband's. In addition, I might point out that Mr. Clarke lived nearby and visited very frequently." He immediately filed suit to re-establish Mrs. Clarke's claim. And Mr. Clarke, waking up to the fact that he could conceivably be held responsible for supporting Mr. Madill's contributions to that claim, filed a belated suit for divorce.

But whatever satisfaction the one-time leading lady Mrs. Kenny may have received from the likely elimination of a rival contestant, it was soon erased. For two of the nine babies she'd been able to prove after claiming 12 had been stillborn, and Justice Middleton also ruled that only children born alive were eligible. After the most explosive outburst of the entire stork race, Mrs. Kenny also sued to re-establish her claim. But the strain was beginning to show on her. She began setting fire to her own house—not once, but four successive times. She begged the newspapers to back her up, arguing that she only wanted the money for a worthy cause—providing proper funerals for convicted murderers hung in Canadian prisons. She threw the wooden statue of Charles Millar at a reporter and broke it, but she didn't blame the dead man for her difficulties. She still considered him one of the truly great men of the 20th century.

"Charlie will always be with us," she'd solemnly intone, a dazed and faraway look in her eyes.

Charlie had been very much with the Dominion for the last two years. The whole affair had been exactly like tossing the dollar bills onto the crowded sidewalk, only on a grand scale.

In the end, after three lengthy lawsuits and a divorce, hundreds of mocking editorials and thousands of indignant sermons, Mrs. Nagle and Mrs. Timleck received some $110,000 apiece, as did a Mrs. Annie Smith and a Mrs. Isabel McLean. Mrs. Kenny and Mrs. Clarke settled for just $12,500 each to cover the legal costs they'd incurred. And the trustees absorbed the rest for various fees and expenses. But watching from the grave, Charles Vance Millar got all he'd ever wanted—the last, loud laugh.

—Gene Caesar

man to man ANSWERS

from the staff of TRUE

China's Great Wall, 22 centuries old, will be easily seen by spacemen on the moon.

When astronaut Scott Carpenter orbited the earth, he reported seeing, from his lofty perch in space, various man-made objects—buildings, ships and trains. Paul Karchawer of Brooklyn asks us an astronautical question. When men land on the moon, will they be able to see—with the naked eye, that is—any structure built by man?

When you say structure in the singular, Paul, you pretty well narrow things down to one amazing product of human effort—the Great Wall of China. While the men on the moon would undoubtedly spot the world's biggest cities, no individual features of them would be distinguishable. Astronomers assert that the Great Wall, which rates as the biggest military fortification ever built, would be clearly identifiable as a single structure.

No one could accuse the Chinese Emperor, Chin Shih Huang Ti, who was famed as the possessor of 13,140 wives, of failing to think big, either personally or militarily. The immense brick, stone and rammed earth wall he caused to be built around 220 B.C., much of it still intact, stretches out over 1/20th of the earth's circumference, running through 22 meridians—from 98 to 120—and through six degrees of latitude—from the 35th to the 41st parallels. Luckily for the ambitious emperor a few sections of wall had already been built along the frontier. He linked these up and constructed a lot of new wall besides. The result was stupendous.

If the wall were set down in the U.S. it would run from New York to Kansas, or from Maine to Florida, a direct distance of 1,500 miles. Altogether it is actually 2,500 miles long, counting all the twists and branches.

In addition to the wall itself, there were 25,000 fortified watch towers straddling it, and 15,000 separate outer defense towers from which soldiers could mow down attacking enemies. Outside was a 600-foot-wide no man's land, laced by three deep ditches, usually water-filled and edged with jagged rocks and sharpened stakes.

But the Great Wall was no mere passive barrier. For one thing it was a means of military transport, a fortified and protected 15-foot-wide roadway that enabled the Emperor to rush troops to any point with speed and safety. More than that, it was a cunning trap that ensnared thousands of enemies. Chin could have built the wall higher than its average of 25 feet, making it harder to climb, but he deliberately kept it at a height he knew could be scaled.

Time after time, hordes of assaulting Huns succeeded in getting over the wall. The defenders, using the highway atop the wall to rush in horsemen, would cut the unmounted invaders to pieces at leisure. The Huns eventually gave it up as a bad job, and turned westward.

Of course, the Tartans and Mongols eventually did get past it, but that was a good thousand years after fierce old Chin Shih Huang Ti built his deadly wall.

Q: Why do some dollar bills have a star instead of a letter in their serial numbers? *George A. Franks, Kew Garden Hills, N. Y.*

A: When a note is mutilated in the course of manufacturing it has to be replaced. To replace it with a note of exactly the same number would require the use of a special machine and would be costly and delaying. As a result, "star" notes are substituted. On U.S. notes and silver certificates, the star is used instead of the prefix letter. On Federal Reserve notes it is substituted for the suffix letter. A "star" note is also issued for the 100 millionth note in each series since the numbering machines can only handle eight digits.

Q: Who designed the first powered balloon? *Richard Tibby, Lexington, Ky.*

A: In 1784 a Frenchman, Gen. Jean Baptiste Marie Meusnier, developed the first propeller-driven balloon. It was elliptical in shape and powered by hand. The crew cranked three propellers on a common shaft and the ship achieved a speed of about three mph.

Q: What does an Eskimo do if he's caught in one of those tremendous Greenland windstorms? *Alex Lawhon, New York, N. Y.*

A: These storms are known as "foehn winds." As the wind descends from the high, cold interior it is compressed and warmed and attains a velocity of from 25 to 125 mph. Fortunately, the storms are usually over within 24 hours and rarely last more than three days. If an Eskimo is caught out of reach of his house during one of these winds he simply sits down in the open or in the shelter of a rock if one is available. He pulls his parka hood over his face and his arms out of his sleeves, keeping them inside his parka next to his body. If a snowdrift is handy he will dig a cave for shelter. Then he just waits. Eskimos are accustomed to going several days without food. Normally, however, an Eskimo senses the approach of the foehn winds and is rarely caught unprepared.

[*Continued on page* 72]

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Q: Is there a method for preserving plants by drying them in three dimensions instead of pressing them? *I. Hansen, Staten Island, N. Y.*

A: Yes, but it is a rather delicate and time-consuming operation. The method involves carefully covering the plant or flower with a drying powder such as borax. A large amount of powder is needed. Three pieces of snapdragon, each 15 inches long, will require 20 pounds of borax. The plant must remain covered by the powder for three weeks for the drying process to be completed.

Q: Why do we so seldom see dead birds lying on the ground? What happens to the bodies? *M. Krogh, West Palm Beach, Fla.*

A: When a bird is sick it probably seeks a quiet, hidden retreat in order to protect itself from predators. In addition, the bodies of dead birds are quickly disposed of by scavengers of various sorts such as mice, shrews and insects.

Q: I have heard of a fish called the Periophthalmus which walks and climbs trees. Is it a true fish? *Peter Sharp, Springfield, Ohio.*

A: The Periophthalmus, which seldom exceeds five inches in length, lives on tropical coasts in many parts of the world. It is almost always found on shore, hopping about on its sturdy ventral fins. It is a true fish and depends entirely on its gills for breathing. The fish has a sort of spongy mass on either side at the top of its head. It goes to the edge of the water and rolls its head first on one side and then on the other beneath the surface. Then, as the fish moves about on land, water oozes from the sponges over the gills and keeps them wet. As soon as the sponges become dry the fish must return to the water and refill them.

Q: Is it true that all lacrosse sticks are made by Indians? *Victor Larson, Rye, N. Y.*

A: Yes. More than 97 percent of the world's production comes from one factory in Cornwall, Ontario, whose employees are all Indians. Their only competitors are a few individual Indians on the nearby Oshweken Reserve. Lacrosse sticks are made of hickory and the factory has considerable difficulty securing wood of suitable quality. Hickory is getting scarcer and no plans have ever been made for the reforestation of this wood.

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Q: Does wine age and improve after bottling? ***M. L. Ferguson, Michigan City, Ind.***

A: Yes, but wine is the only beverage that does so. Many winemakers keep their bottled wine in bins a few months or even several years before shipment.

Q: How many cowboys are killed in professional rodeos? ***Loretta Anderson, Jamestown, N. Y.***

A: Over the past 10 years fatalities among rodeo contestants have averaged less than one a year. Last year 580 professional rodeos were held in this country.

Q: What is the national motto of the United States? ***Richard Johnson, Chicago, Ill.***

A: On July 30, 1956, President Eisenhower approved a joint resolution of Congress which declared "In God We Trust" to be the national motto.

Q: There is a Foucault Pendulum at the United Nations. What is it for? ***Benjamin Fields, Washington, D. C.***

A: It is a device that gives visual proof of the rotation of the earth. The idea was originated by Bernard Leon Foucault, a French physicist. In 1851 he suspended a heavy sphere by wire from the dome of the Pantheon in Paris. Beneath the sphere was attached a pin which swept over and grazed a pile of sand each time it swung. The slash marks soon showed that each successive swing shifted slightly in a clockwise direction. This shift was due to the fact that the floor was revolving under the pendulum as the earth rotated on its axis. The Foucault Pendulum at the UN was a gift from the government of The Netherlands.

HAVE A QUESTION?

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The Nazi Eagle the Allies Couldn't Cage

[*Continued from page 33*]

newspapers had a lot to say about the baron, who'd had a gaudy career in the Luftwaffe since joining it in 1936 at the age of 22. Addicted to daring stunt flying, he'd crashed his plane in 1939. Out of the hospital in a few weeks, after doctors had said he probably wouldn't walk again, he flew in the blitzkrieg against Poland that same year.

The stack of newspaper clippings indicated that he had quite a flair for getting publicity. Many photos showed him at the wheel of a sports car, his pet lion cub by his side. When flying, he wore a flaming red jacket, which won him the news story tag, "the Red Devil." Even his title was window dressing. Though he came of a Swiss family which had ranked as petty nobility, Franz Werra, a humble clerk, had adopted the "Von" and dubbed himself "Baron."

According to recent newspaper and radio accounts, he had, on the very day of his capture, just carried out an astounding feat. Becoming separated from his squadron over England, he had gone in alone to strafe a British airfield, leaving it a shambles and destroying at least five planes. This exploit accounted for five of the 13 crosses emblazoned on his downed Messerschmidt.

The British, as the interrogator took pains to point out, had no record of any such event. Von Werra blandly refused to discuss it, as he had any and all military matters.

So, though he had considerable respect for Von Werra's prowess at parrying questions, there was good reason why the interrogator should have laughed off the boast about escaping in six months as the utterance of a braggart. He did, however, reckon without a couple of facts: Von Werra really was recklessly courageous and almost fanatically self-confident. And he had a burning purpose. He had been through the British interrogation mill. He hadn't broken, but he knew that many other prisoners had. He knew, too, that the German military had no idea of the cleverness of British questioning techniques, a combination of subtle pressures and shrewd leading on.

Whether his motive was patriotic devotion to the Fatherland or simply a desire for personal glory does not matter. The fact is that, during the long hours of his questioning, Von Werra became a man with a mission.

From the moment he was driven through the gates of Officers' P.O.W. Camp No. 1, a converted estate called Grizedale Hall, Von Werra was sizing up his chances for getting out of the place. They hardly looked promising. The mansion used as a barracks was surrounded by concentric rings of barbed wire under floodlight scrutiny from numerous guard towers. Only one prisoner had ever tried escaping, and he'd gotten no farther than the outer barbed wire entanglement. True, for exercise, they were marched outside, down a country road, but under heavy guard.

Three days of close observation was all it took Von Werra to see a way to beat the game. He figured out that on the marches there was one point, during a rest stop, when for 10 seconds, no more, a stretch of stone wall was out of sight of the guards. With the help of other prisoners, who had pooled pocket money and rations for him, Von Werra used that 10 seconds.

He was miles away before his escape was discovered. Thereafter, for five futile days, hundreds of police, civilians and soldiers beat the bushes of west England, gradually widening the search as they realized the fugitive must somehow have gone much farther than they had thought possible.

Even when Von Werra's luck ran out and he was sighted and cornered in a field, a tightening circle closing around him, he gave his pursuers a surprise. He had to be in the field they'd cordoned off —yet he had vanished.

Actually Von Werra was there, concealed in a manner only a man both desperate and cunning would have tried. As his pursuers neared, and he looked wildly about for a place to hide, his eyes lit on a swampy area. Von Werra acted, flinging himself into the mud, on his back. He sank into the ooze and for a moment fought panic. What if he just kept sinking? He forced himself to lie motionless, letting the stinking mud close around him. His descent stopped with only his face above it.

They were closer now. He could hear their voices.

"Must be here. Man can't go into thin air."

There were a few moments of silence, then he was conscious that someone was leaning over him, looking down disbelievingly.

"He's here—in the mud!"

His capture, and 14 days of solitary confinement, did not put a damper on Von Werra's zeal to escape. Actually, when he was transferred to Swanwick Prison, deeper inland, he found himself with an added reason for wanting to get back to Germany. Swanwick housed a number of captured U-boat captains who were bursting with information the German Admiralty would dearly love to come by—data about British convoy methods, anti-sub equipment, and other naval secrets they had observed at close range. Von Werra memorized as much as he could, and noted down technical details on tissue paper.

"I'll get out soon," he assured the naval men.

Swanwick was also a converted estate, but the prisoners were never taken outside its ring of barbed wire enclosures. They were, however, left pretty much to themselves in a separate wing of the old mansion. Meals were served by other P.O.W.'s and discipline was entrusted to German officers. Guards did not patrol the quarters and even inspections were infrequent. Von Werra decided to start digging a tunnel under a vacant room. They could even provide lighting for it by ripping wires out of other unused rooms. The dirt could be dumped in a

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By Paul Weissman

IF AT FIRST YOU FAIL TO WIN...

Paul (The Brain) Brown, a full-grown, 56-year-old man who until this season made his bread in the National Football League coaching the Cleveland Browns, once had a bona fide visit from Santa Claus. It happened a month before Christmas, 1943, when the patron saint of longshot players arrived wearing a white cap, striped shirt and a pair of knickers. Brown's present was a chance to second-guess himself.

Brown was head coach at Ohio State that year. It was wartime and good college football players weren't exactly plentiful. Despite the fact that Brown was known as The Brain and called every play himself, his team wasn't beating anybody. The season was a disaster.

By the time Brown's Buckeyes trailed Illinois 19-13 at half time one frigid November day, the hometown bettors figured they would need a three-touchdown point spread to get out solvent.

They were wrong. The wheels turned as Brown paced up and down the Buckeye bench in the second half and he came up with two plays that tied the score at 26-26. He got a chance to put the game on ice with six minutes left when State took possession on their own 41-yard line. With Brown calling the signals from the sidelines they moved the ball to the Illinois 15. Then a Buckeye halfback bobbled the ball. When they untangled the pile-up, the groans from the stands meant it was Illinois' ball. Brown sat down for the first time that day.

Two plays later he was up again, yelling for "time." A Buckeye end grabbed a fumble on the Illinois 21 with two seconds left. Brown had one play. He called for a substitute and sent it in, a complex pass pattern into the left pocket of the end zone. It fizzled, the gun sounded and everybody on the field shook hands like it was an Ivy League game.

Five minutes later a distraught official named P. C. Goebel stood in the Buckeye dressing room. He didn't come down the chimney and he didn't look like Santa Claus. He looked like a head linesman. He had just struggled through 33,264 spectators to get there and he was out of breath. The squad stared at him.

"Where's Brown?" he gasped finally.

When The Brain was located, Goebel delivered his present. "They were off-side on that last play," he said. "Do you want to take it again?"

Twelve minutes after the final gun both teams were back on the field. One Buckeye rooter thought it might be the second half of football's first doubleheader. Another, an anti-Brown fan who knew what was happening, told a pal, "See, yah give Brown enough chances and he might finally call the right play."

Both teams straggled out to the 21. Brown's brain was working overtime. He took his star quarterback, John Stungis, aside and told him to kick a field goal. Stungis gulped. "I never kicked a field goal before, coach," was what he said.

They lined up and Brown stood on the sidelines looking at Stungis. The quarterback took that little kicker's hop forward, booted the ball and watched it wobble through the goal posts for three points.

That's what Santa Claus brought Paul Brown in 1943.

"Stay out of Volkswagens."

cistern in a part of the yard not visible from the guard towers. Fortunately, the room they would start from was in an end building so that the tunnel could be less than 50 feet long and still bring them up in a nearby farmyard.

No great daring was involved in digging the tunnel. It was what Von Werra proposed to do when it was completed that startled fellow prisoners. He'd learned how hard it was to get across British countryside, even though he'd managed five days of it. The four who were going to leave with him would, as Von Werra had planned to do on his first escape, take their chances on making their way to the sea coast and there stowing away aboard some neutral ship. Von Werra privately—and correctly, as events turned out—gave them no chance of making it, and for himself devised a scheme as audacious as any ever conceived by an escaping prisoner.

He proposed to get the British themselves to take him to a military airfield and there provide him with a plane which he would fly back to Germany!

That was exactly what Von Werra was proceeding to do at 4 in the morning on December 20. For eight hours he had been walking and running away from the prison camp and now he strode into the little railroad station at Codnor Park. He was wearing a flying suit given him by a fellow prisoner.

"I must get to the nearest R.A.F. aerodrome at once!" he announced to the startled station agent. Then, in his not too German accent, he told a strange story. He was a Dutch pilot serving in the mixed bomber squadron (a Von Werra invention) of the R.A.F. Coastal Command. His Wellington bomber had been forced down in the countryside nearby after developing engine trouble on the return from a raid over Denmark. The uninjured crewmen were guarding the plane.

"Please ring the aerodrome and have them send a car at once."

Conspiratorially he leaned toward the agent and let him in on a secret. Aboard the craft was a new secret bombsight, parts of which he, Captain Van Lott, had with him. He tapped his overcoat.

Before putting through a call to nearby Hucknall Aerodrome, the agent telephoned the police. Von Werra didn't panic. He decided the fellow was not suspicious, that the call was just routine, a surmise in which he was correct. At Hucknall, the agent talked to a succession of officers, each time explaining the story Von Werra had given him. Finally he got one that would accept responsibility.

"Put Captain Van Lott on," he said.

Von Werra told his tale again, adding a new item. His own airbase, at Aberdeen, was sending a plane for him. It should arrive at Hucknall any minute. Would he please hurry things up so he, Van Lott, could be there when the plane arrived?

The story made enough sense to the officer for him to give it the benefit of the doubt. Even the police, who arrived at the railroad station ahead of the car from Hucknall, accepted Von Werra's account. They had a fine chat with this friendly pilot, and apologized for not sticking around longer, but they had to be getting on. Some German prisoners had escaped the night before and the policeman had to join the search.

Smilingly, Von Werra wished them success. He was still smiling when the chauffeur from Hucknall arrived, courteously held the door for him, and roared off toward the British air base.

So, right on his own audacious time table, Von Werra found himself conducted onto a British airfield. As they were waved through the gates, Von Werra ordered, "Take me to the control tower. I'll wait there for the aircraft from Dyce."

That bluff didn't work. The driver had orders to take him to headquarters. Von Werra shrugged and smiled indifferently. Excitement was pounding through him as they passed a row of Hurricanes. How could he get to one of them?

When he was ushered into the presence of the duty officer, he again told his story, sweating while the officer put through a call to Dyce. The instant the call went through his whole scheme would explode. . . .

"Hello. . . . Dyce? . . . . We have a Captain Van Lott here. . . ."

Von Werra didn't wait to hear more. He pointed toward the washroom he'd noticed across the hall.

"Be back in a minute," he said.

Forcing himself to appear casual, he walked to the washroom door, opened it, slammed it without going in, then broke into a sprint. He dashed out an open door down the corridor.

It brought him out with a building between him and the Hurricanes he'd seen, but he found himself staring at a row of hangars. In front of one of them were several big fighters. Hurricanes? Von Werra wasn't sure. They looked too big.

Changing his run to a stride, he approached a mechanic standing near one of the planes.

"I am Captain Van Lott," he said with authority. "The adjutant sent me. You are to show me the controls, for a practice flight. Which one is ready to take off?"

The mechanic looked puzzled.

"Sir, aren't you lost? We're a private concern—nothing to do with the R.A.F."

Thus Von Werra was informed of the fact that part of the airfield was occupied by a Rolls-Royce mechanical division that readied planes for ferrying.

Von Werra didn't bat an eyelash. "Yes, but I was sent by the adjutant," he said.

Amazingly, after some preliminaries, he was accepted as a ferry pilot and allowed to climb into the plane. The mechanic patiently showed him the controls, some of which would have been

strange even to a British pilot. For Von Werra was sitting in a modified Hurricane. He rightly concluded that this was a new, still-secret model, not yet flown in battle. What a prize to fly home to Germany!

But minutes to learn to fly a strange plane . . . ? He was sweating profusely now. He'd have to forget about the fine points—just get it off the ground, then experiment.

He sent the mechanic off for a booster to start the plane. Give him three minutes, even two. . . .

He felt the cold nuzzle of a pistol against his neck.

A firm English voice snapped, "All right. Get out!"

Thus Von Werra missed success in his fantastic enterprise. If the call from Dyce had taken a trifle longer . . . if the duty officer had been a bit slower in giving the alarm . . . if a guard had not happened to rush at once to the Rolls-Royce section. . . . But Von Werra wasted no time in regrets. He was thinking about the next move.

"I'll escape in six months," he had boasted. So far, in less than two months, he had made two—as British reports put it—"fearfully close" tries. But would he ever get another chance as good?

He got what seemed like a grimly negative answer when he, along with a number of other maximum security prisoners, was taken to a prison ship. At the knowledge that he was being sent to Canada, 3,000 miles from home, Von Werra felt despair. But only briefly. He vowed he'd turn it into a new chance to escape. After all, neutral United States was close. By the time the ship reached Halifax, Von Werra had picked up, from other prisoners, quite a bit of information about the two North American countries.

Aboard the train into which the prisoners were herded, Von Werra at once began to size up the escape possibilities. In the car to which he was confined there were 24 prisoners and 12 guards. The prisoners occupied the center section, with guards posted at each end. Yet Von Werra soon reached the conclusion that his escape had better be made from the train. They were headed for a new prison camp in the wilds of Ontario, north of Lake Superior. Once lodged behind its barbed wire, his chances would be slim.

"Impossible," fellow prisoners concluded when he told them his decision.

They changed the verdict to "suicide" when they heard how he was going to try it—head first out the window of the moving train. For Von Werra there was no escaping the brutal logic of this decision. He couldn't hope to get out a door; he couldn't go out a window when the train was stopped at a station; and, high as the windows were, and brief as his time would be, he could not hope to maneuver into position to go feet first.

Geography settled the question of just when he would make the attempt. He might have tried it when the train passed close to the border of Maine, but he'd learned that this was wild country. The

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guards would be more alert for escape attempts here. No, he'd have to make it somewhere between Montreal and Ottawa, preferably near the zone where the St. Lawrence River formed the United States-Canada border.

Long before then, Von Werra had selected a window and was figuring out how he could get it open. The outer window of the double pane was frosted tightly shut. Von Werra pried up the inner window, using a wadded piece of paper to keep it open a crack. He saw with satisfaction that water began to drip down into the space between the panes.

As the train crawled out of Montreal he went over the plans with his companions. A friend named Wagner kept shaking his head, "Sonny, you're a crazy one. You'll land on your head."

But luck was something Von Werra believed in, with a gambler's blind faith. And as if his belief somehow influenced it, events after the train left Montreal played into his hands. First there was the matter of the apples, a quantity of them having been taken aboard when the train made the Montreal stop. They had an explosive effect on the innards of men long unused to fresh fruit and the guards were kept busy escorting prisoners to the latrine. In fact, the demand became so great that they had to break the rule and take some prisoners to the guards' lavatory at the other end of the car. Luckily for Von Werra, he had eaten none of the apples.

A diversion was what he needed, and had planned, in the form of a quarrel that was to break out between a group of prisoners. But this was far better. Moreover, it was a double piece of luck, for it solved another problem for Von Werra. He had known all along that he couldn't survive the bitter sub-zero cold unless he was warmly dressed. Yet how, in the overheated car, could he don the overcoat he'd been issued without being conspicuous?

Now many sick prisoners with the chills were wearing their coats and Von Werra was able to put on his without attracting attention.

Tensely he waited as the train roared on through the late afternoon, into the escape zone. The window was completely clear. He could see the dark blur of countryside. He stiffened and put his back to the window as a guard paced by. Would he notice that the frost was gone from it?

The train slowed, pulling into a station. Surely the guards would now see that one window in the train was not frosted over. Luck again. A cloud of steam arose at the exact moment a guard went by.

But Von Werra remained tense as a coiled spring. This would be it. Already they'd come farther north than he'd wanted to. When the train began to move he'd have to make his jump. There would be, he calculated, just a few seconds for action, with the station not too close, the train not yet going too fast.

"Be ready."

He whispered the words to his companions. They nodded. Doors banged shut. The guards came in stomping, shedding mittens and coats. The train was moving now, picking up speed at a frightening pace.

Now!

Von Werra nudged the prisoner next to him. The man stood up, holding his blanket between outstretched arms, as if shaking it out. It concealed the window. Von Werra jerked up the sash, thrust his arms above his head, hands joined, gave a thrust with his legs, and flew out into unknown darkness.

As he fell, there flashed through his mind the thought that he could smash against a tree, a pole, a rock. But smooth, snow-covered ground jumped up to meet him. An enormous force hit him. The wind went out of his lungs, and he felt himself choking for breath. For a moment he lay still, conscious of the train thundering above him. Then he sat up, and saw the fading red lights of the last car.

No screech of brakes. The train was gaining speed. He had escaped—and his captors did not know it! He let out an exultant shout and stood up, in spite of the pain that made his body seem one great bruise.

His thoughts now were on the task ahead of him. Here he was alone, in a hostile land, with 50—a hundred—maybe more miles to go. He didn't know exactly. All he was sure of was that he should head south. He spotted the North Star and turned his back on it.

Ahead he saw a wall of dark evergreens—a solid forest. How would he get through it? Von Werra luck again. He quickly came upon a tractor trail that lanced through the woods. The packed snow made the going faster, and he broke into a dog trot. It was near morning. If the tractor came through and found him here in the wilderness, he knew that even his glib tongue could hardly account for his presence. He had to find a road by morning.

The sun was up when he stopped to listen. The sound of a car engine. A road? He broke into a run, thinking of the new test ahead. He'd been coached by prisoners who knew the United States and Canada. They'd told him how to go about thumbing a ride, but what if the alarm was already out for him?

He had hardly reached the roadside when a truck came into sight. He wagged his thumb as he'd been told to do. The big vehicle ground to a stop.

"Cold out there," Von Werra said as he climbed up onto the high seat beside the driver. "Last man to give me a ride turned off there. . . ." He indicated the tractor road.

The trucker didn't seem to be suspicious. Maybe they didn't even know he was gone yet, much less where he had jumped the train. Von Werra relaxed in the warmth of the cab as he spun his prepared yarn. He was a Dutch sailor, going inland to stay with relatives.

When the trucker pulled into a gas station, Von Werra picked up a road map. Later, when he was left by the road, he was able to consult it and determine just where he was.

He spotted Johnstown, Ontario, as the place to cross the St. Lawrence. There was no bridge over to Ogdensburg, New York; only a ferry which would not be operating in winter. Von Werra wanted neither bridge nor ferry, where sharp-eyed immigration officials, and quite possibly the military, would be watching.

Early winter dusk was just falling when a final ride brought him to the outskirts of Johnstown. He looked longingly at the town. He hadn't eaten for 24 hours. But he turned his thoughts away from food. He'd eat when he got across the river.

The river! Von Werra felt a thrill of excitement as he stood on the bank and looked out across the expanse of ice. The

"What do you recommend to block a reconciliation?"

glow of lights over there must be Ogdensburg. He was within sight of freedom!

His hunger was forgotten as he began fighting his way through the heavy snow drifts near the shore. When they thinned and he found the going easier underfoot, the full blast of the wind hit him, cutting through his overcoat, lashing icy particles against his face. He stumbled and went down. The ice was getting rougher, huge slabs of it piled up on top of each other. He could hear ominous crackings beneath him.

Then, peering into the darkness, he saw the smooth black stretch ahead and hurried toward it. The wind had really swept the ice clean there. He could see the reflections of headlights in it—the lights of cars moving along the road in the United States.

His numbed senses telegraphed a warning. There was something wrong. The reflections had an odd wavy shimmer to them. Not the way they should look on ice. *That black stretch was open water!*

Von Werra stared at it, his mind unwilling to accept this truth. His panicky fury was gone as quickly as it had come. He couldn't let that 40 feet of icy water stop him. Perhaps there was a boat near those cottages over there on the Canadian side . . .

He stumbled back across the river. In the deep drifts along shore he made his way past the line of boarded-up cottages. In front of one of them he saw something that sent him to his knees, digging. Yes, there was a rowboat under the snow. He got to his feet and struggled to rip a board from a fence. Using it as a shovel, he slashed at the snow. The boat gradually appeared, bottom side up. With the board as a lever, he began to rock it. It toppled over at last.

Von Werra sat on the gunwale for a moment, panting with exhaustion. It was a clumsy craft, designed for six people, he thought. How would he ever get it through the drifts, and across the rough ice?

There was only one answer. Push—with a strength he didn't know he had. Each shove moved it a few inches forward. Then it hit the rough ice and all his efforts could not budge it. He sat down on the lee side of the boat to get out of the cutting wind.

Then he thought of the boards. He had tossed two into the boat, thinking he'd use them for oars. He got one of them out, laid it as a ramp up the ice slab that blocked the craft. Now the boat moved, sliding the length of the board. He laid the other one ahead.

He never knew how long it took him to reach the open water, a board length at a time, but at last there it was, the black barrier that had come so close to stopping him. Gingerly he inched the bow out into the water. He sprang, falling into the boat as the ice under it crumpled.

Only then did he realize he had dropped one of the boards he'd intended to use for oars. He tried to pick up the other one, but his numbed fingers would not obey his command. He was power-

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We moved into our new office next door to this one ten years ago. But we still like to sit here and listen to the old-timers recall how Mr. Jack declared: "Every day we make whiskey, we'll make it the best we can!" Lem Motlow, Mr. Jack's nephew, was fond of saying that, too. And a sip of our whiskey, we believe, will tell you Mr. Lem's four sons have taken care to carry on that tradition.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

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"I know money won't buy happiness—I want it to spend on broads."

less to steer the boat, doomed to drift helplessly downstream, toward capture, where Canadian territory lay on both banks of the stream. For the first time Von Werra felt total despair.

But that fantastic Von Werra luck changed things again. A current caught at the boat, driving it toward a jutting point of ice-fringed land on the opposite shore. Von Werra did not hesitate. The instant the boat grated against ice, he rolled over the gunwale and clawed his way across yielding ice, feeling it break behind him. Moments later, he lay panting on solid ice. He had made it.

A nurse from nearby Ogdensburg State Hospital, standing by her car while a garageman worked on it, was startled when a man staggered out of the snowy darkness. In a hoarse voice he asked her a strange question.

"Excuse me—is this America?"

The nurse assured him it was.

There was no sag to his shoulders as he snapped to attention. "Oberleutnant Franz Von Werra. I am an officer of the German Air Force. I wish to give myself up to the police of the United States."

In his most grandiose dreams, Franz Von Werra could hardly have pictured the lush rewards of his spectacular escape. Overnight he became a world celebrity. From the moment he was arraigned before the U.S. Immigration Board and released on $5,000 bail, he was pursued by reporters and photographers. Wire services carried his story, Sunday magazine supplements in America and Germany ran garish accounts, not only of his escape, but of his Luftwaffe career.

Along with his fame came money and lavish living. When he arrived in New York, the German Consul—who put up the bail—gave him the use of an estate in Westchester and an apartment in New York. A German publishing house cabled a fat offer for his autobiography and sent him a sizable advance. Anonymous admirers sent him money. The German government, through the Consul, provided him with still more.

For a time, Von Werra really lived it up. He made regular rounds of New York night clubs, accompanied by an admiring female retinue. He was invited to various high society parties.

Meanwhile the British and Canadians fumed and the wires sizzled between Washington, Ottawa and London. To U.S. bureaucracy, Von Werra was a hot potato they didn't know how to handle. Laws were fuzzy about this precedent-setting situation. One group of U.S. officials wanted to hand the escapee back to Canada; another group held that he could be deported only to Germany—an impossibility under the wartime circumstances. Weeks of wrangling went by. Von Werra's bail was raised to $15,000 and he was remanded to the custody of the German Consul.

For all the high living, Von Werra himself was impatient. He wanted to get back to Germany, back to the Luftwaffe. When he confided this wish to German officials, he got a galling answer. Military orders straight from Berlin were explicit: Stay in the United States. This country was still neutral, and the Germans knew that if Von Werra tried to jump bail, the United States would be offended, to the detriment of German interests. Besides, it was pointed out to Von Werra, it wouldn't be easy for him to get away. He was being watched by British agents, and possibly by the FBI.

He had been in the United States almost two months when he got a different message. The Germans now believed that this country was fixing to change its policy and hand Von Werra back to Canada. He could go ahead and use his well-known ability to escape. They could help him after he got out of the country, but until then he'd have to be on his own.

That suited Von Werra fine. He had everything all worked out. On the night of March 24, 1941, he began a zigzag taxi journey through Manhattan, stopping in front of hotels and office buildings, hustling in one entrance and emerging from another. He switched cabs five times before getting out on 34th Street and 6th Avenue, and, satisfied that he had eluded any pursuers, walked to Pennsylvania Station and boarded a train.

Three days later, after a series of train journeys, he pulled into El Paso, Texas. It was 5 o'clock in the morning. Checking his suitcases—one of which contained a well-filled scrapbook of clippings about his exploits—in a locker, he went down to take a look at the barrier that could stop him—the International Bridge leading to Ciudad Juarez. What he saw was disconcerting. Sharp-eyed U.S. Border Patrol men checked all traffic. For all Von Werra knew, his absence might have been discovered, and they could be watching specifically for him. He fought back any feeling of panic. There had to be a way across. By 7:30 a.m. he figured he had found it, and left the bridge to kill time in El Paso.

It was 5 in the evening when he came back to the bridge considerably changed in appearance. Now anyone looking at him would have seen only a dejected little Mexican worker clad in dirty jeans, sandals and torn work shirt, his sombrero pulled low.

He watched his chance, then fell in with a crowd of Mexican workers returning from their jobs in the United States. Ahead of him rattled an ill-smelling manure cart. Von Werra picked up the pitchfork that lay atop the load, slung it over his shoulder, and shuffled along behind the wagon.

It seemed to move with agonizing slowness. Nearer and nearer they came to the men of the Border Patrol. Now they were opposite them. Von Werra didn't glance up. He could feel sharp eyes staring at him . . . no, out of the corner of his eyes he saw the officer turning away.

Once across the bridge, Von Werra tossed the pitchfork back in the cart and headed for the railroad station. There was still the checkpoint at Ysleta, 12 miles below the border. There the train would stop and inspectors would check passports. But who would think of asking for a passport from this dirty Mexican worker riding with others of his kind in a third class coach? No one did. The train chugged into motion again. Von Werra had made his fourth escape.

When it finally became clear that the famous prisoner had skipped the country, the United States issued a hot official protest to the German government. Long before then, Von Werra had reached the Fatherland, going via South America, and was busily working for the Army, Navy and Luftwaffe. Not only was he the only German who had returned from inside British prison camps and intimately experienced British interrogation procedures; he was also the only one who had interviewed captured personnel of German U-boats, and who had crossed the Atlantic in an enemy convoy.

Some of his fund of military intelligence he had already dictated to Nazi military attachés in Washington, where it had been coded and rushed to Germany by diplomatic pouch. Almost immediately, British interrogators had noted a toughening of responses by prisoners as Von Werra's advice was taken.

It got considerably worse after Von Werra's return to Germany. One of his reports became a booklet, *How To Behave If Taken Prisoner,* which was distributed to all Luftwaffe flying personnel and used for most of the war.

Correspondingly, captured British, and later American fliers found themselves subjected to sophisticated grilling by the Nazis. Von Werra sat in on interrogation sessions at various prisons and worked out the new tactics used at the infamous *Dulag Luft,* where captured airmen were questioned. The German army also incorporated Von Werra's suggestions into its methods of quizzing prisoners.

Just what use the Navy made of Von Werra's fund of maritime information is not known. However, his services to the Luftwaffe alone rank his escape as one of the great espionage coups of World War II.

Curiously enough, Von Werra never received any official military award, beyond a promotion to flight lieutenant, for this singular assist to German Intelligence. True, he was entertained by Goering, and personally decorated by Hitler, but, ironically, *der Führer* pinned the Knight's Cross on Von Werra's chest, not for his daring escapes, but for something he never did. He got the honor for an action "unique in the annals of aviation," the mythical strafing of the British airfield shortly before his capture.

Von Werra went back to the Luftwaffe and got himself credited with eight more planes as he fought on the Russian front. Later, he took time out to get married. Transferred to the Coastal Command, he rented a cottage near the sea in Holland.

On October 25, 1941, just a little over a year after he began his adventures as the prisoner they couldn't keep, he flew over in a new Me. 109, buzzed the cottage and waved to his bride. Twenty miles out, other pilots of his patrol saw his plane suddenly swerve, then plummet into the sea. German search vessels found no trace of either plane or flier. Baron Franz von Werra, the ace of escapes, had run out of tricks. —**Norman Carlisle**

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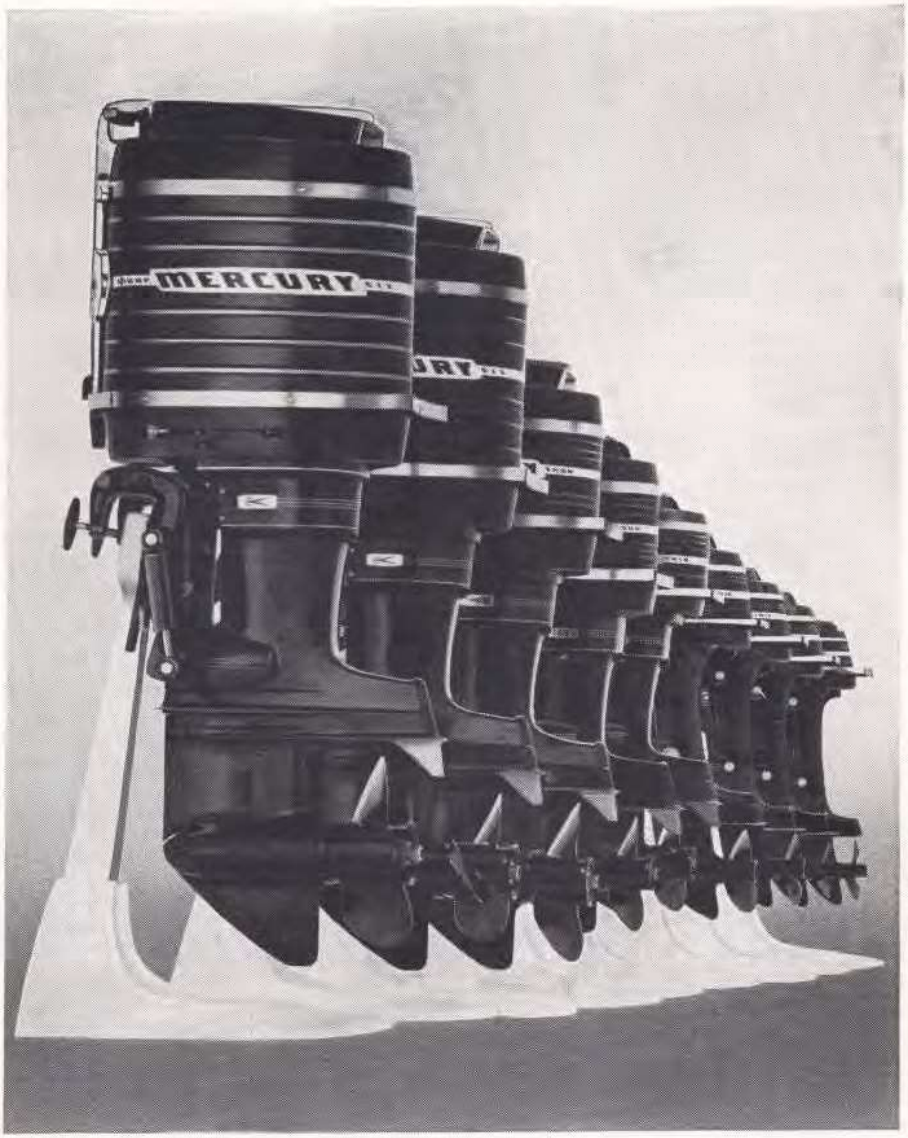

Fleet

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The leader of them all is the mighty Merc 1000 with 100 horsepower. It's the world's most powerful outboard and will handle any job with ease. This 6-cylinder Merc will *cruise* faster than most outboards will run at "full-bore". . . pull more skiers and range farther on less fuel.

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SILVER ANNIVERSARY FLEET

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The Man Who Talked Riches Out of Rock

[*Continued from page* 49]

defending himself, and adroitly so, in a long series of litigation right up to the Supreme Court.

Homer's two great, lifelong enthusiasms were law and mining. The law allowed him to indulge the practical side of his personality and mining permitted his considerable imagination to run at full-throttle.

To hear Homer tell it, never in all the history of American mining had there been as fabulous a treasure as that lodged in the bowels of the Blossom, located a poker chip's throw outside Searchlight, Nevada.

To various suckers at various times, he claimed its mineral wealth contained (in alphabetical order) copper, gold, lead, nickel, platinum, radium, silver, tin, tungsten, uranium and zinc, all of them nudging each other in titantic proportions.

The only potential asset of the Blossom that he never sold or promised was the air rights. In his sales pitch, he let it be known that the Blossom's 180-desert acres held an independent fortune in deep water springs; oil enough to fuel the nation waited to gush forth at the touch of a bit; the mine's mineral rights extended into Searchlight itself, under every house and store; the value of the very ground, once a housing project, hotel and gambling casino were built, would be more precious, foot by foot, than Ft. Knox.

Every one of Homer's self-proclaimed assets in the Blossom was pure myth. Though thousands sought their fortune with him, only one fortune was amassed —his own. His take from peddling shares in the Blossom and a batch of other pie-in-the-sky mining ventures is conservatively estimated by investigators at an average $500,000 per annum for each of 20 years—a respectable $10 million score for a Missouri-born poor farmer's son who left school after the 10th grade.

Homer's odyssey really began when as a young man he drifted to the Snake River country of Idaho and settled in Twin Falls. After meeting a friendly local lawyer who saw promise in him, he read law and proved a gifted apprentice. At 23, he was admitted to the bar in both Idaho and California.

Some folks thought he could go all the way to the State House; he rose from U.S. Attorney for the District of Idaho to prosecuting attorney at the county seat of Rupert in 1915.

Folks in the southern part of the state were talking about Homer. They also liked to talk about the wild stampede of '84 up north in Coeur d'Alene country where one of the world's richest strikes of silver and lead was still booming the state's population and prosperity.

Homer listened to the old-timers' tales of striking it rich and got his first taste of mineral fever. He cast aside thoughts of politics and decided his future was elsewhere. He moved to Los Angeles, opened a law office, and through a client he was representing in a mine suit, got his second taste of mineral fever. It was enough to make him a lifelong addict.

He began speculating on a grand scale, investing in a couple of dry oil wells on a 30,000-acre lease in New Mexico. He bought California copper and gold mines at Neenach, Goff and the Old Woman Mountains. None of the investments panned out. To support his enterprises, he mortgaged and lost his house and sold his $12,000 law library.

Completely strapped for cash by 1930, Homer was reduced to pocketing a client's fee and diverting it to his own use. It led to his first trouble on the wrong side of the law. A charge of grand theft was finally dismissed, but it was still serious enough for the fussy California State Bar to suspend his license for a year.

Over the next few years, Homer's mining losses continued. In 1936, he was hauled back before the State Bar on new charges of "habitual misuse of clients funds," "Moral turptitude" and violation of professional duty." His name was stricken from the rolls of California attorneys.

He turned hopefully to his mining properties, but fortune still eluded him. Cash, in the depression 30's, was hard to come by, so he used checks—which bounced. Since he was an ex-lawyer gone wrong, the court's sympathies were with him and he probably would have been released on probation had not a new violation reached the judge's ears.

Homer had played jailhouse lawyer and promised a cellmate he could spring him for $50. The judge, adding a scorching lecture on what he now thought of turncoat lawyers, put Homer away for a 1-10 term at San Quentin.

He was out in 18 months, a changed man. His prison respite had given him time to think about what he wanted to do with the rest of his life. He was 51 years old. As a disbarred lawyer and ex-con, his profession was closed to him. But he still had a lawyer's inside knowledge of the law which if used wisely from now on could help him. The geology books he had read in prison strengthened Homer's belief that there was a fortune to be made in mining. His mistake was that he had tried to acquire the fortune by honest speculation. The way to make a fortune was to let others take the risks.

That line of logic almost immediately catapulted Homer into the ranks of self-made millionaires.

Over the next 20 years, he created and relentlessly sold shares in a watered armada of mining properties, a tangled fleet of half-fact, half-fiction corporate entities

without peer for brazen ingenuity. He collected corporations with the ferocity of a housewife accumulating trading stamps. Some existed only in his mind, some only on paper, some were played-out claims he picked up for peanuts.

Homer named each of his companies with the delicacy of a prospector separating rock from gold. It was important that his properties have a certain romantic yet solid ring.

Buried still in a thousand attics are shares in Homer's semantically-enticing but non-existent American Gold Mines, Inc. and the Golden Dawn Mining and Milling Co. Homer also believed in richness by association, coining another of his mythical properties the Homestake Mining Co. The mere mention of Homestake, the 1874 South Dakota bonanza that developed into the largest gold mine in the Western hemisphere, sent shivers of delight down the spines of investors.

Homer even sold shares in the Dutch Oven Mining Co., especially ingenious since that storied Southwestern claim was lost three years before his birth and not rediscovered until three years after his death.

But the flagship of Homer's corporate navy was the Blossom, an honest-to-goodness but played out claim. Considering that he paid only $3,500 for the lease, his return on the investment rivals that of plungers who bought AT&T 30 years ago.

He sold the Blossom's stock under a cover of half-a-dozen parent companies, notably the Searchlight Uranium Corp., which, with exacting coincidence, came into being in the earliest stages of the post-war frenzy for that atomic mineral.

He liked nothing better than to back up his claims to the Blossom's versatile wealth (its gold alone he estimated at various times to investors at anywhere from $2 million to $25 million) by inviting would-be shareholders to see for themselves.

A pair of Southern Californians who came to see for themselves on a memorable weekend trip to Searchlight in November 1951 were real estate broker John Tucker and Fred Adamowski, an executive for a business machines company. Each had several thousand dollars to invest and each had been passed on to Homer through friends.

When they arrived at the Blossom in Homer's snappy new car, Tucker and Adamowski were whisked down the 325-foot shaft. The first impressive thing they saw was a group of ham-handed miners drilling like there was no tomorrow.

Shouting above the din to make himself heard, Homer pointed out the splendid treasures. "That's a gold vein over there and right here's the richest lead deposit I've ever seen."

Homer now raised his hand with a dramatic flourish, the signal for his miners to stop drilling. He picked up a handy Geiger counter, motioned for Tucker and Adamowski to move in closer so all hands could listen to the rich beat of radioactive uranium.

"The Atomic Energy Commission wants all we can produce," Homer said dramatically.

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The shoe that's pure U.S.A. all the way, and proud of it! Styled with the easy grace of a champion . . . husky and handsome. Made for the man who wants quality as honestly American as he is. And now getting the big play from Chavez Ravine to Yankee Stadium.

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"You're kidding—what on earth do I need with red ant invasion insurance?"

"Incredible," Tucker declared.

"There must be a king's ransom down here," added Adamowski.

Homer raised his hand again and his conscientious crew went back to its drilling.

Just before they stepped into the elevator for the trip up, Homer stooped and retrieved, at random, a couple of pieces of ore. Handing them to his companions, he observed, "This ought to pay you for your trouble in coming up here today." (When Tucker and Adamowski later had the samples assayed, the stuff priced out at $600 a ton.)

Above ground, Homer pointed to his two busy hoist men, who were raising the ore to the surface. They strolled over to two giant bins where, Homer explained, the ore was stored before shipment to the smelter.

Homer now dropped casual references to the oil waiting to surge from the bottomless booty of the Blossom. He indicated a point in the distance where a New York syndicate planned to build the casino, hotel and air-conditioned housing tract with a swimming pool in every backyard, water to be supplied, of course, from beneath the Blossom's surface.

"The former owners took hundreds of millions out of this mine," Homer told Tucker and Adamowski. "Then they abandoned it when they thought it was played out. But I gambled and sunk a shaft 100 feet deeper than the old one and hit it big!"

He now confided he was letting his two friends in on the deal because he needed more capital to turn the Blossom's present boomlet into a full-scale boom with three shifts clawing out the millions as in days of old.

By now manipulating them as he would a pair of puppets, Homer drove his two marks over to an eight-room house he maintained near the Blossom. "You fellows could probably use a drink. Besides, I want to show you the new smelting receipts."

Meantime, as soon as the dust from Homer's car had settled, all activity at the Blossom ceased. Homer's hired hands now gave themselves up to their real vocation—boozing. Homer had not only salted the mine with ore, but his "miners" were imported winos from Los Angeles, up for a healthy day in the desert to play their roles in his drama. Homer believed in putting on a good show.

From Homer's house, Tucker and Adamowski, by now drowned in dreams of golden wealth and gasping to invest in the Blossom, were moved on by their generous host to the nearby pleasure palaces of Las Vegas. Homer volunteered to supply wine, women and song.

As colorful and convincing as was Homer's stage-managed Drama At The Blossom, most investors never got the chance to view the spectacle—they were willing to take Homer's word for how rich he was going to make them.

Homer rounded up clients with bulging pockets by taking inexpensive ads in newspaper classified sections in various parts of the country. He also used a couple of professional steerers to feed him other clients. But more important, other stockholders told their friends. One woman, a fashion designer and innocent Judas goat, fed him more than $100,000 through her acquaintances. A doctor in Watsonville, California, told his friends and over a 16-year period personally contributed more than $70,000 to Homer's enterprises on a no-questions-asked basis. (Even at Homer's later trials the doctor refused to believe the charges against him.)

The con man's victims ranged from the naive to financial super-sophisticates. He took file clerks and stockbrokers, widows and bankers, parking lot attendants and professional speculators.

For the ego-oriented, he had another flawlessly executed dodge. If a mark was doubtful about investing, Homer invited him to a "board of directors" meeting, as artfully staged as the inspection trips to the Blossom. Homer rigged the phony board meetings to elect suckers to high office. His logic was appealing.

"Once you're a board member," Homer would reason, "you'll really be on the inside. You'll know exactly what's going on before we release the news to outsiders."

It worked every time. As soon as the investor bought in, the "board" (either some of Homer's steerers or other previously duped investors) voted him into office. Singlehandedly, Homer created more vice-presidents than Madison Avenue.

The price of Homer's shares was always fluid. He sold at anywhere from a penny to $1. But he packaged a deal more artfully than the House of Rothschild. He added "guaranteed returns" within 30-90 days. When the dividends failed to materialize, he often used this "temporary" situation as a wedge to go back to his investors to ask for more money. There were always unanticipated expenses—payroll, taxes, re-timbering, shipping charges to the smelter, blasting powder to dislodge a newly discovered vein.

He kept a huge ledger book labeled "Prospects," a list of more than 500 of his shareholders who were good for more than one score. In a six-year period, according to her own testimony, one retired Los Angeles school teacher gave Homer $14,000 in five separate transactions. "His excuse for needing the money each time always seemed so logical," she testified.

Homer not only sold his shares and promises of quick dividends, but he always threw in a percentage of the mine. He was habitually vague about how many outstanding shares there were in any of his properties, but in his contracts Homer blithely gave away any percentage his instinct told him it would take to part a sucker from his cash. In the Blossom alone, Homer probably sold in excess of 30,000 percent.

In the late 40's, with his Los Angeles branch flourishing, Homer left for Chicago. He'd already done thousands of dollars worth of business through the mails with Windy City customers. He'd also had encouraging correspondence from a Chicago broker who was ready to float an issue of 400,000 shares at $.50 per share in the Blossom.

Homer proved as persuasive in Chicago as elsewhere. His sales soared. But the sleuths of the Securities and Exchange Commission, who had been following his activities for some time with great interest, suddenly descended. An eight-count indictment, including mail fraud and violation of SEC regulations, was returned against him in Federal court. The SEC said Homer had picked the pockets of 39 investors who had sunk a total of $277,000 in five of his properties.

Homer promptly denied the charges, reassured his investors, prepared to do battle in court in his own defense, and went right on selling shares in the selfsame mining properties that were labeled phony in his indictment.

The government's witnesses were fascinating.

An engineer testified he had bought 1,150 shares at $.10 in Homer's five mines. After his purchase, he had been unable to pin Homer down on the promised dividends from his investment. An attractive widow said that a few days after she delivered $5,000 to Homer he appeared in a new car. She had advanced him a total of $36,000 in cash and securities. On one occasion, she gave him the deeds to three lots, which he used as collateral for bank loans. He failed to repay the loans and it cost her $7,625 to get back her deeds. On another occasion, she placed the title to her home in escrow to permit Homer to borrow $6,000 on the property. That time, it cost her $5,523 to get back her home.

A wholesale businessman testified he'd decided to invest after Homer assured him that a fresh uranium strike at the Blossom was worth, conservatively, $4 million.

The sheepish stockbroker came forth and admitted the pending underwriting of the Blossom.

Mining and geology experts discredited Homer's claim of a new uranium strike at the Blossom. They ridiculed his multi-mineral mirage of copper, gold, lead, nickel, etc. They stated flatly that there were no commercial ore reserves on any of Homer's properites.

Summing up, the government contended that Homer's mines were worked out, that some were caved-in and flooded at the time of the stock sales and that Homer lied when he claimed he had invested $75,000 of his own money in the properties.

Sitting grandly and imperturbably through it all as the government built its impressive case against him, Homer seemed not at all troubled. He called no witnesses on his own behalf, but charged four of the prosecution's witnesses had perjured themselves. He declared that his operations were legitimate and people had a right to invest with him if they chose to—a "free enterprise" defense that he was to use again and again.

The jury of six men and six women, free-enterprisers all, believed Homer. He was acquitted on all charges. In the jubilation after the verdict, the jury crowded around Homer to congratulate him. So jubilant were most of the jurors that to prove the faith and justice of their verdict, several pressed checks and cash on him for stock!

Back in Los Angeles, Homer waxed fatter and richer. He gave himself up to the good life. He had divorced two wives, but kept an attractive secretary in constant attendance at a year-round suite he maintained in a downtown hotel. He also took to traveling several months a year in the company of young and attractive ladies and he was a familiar figure at the Vegas gaming tables for years, making a great show of dropping thousands of an evening. He lost money like a man who had his own money machine.

His losses, of course, were easily replenished. He went right on selling stock to all comers. True, not all of his investors were completely happy with his management. Complaints drifted into the FBI, the Los Angeles Bunco Squad, the district attorney's office and the SEC. But the wily Homer was untouchable. He continued to operate brazenly in the open.

By 1954, Homer had won a reputation as an elder statesman of business. Clients now were coming to him, seeking his advice on how to handle their investments. One of them was William C. Hull, a wealthy Seattle plastics manufacturer, who had just sold his business and was looking for a new location in the Los Angeles vicinity. Friends had recommended that he look up Homer when he arrived in town.

Hull went to Homer's hotel, got him on the house phone and explained his problem. Could Homer find him a new factory? Homer said he was a mining man himself. He didn't know much about the plastics business but he'd see what he could do.

Before Homer ran down to the lobby to meet Hull, he'd put through a phone call to Seattle and found that Hull's references checked out. Homer and Hull hit it off at once. In a few moments, Homer was on the phone, trying to run down—without success—a contact in plastics for Hull.

"Have you ever thought about investing in mining stocks?" Homer asked.

"No," said Hull firmly, "I want to stick to a business I know."

Homer suggested that Hull accompany him on an exploratory trip to the Blossom. "No obligation, of course. But I want you to see this property with your own eyes."

By the time Hull had been given Homer's first-class tour, including the playlet at the Blossom, he had changed his mind. Hull decided to get his feet wet with a $3,000 flyer in the Blossom.

From Hull's point of view, the terms were heady. Homer gave him 30,000 shares in Searchlight Uranium and a guarantee of 10 percent of the smelting receipts from the Blossom's ore until a total of $6,000 was returned to him within a year. Homer told him that in a few months his 30,000 shares would be worth over $100,000. He also gave Hull a 60-day option to increase his holdings on the same basis for an additional investment of $5,000.

"The deal's too good to pass up," Hull admitted.

On the day the agreement was to be made final, Hull brought along his wife, Georgia, and a cashier's check made out in his name. Homer bowed in courtly fashion to the pretty Mrs. Hull as he accepted the check and turned over the contract and stock certificates. He examined the check with a practiced eye and told Hull he'd apparently forgotten to endorse it.

Hull, as he endorsed, told Homer it was a pleasure to do business with a man of his financial acumen.

"You'll never be sorry," he assured the Hulls, blowing the ink dry on the signature.

"By the way," Hull added, almost as an afterthought, "I'd like to give you one of my business cards."

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Homer smiled and glanced down at the card. It read, "Lieut. William C. Hull, Bunco Squad, Los Angeles Police Department."

"I knew there was something funny about you," Homer said, his composure quickly regained.

Hull walked to the door and opened it. In walked six officials, a pair of SEC men, a couple of patrolmen and two police photographers. Hull ordered a thorough search of the suite. In 45 minutes of examining Homer's files and records, over 1,000 incriminating documents were found and bundled off to headquarters.

Hull's undercover work (with the aid of the policewoman who had posed as his wife) resulted in a 14-count indictment against Homer—12 for grand theft, one attempted grand theft and one for selling stock without a permit, a violation of the California Corporate Securities Law. In addition, the district attorney's office had witnesses who would testify they had lost more than $100,000 to Homer over a nine-year period.

The law, the law thought, had finally nailed Homer Mills. Two extremely able deputy district attorneys, Fred N. Whichello and Herman Arterberry, were assigned to prepare the massive case against him. The D.A.'s men painstakingly sifted through the documents that Hull had commandeered. They drew large cardboard charts, matching the 200 exhibits they planned to introduce at Homer's trial against each of the counts.

Out on bail, Homer kept right on peddling stock in the Blossom. A mere 14-count indictment was not going to deter him. Homer, always congenial, took to dropping by the D.A.'s office as Whichello, Arterberry and Hull burned the midnight oil, putting the case in shape.

He'd take off his big Stetson, put his feet on the desk and light a cigar. He was cordiality itself and everything between the contenders was soon on a pleasant, first-name basis.

"Fred, you fellows are wasting your time. They tried to do this to me in Chicago. I'm afraid I'm going to beat you same as I did them."

"Now, Homer," Whichello said, "you have to admit we really have you this time."

Homer didn't for a moment agree. "Why don't you boys forget about trying me and buy some shares in the Blossom?"

"If we did, we'd use it as evidence," Whichello smiled.

Now glancing at Hull, Homer persevered. "Bill, you hold onto that stock I sold you. It'll make you a rich man. We're only two feet away from a vein of gold four feet thick."

The incongruity of pushing his stock at the men charged with putting him out of business apparently never occurred to Homer. Right up to his trial, he kept dropping by for friendly chats. Only when he couldn't wheedle a stock sale did he turn casually to the mounting series of charts the law men were building on him.

He would inspect the charts and blandly suggest ways of strengthening the State's case against him. He was still proud of his knowledge of the law and confident he would beat the rap in court.

Homer's preliminary hearing drew crowds of fascinated spectators. His distinguished long white locks combed down to his neck, his natty dress, his deference to the court gave him the aura of the persecuted underdog come to battle all the power of the state of California.

Homer's defense was brilliantly simple. He claimed Hull entered his suite without a search warrant and the ransacking of his quarters constituted illegal search and seizure. All the evidence against him therefore was inadmissible.

Thus armed, Homer took the hearing in municipal court in easy strides as Whichello paraded his phalanx of swindled investors, the crucial testimony of Hull and assorted assay and geology experts who removed any doubt of the quality of Homer's mines.

Homer again called no witnesses, though he had a legion of ever-faithful supporters who would at a mere nod troop eagerly into court to testify to his character and honesty.

Homer kept the proceedings humming. From behind his defense counsel's vantage, he gently badgered witnesses during his cross-examination. He even scolded a city payroll clerk—a woman who had lost $4,000 to him—for failing to pay an additional $1,000 he claimed she owed on their last transaction.

Homer was not above making witnesses appear ridiculous. Questioning one of his smaller investors, an aircraft inspector, he asked:

Q. Now, what did I tell you about the Blossom?

A. You said it was a rich mine, would make me a millionaire, and to get in on the ground floor.

Q. Make you a millionaire on a $2,000 investment?

A. That is what you said.

Q. Are you positive?

A. Yes, I am.

Even the judge smiled.

As the case dragged on through Superior Court, Homer spent what were probably the happiest days of his life, a heaven-sent opportunity to indulge both his law and mining enthusiasms. He'd thrust and parry with the prosecution through the morning and part of the afternoon. After court, he'd return to his hotel and close more deals for stock.

As would any sensible lawyer, Homer used every delaying tactic allowed him by the law. He filed a flurry of writs, petitions, motions and demurrers and caviled at the minutest details of the official reporter's transcript of the proceedings.

His trial finally ended in April 1956. He was convicted on 13 counts. Through it all, Homer held stoutly to his defense of illegal search and seizure and that he was offering investors an opportunity to reap the benefits of the free enterprise system. Despite the conviction, Homer was far from through.

In applying for bail at the conclusion of the trial, Homer drew an arch observation from Judge Bayard Rhone:

"I understand your son is in this outfit, General."

"The matter of bail gives me considerable concern because I don't want the defendant to be in a position where he raises the money by the sale of mining stock for which no permit has been issued."

Nevertheless, Homer got out on bail while his case went up for review before the State Appellate Court. The judge's worst fears were realized—Homer kept moving his stock. Thousands more poured into his pockets, assuring him of an adequate defense even if he wasn't saving money representing himself.

Once the Appellate Court began its review of Homer's conviction, the legal battle moved to the loftiest levels of jurisprudence. And Homer's faith in his illegal search and seizure defense was vindicated with the help of a landmark case the Appellate had decided a year earlier in which the conviction of bookmaker Charles H. Cahan had been set aside because evidence against him was obtained by police without a search warrant and with the aid of a hidden microphone. Up to that time, the Federal rule that admissible evidence must be obtained without violating Constitutional guarantees against unreasonable search and seizure did not apply in California courts.

But in ruling on Homer's conviction, the appeals court carried the Cahan precedent even further:

"It will be noted that Hull had in his possession all the knowledge and evidence he needed to make a case on the sale of the stock to him. He knew there was no corporate limit; he had the written contract of sale, the stock certificate and the check; he had a witness . . .

"So with respect to the crime for which Mills was arrested, Hull had no occasion to make any search whatever. He had no search warrant and it was not claimed Mills consented to the search.

"So all charges in counts 1-12 were gotten on illegal search and seizure. If the search and seizure were unlawful, the heart of the p.oof upon each count other than 14 was a fruit of the poisonous tree."

Homer had won a tremendous legal victory. He had pioneered and sustained the "fruit of the poisonous tree" doctrine in California. He had also forced the state to spell out and reaffirm the Federal rule on admissible evidence.

Homer came out of his legal jousting with the appeals court convicted on only one count, the minor violation of selling stock without a permit. And only by an eyelash did the court uphold even this one conviction. Homer claimed that his transaction with Hull fell within the exemption of the State Corporations Code, which allows a private sale of stock.

"Defendant's own testimony would have sustained a finding in his behalf on this issue, but it was disbelieved by the trial judge," the appellate said.

Homer immediately sent the case up to the Supreme Court, now turning all his legal ammunition against the police.

In his supporting brief to the High Court, Homer thundered: "It is not amiss to observe that it is just such conduct of these snooping, zealous, narrow-minded and interfering officers, with their supporting bureaus and commissions, which have made ghost towns of the West.

"To such an extent men have ceased to be free and independent. Have we reached the stage in this nation when free and independent men must get permission of someone in the police state before we can transact any private, innocent business?"

The appellate's reversal, meantime, had rocked the D.A.'s office. There had been a dozen unsuccessful attempts in 13 years to nab Homer, and it now seemed that his legal talents would again help him slip through the net. The D.A.'s men half-believed that the Supreme Court would uphold Homer. Moreover, even as they waited for the court ruling from Washington, D. C., a fresh flood of complaints flowed in, indicating Homer was back in business bigger than ever.

Wearily, investigator Robert H. Meng was assigned an undercover mission similar to Hull's. It took Meng two months to win Homer's confidence. He was joined by another investigator, Edwin A. Shrader, on the appointed day in a Hollywood restaurant to witness Meng's transfer of $2,500 to Homer for shares in the Clemantine Mine, a Barstow, Arizona, claim Homer was pushing at the moment.

Homer was re-arrested, tried again on grand theft and corporate securities violation.

"Business is based on confidence," declared Homer, by now outraged at the law's harassment. His statement to the court bristled with indignation.

"The vice of entrapment, practiced by officers sworn to uphold and defend the law, lies in the ugly and vicious efforts on their part to induce an otherwise innocent person to do something upon which such officers can make an arrest and proceed to prosecute him. This is a series of events of such gravity as to shock and offend civilized standards of decency and fairness."

Despite his eloquence, Homer was convicted in his second trial. And the Supreme Court ended his legal recourse by refusing to review his first conviction.

The state finally got him into a prison cell. After its costly, elaborate campaign to put him there, Homer spent less than nine months behind bars. He died in 1958, without regrets, perhaps the last man of the 20th century to advocate pure *laissez faire*.

Of his 71 years, a shade more than two were spent in jail. To the time of his death, Homer was still selling shares in the Blossom—to fellow cons.

—Walter Wagner

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The World of Gypsy Kings and Their Slave-Girl Queens

[*Continued from page 28*]

will literally love, honor, obey and support him. This Gypsy gem is obligated by the marriage ritual—which involves no civil papers in most cases—to supply any and all funds by means of clever schemes, pure guile and unadulterated larceny.

It is a revelation to spend an evening in the home of Micky Marko. We could play pinochle two hours without Trina speaking, because Micky had not spoken to her. Yet when they do speak together there is a tenderness and mutual concern not commonly found in *gajo* marriages. Adoration absolutely drips from her coal black eyes.

Micky Marko would shoot a happy glance at Trina through the steam of his fresh tea, and tease, "Now! Why the devil can't you make *bujo* like that Valda. There is a wife. There is an *agent!*"

A cast of embarrassment and self-deprecation falls on Trina's face. "You want a big agent, your father should buy you big agent," she says sadly. "Be thankful what you got."

"I only tease," says Micky.

"Don't tease like that," says Trina bitterly. "I do the best I can for you. I don't make the big *bujo*, I haven't got the gift. I do the best I can."

"You don't even pick the pocket," Micky rides.

"Ahh! I talk the money out and my tongue is good as a hundred fingers. You know that, why you kid me, Micky? I get it free hearted, I get plenty, and no beef. You see me in jail? Valda's in jail. You go see Valda in jail, kiss her for me, poor Valda."

In the evenings in the Marko living room, which was a room behind the *ofisa* or fortune-telling store, right off Broadway in New York, the conversation always turned sooner or later to Valda Adams, known, too, as Volga Adams and Volga Adamo. Micky would lounge there in his sultanic glory reflecting on the merits of the case, and whenever Trina would catch one out front, she would pass the money back—a five, a tenner, a twenty, maybe more.

"Ah, what a glorious score, that Friedman score," Micky would say in poetic voice, slipping into his most pretentious vocabulary. "One hundred eighteen thousand gees. That is worthwhile remuneration my friend. But Valda in jail, that's a fate too horrible to contemplate. If Valda was my agent, I would protect her. When Micky Marko makes an arrangement, an arrangement has been made. Valda would be free as a bird. Marko *arranges.*"

Periodically while we talked, Micky's 10-year-old son Mike or his 8-year-old Mary would scoot in, grab a fresh bunch of plastic flowers and hand Micky their flower money. Five and change, three and change. Micky would pat their heads, and off they'd go, gay and industriously alert, so unlike the *gajo* kids I'd seen moping unremuneratively around the television set.

"Here, Pop," said Mike one night as he handed over his loot. "Put it on the daily double, I gotta horse for you."

"What should I play, son?" said Micky.

"Two and three. I had a dream about two puppies and three cats." Mike dodged out into the street. "He's got a sense of humor," said Micky, sliding it off. "I give my kids self-reliance if nothing else. In the process of hawking some flowers they get a Ph.D. in psychology. How many kids you know can con a tenner for a five-cent celluloid petunia? Mike hits it regular, and Mary one time copped a twenty; the guy didn't even want the flower."

"Why don't they sell real flowers?"

"They wilt. The overhead ruins you," said Micky as we headed out to find a bookie.

It is most interesting of all to observe how the daughters of the men who have it made are gradually conditioned to the proper respect of their opposite gender. Within a few years, Micky's flower-selling daughter Mary would be hanging around the *ofisa* studying her fortune telling con, a con so sweet it makes a twenty get up and walk out of a pocket. Already Mary was making apprentice shop-lifting excursions to the local five-and-dime. Like other Gypsy girls she might graduate to the fur salons of leading department stores.

One typical evening at the Markos we simply sat around in back of the *ofisa* until Micky had 60 or 70 dollars, enough to put him into a respectable game in Paddy's Billiards over on Seventh Avenue. Trina was out front "winking them in" from the Broadway overflow crowds. She hit one, and handed Micky eight dollars. With an understandable lapse of character, she said, "You got the life, Micky."

But Micky rallied. "As God made you Trina," he soared, "God made Michelangelo to be Michelangelo. And as God made Mickey Mantle to be Mickey Mantle, God made Micky Marko to be the finest pool player the world has ever seen!"

"Oh, Micky," Trina purred. But in a dying flurry, she said, "But why do you always lose?"

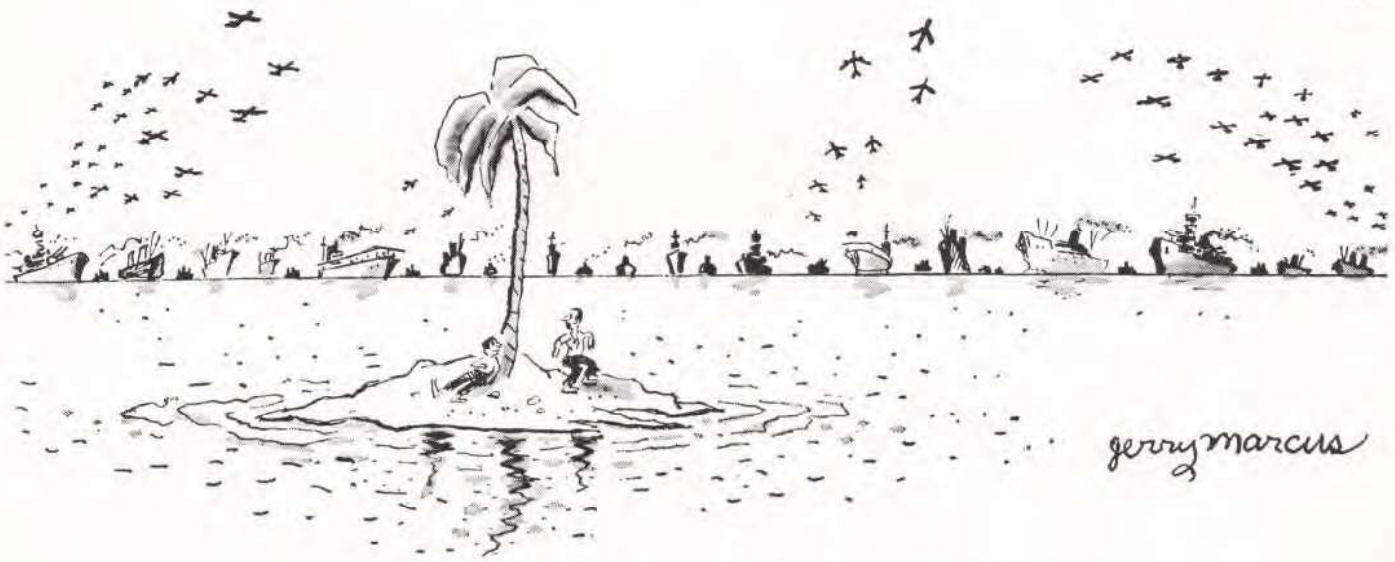
"I make bad games!" said Micky turning to go.

Little Mary had been listening. "Leave Daddy alone!" she snapped.

With cue stick in hand, Micky was actually a sucker for a hustle, and I often saw him drop a yard to a sharp. "That was a good hit, Joe," he'd say happily as the game ball dropped. "Never knew you could bank a ball so well." Micky seldom grumbled. "There's more where that came from," he'd say with his usual grin. And there was.

One night we were going toward Paddy's early, having picked up little Mary on Broadway. "You can't come," her father ordered pleasantly enough. "You haven't sold all your flowers. It is good for your character to learn to finish

TRUE



"Harry! What the heck did you write in that note you put in the bottle?"

MARCH—TRUE—EAST

what you start." Off she darted, and when we got to Paddy's she was by the door giggling and flowerless with a fistful of green. Micky pocketed the money and we went in.

Marko got into a tight game, and was down 40 and playing on his last fin, when I saw little Mary break out a well-worn deck of cards and ask a kibitzer if he wanted his fortune told. The mark gazed helplessly into the limpid black eyes of the conning child and nodded. "That'll be two dollars, sir, in advance," she said calmly.

An hour later, with Micky's game see-sawing dangerously, Mary broke in while he was appraising a tough shot, and handed him a roll of bills. There wasn't a straight face in the joint.

"What's that for?" said Micky, embarrassed. "I ain't broke *yet!*"

"Take it, take it," somebody yelled. "Should the kid have for a father a deadbeat?" Micky took the money, and lost that, too, but later he expressed his inward pride. Little Mary would someday be a really big agent, he confided, and when he sold her into marriage he would get top price, and the wedding would be the sensation of the Gypsy social season.

Back at the *ofisa,* Micky tucked Mary in bed. Later I asked if he ever told his kids bedtime stories. "When they're real small," he explained, "we tell them the story of Christ and the Gypsy. You know the old legend. The Roman soldier had a long spike they were going to drive through Christ's heart, but a Gypsy stole it. They beat him and beat him but he wouldn't tell where he hid the nail, and when Jesus was dying on the cross, he looked down on the Gypsy and said, 'Because of your courage, Gypsies will be allowed to roam the earth stealing whatever they wish.' "

"It is a lovely story," I said. "You don't believe it, do you, Micky?"

"I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not so superstitious. But there's a time, raising kids, when it comes in handy."

It was interesting to sit around with Marko and discuss the *gajo* concept of *work.* "Oh, you think I never worked!" he'd exclaim. "I worked my ass off when I was a kid in Chicago. I went around with a hammer banging out fenders. I also went around banging them *in.* You had to bang them in before you could charge the guy five bucks to bang them out. I gave up the racket. It was too tiring, and it was affecting my pool game. I was getting too muscular and my stroke was going to hell."

Micky's older son, Tony Marko, 20, would sit around with us playing pinochle and talking about his prospects in a *gajo* world. "Get a job?" he'd say unpleasantly. "What do I know how to do? I was spoiled when I was a kid, it ain't my fault, Pop would give me a C and send me to the track, I was 18. When I was 14, I had $200 suits. I had underwears, $2.50."

Micky put in, "Your mother was going very strong at the time."

"So you give me $50 and tell me have a soda?" Tony Marko went on. "You

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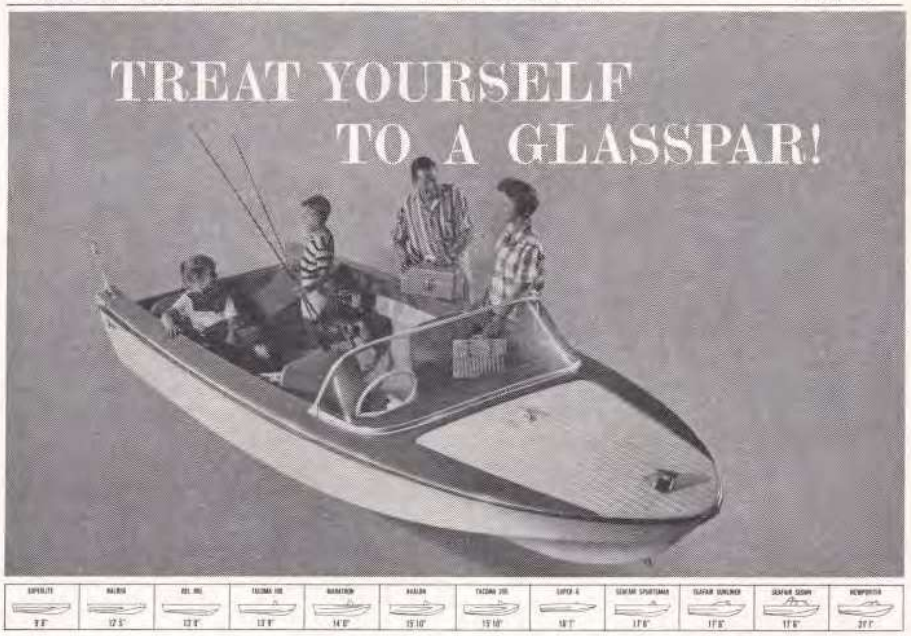

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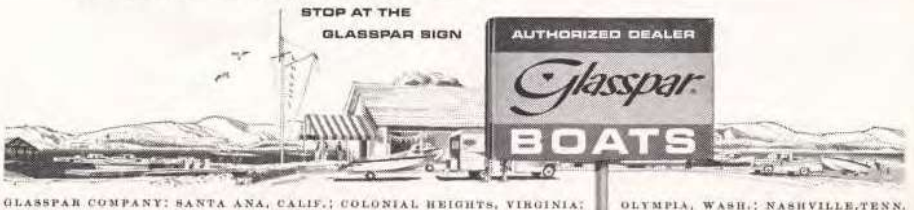

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"Hi, beautiful! Got a match?"

call that raising me to live like a gajo?"

"I wanted you to go to college and be somebody," Micky said sadly.

"I got a big agent, that's something," said Tony.

"I'll grant you that," said Micky. "God has been good to you in the agent department." Tony's wife, or agent as the Gypsies call a moneymaker, is Ruth, a top cannon or pickpocket. It was common to see her come in and hand Tony $150. Ruth is a shoplifter, too, and a class one, but she is inclined to complain about her lot. Once when the three of us were together, Tony, Ruth and myself, she blew her stack, a privilege to which she thought herself entitled because she had seduced Tony and had eloped with him, contrary to the Gypsy custom of wife-purchase. The majority of the sons of the men who have it made just tap dad on the shoulder and inform him they are ready for matrimony, whereupon he lays out around $3,000 for a clever, good-looking young girl who has little choice in the matter. Ruth was about to be wedded to a plug-ugly when she revolted, and handsome Tony got himself one of the biggest agents on the Eastern seaboard.

Ruth Marko, known colloquially among detectives as Big Tits Marko (she is lovely, 5 foot 2, and size 40!), operated out of an off-Broadway *ofisa* until she got "busted," and thereafter worked the street posing as a high-class call girl on her way to work. She'd brush off the wolves until someone approached her who looked heavily heeled. During the ensuing intimate conversation, her strong tiny fingers would proceed directly to the leather.

Ruth Marko liked to regale us with anecdotes of her thievery, but on the night in question, she was playing the prima donna, and upbraiding Tony for the beef that closed her *ofisa* in which, during a four-year period, she turned over a reputed $140,000.

"Why couldn't you fix that beef!" she demanded. "That sonofabitch Gore! (This in reference to confidence squad detective Al Gore who specializes in Gypsies.) You afraid of him?" Gore has since been made a sergeant and transferred to precinct duty, an event which caused a lot of jubilation among Gypsies.

"There's no fix in this town and you know it," said Tony calmly. He gave her a look which Gypsy women know is apt to precede a fast shot to the head, a practice which produces a state of absolute affection. Primitive? Yes. But Gypsy marriage is as enduring as granite. Ruth shifted the subject. "I won't be happy until we hit Chi," she said.

"We don't go to Chicago," said Tony, "until I get a new car."

"You hadda leave the old car in Illinois in that garage."

"It was busted," he said. "You gotta push, push, honey."

"I do the best I can," said Ruth with a pleasant smile. Then she went away to fix some tea.

I asked, "What year was the car you left in Illinois?"

"Sixty-one bird."

"It was *broken?*"

"Oh, gee, the transmission was shot to hell," Tony said absently.

The many nights spent with Micky, Tony, their women and their friends, produced revelation after revelation. For one thing, they considered "house" Gypsies and working Gypsies as degenerates, and for them there was no life but the life of big agents, big cars, big scores, and if nothing else, big stories. To the women, the man who worked was a *bum.*

Trina would say, "Micky, he got such nice soft hands. How you think it look for me, he have to go out spoil his hands working on some dirty job. Make me look no good, like I don't love him and take good care of him."

When the Friedman money-burning came into conversation, Trina invariably would say, "Oh, I don't make *bujo,* I know. Maybe I ain't the biggest agent in the world. But I'm a good mother, I cook so good, boy, Micky he never had a bellyache, we married 24 years. I keep the house nice, it ain't much of a house. I like the way he dresses, he buys me nice clothes and a nice car and takes me shows and Gypsy parties and funerals. He hardly ever hits me. He don't hit me too hard, only I don't deserve he hit me hard. We got a good marriage, him and me."

One by one, as these genuine Gypsy conversations fell on my ears, I was able to clear up some of the myths and overromanticizings about Gypsies. A great deal of curiosity and revived interest has been stirred up in recent years about this vital American minority, interest prodded by newspaper articles on huge swindles. According to the stories, a Gypsy fortune teller has succeeded in absconding with the life savings of a rich widow. The average reader of such stories is apt to write them off to exaggeration, but it is clear from the crosscurrents of Gypsy conversation that there is an ever-abundant supply of rich, doddering and superstitious females ready and willing to cart their green down to the *ofisa* to have it *decursed.* Thus the scene is set for a *bujo,* or bag switch, more of which later.

Most Americans are apt to think of Gypsies as harmless tealeaf readers or fortune tellers, or as sensational violin players whose keening in the ears of your love will assure her seduction. Well, Gypsies tell a lot of fortunes, and the Hungarian Gypsies include some fierce fiddlers, and there are, in fact, among the guessed at 20,000 American Gypsies plenty of hard-working job holders, but the fact of the matter is that the hard core contains a passel of hard conners and hard stealers.

If we *gajos* have been prone to romanticize the Gypsy, he's just as romantic and myth-taken about himself. For instance, it's well established that Gypsies are of Hindu origin and that they migrated westward toward Europe from Northern India about 1000 A.D. (Pretty much scotching the Christ-and-nail saga.) This fact is pinned down by analysis of the Gypsy language, called Romany (*rom* is Gypsy for *man*). When Romany, has been cleared of middle-European acquisitions, its roots match a northern India dialect in use around the turn of the first century. Romany is a guttural, emotional language of great charm and limited vocabulary. It is a language entirely unwritten by Gypsies, who continue to pass it from tongue to ear the way all popular language was passed in olden times.

When I had been accepted by the Markos and their friends, they would try to shower me with hand-me-down

Gypsy facts. "Do you know where we come from?" a Gypsy would challenge. "India," I would say. "Oh, no, *Egypt*. Gypsy comes from Egypt, anybody knows that. You said you were a writer, you are not so smart, Mister Writer."

It would be useless to argue. In early times, the Gypsies moved through Asia Minor into southern Europe. They thatched and tinkered, they made music and they stole, and they moved on, keeping their law, trying their own criminals, enforcing their code against intermarriage, and taking little more from the cultures around them than a few words of language, a smattering of Eastern Orthodox Christianity, and a great deal of abuse. Eventually the wandering bands reached the British Isles, where they were considered Egyptians, and given high places as dancers, musicians and palmists, as long as they kept moving. From "Egyptian" came Gypsy, and from Gypsy, *gyp*. This matter of gypping got on the nerves of the Scotch, who do *not* love to be fooled, and around 1775, they made an object lesson of one band by deporting them lock, stock and crystal ball to America. We have been absorbing Gypsies ever since, and as our supply of rich widows is on the upswing, will probably absorb a lot more.

Before immigration quotas were set up, every famine or persecution in Europe squeezed a few more Gypsies in our direction. The 1880's was a big Gypsy decade, and World War II brought many. A common route has been via Brazil, Argentina or Mexico. It is extremely difficult to determine just how many Gypsies we have today, though. When census takers actually catch up with a Gypsy family, they register under their national origin, so no official total is possible.

But there is a primitive history of sorts. Patriarchs and tribal kings and old mamas claim to know every Gypsy in America. This is a bold claim, since informed estimates range upward from 20,000. (We'd have thousands more here if Hitler hadn't purged European Gypsies. He killed 40,000 in Auschwitz alone. Gypsies are remarkably philosophical about these persecutions, and do not grieve in the style of the Jews. They will tell you, straight-faced, that the Gypsies were the only people Hitler regretted killing because they made him so happy with their singing and dancing.)

Anyhow, in the matter of estimating U.S. Gypsy population, you take it with a grain of salt that an elderly Gypsy could know every other Gypsy, until you listen to a family of wanderers who have dropped in on the Markos. They absolutely box the compass with gossip, spewing out hundreds of names, dates, places in rapid fire chatter, cross-checking stories, their expressions revealing that every fact is being carefully registered. Micky Marko does not claim to know every Gypsy in America, but he will give careful estimates of population in a hundred cities and regions, family by family, and he hits around 20,000. He states that notorious Hunky Marko, who is now cooling in Los Angeles, having been declared personna non grata

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in New York and Chicago, has been known, on a bet, to rattle off the full names of living Gypsies for three hours straight, until hushed, and I myself have encouraged a Gypsy woman to play telephone book for half an hour, running names into the hundred with utter familiarity.

This is all the more remarkable, despite their diehard clannishness, because half the Gypsy population is as nomadic as ever, moving with the weather and the law, moving by car and house trailer, by bus and even by plane. Some of the big scores in *bujo* today require jet escape, and the destination may be Vienna, Paris or Rio. One factor in the increase in scores is that the fortune tellers are no longer afraid to manipulate mentally unstable marks, having mastered enough modern psychology to know which are dangerous and which will pay off. In the past, they stuck to the genuinely superstitious. But the New York Pickpocket and Confidence Squad has been fighting the hard fight, and has succeeded in putting "for rent" signs in the windows of more than 100 *ofisas* in the last two years. This has been the handiwork of squad chief, Lt. Neil Behan, and his former ace aid, Allen Gore, who had learned to speak the language. To get both sides of the Gypsy story, I decided to pay these gentlemen a call, and in fairness, I told Micky Marko.

"Yoy!" he yelped.

"Relax," I said. "You knew I might do an article and I promised not to use your real names. I won't tell them anything. You'll get a cut of my fee, besides."

"The heat's on us. I can use the money."

"Sure, sure."

"No kidding," said Marko sadly. "You wouldn't believe it. All these goody-goody campaigns, we're pressed. We just move on. Hooray for the open road. Ah, this was a great pool town. Listen, Red, cut me in, thanks, but be careful what you write. We're human like anybody, we're not all a bunch of cutthroats, you know that."

"I always said you were the finest pool player on Seventh," I said.

"Say hello to Mister Gore for me," said Micky Marko.

Lt. Neil Behan is a dedicated, intense and friendly crusader against crime. "There are some wonderful Gypsies," he said to me across his neatly kept desk. "There are some honest Gypsies, too. But we mustn't have writers continually romanticizing them, writers who refuse to look at the facts."

As we talked Al Gore came into the office. An athletic Irisher in his 30's, he moves with a sleuthy bounce, like a quarter-back tailing a pickpocket through a Times Square crowd. He picked it up where Behan left off.

"As you were saying, sir, right! The Gypsy fellow lives off his woman, they have a few kids, and times change. Like Joe and Tessie Brown. She made *bujo* for several grand and we've got warrants. They're in the States awhile, we get on them, they jet to Europe. The Paris police are on them, and they jet to London, then they try New York again. Interpol will be working the case!" Gore said triumphantly, referring to the International Police agency. "Times have changed. Used to be they could pick a few pockets, read some palms, and scoot to the next township. Now they're jumping around like fleas on a dog."

"Micky Marko sends his love," I said. "I think he's going to be doing some jumping, too." Behan and Gore smiled at the name Marko, and later Gore picked up the Gypsy story over hamburgers in a joint around the corner from headquarters.

"I suppose Marko talks himself lily white," he said, "but I'll tell you one thing, the *ofisa* swindles were so thick around this town a few years ago that Bill Slocum ran a series of stories in the New York *Mirror* exposing the situation. An army of Gypsies turned up at the *Mirror* demanding retractions. All they lost out of the building was one typewriter, they got off easy, or so I heard it."

Gore went on to clarify the matter of Gypsy society. The groundwork was laid by the late Daniel J. Campion during his days as P and C Squad chief, and it was Campion who trained Behan and Gore, who speaks the language as Campion did.

"You will read in the papers time to time, the king of the gypsies died," said Gore. "There isn't any king. They never get that organized. What they call a king is the patriarch of a particular tribe, or the leader of a band within a tribe. He calls *himself* the king to his followers, he tells all the junior reporters he's the king, they write it that way, it's a better story. He dies, the king died."

Al Gore was willing to be tolerantly sociological about Gypsies, but only up to a point. "Why shouldn't a Gypsy work like anybody else?" he asked. "Look. When I'm breaking in, I get a DOA, dead on arrival, I mean, when *I* arrive on the scene. Like, this gent is dead in his room two weeks before I get there. When I get home, my wife throws me out. I should change in the basement and throw my clothes away, the way the smell clings. So why do I want to hear excuses about why Gypsies should be allowed to steal for a living?

"Take Valda Adams. How can you tolerate larceny like that. $118,000! She made that *bujo* in sections, in the late 1950's, and then she took off to Alabama with her husband Blackie. With some help from the FBI I tracked them there, but the governor refused to extradite."

"How did you get onto the Friedman money-burning?" I asked.

TRUE

"Private George Richardson of camouflage reporting, Sir."

"The hows and whys of that will tell you a lot about Gypsies," said Gore, laughing. "Hunky Petro tipped us. The Petros were having a big wedding down on Mott Street, back in 1959. Hunky was there when I dropped in just to be sociable, they were marrying off a couple of teenagers, very cute. I like weddings. Before I could say *boo*, half the women dive out the windows and hide in the garbage cans. You never saw such a collection of guilty consciences in your life; the Petro gals thought I was going to make a pinch. But the men didn't move a muscle. Hunky looks at me with daggers and he says, 'Gore, you nosy cop, you want to know a bunch of real thieves and stop spoiling things for us Petros, you go talk to Blackie Adams, Valda's squeezing a big one. Leave us hardworking Petros alone."

Detective Gore wrote this down in his head. Hunky was a well known fink, and sometimes a truthful fink. For some reason he was teed off at the Adams, and

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when his vengeance is overwrought, look out. (Hunky once framed a rival by shooting his own daughter in the arm with a .22 pistol and getting her to finger the enemy. It is told that when he once caught a *gajo* chasing a daughter, he tied him up in the basement and spent a couple of hours teasing tiny strips of flesh out of his back with the tip of a pocketknife.) In any event, Gore took heed of Hunky and staked out Valda Adams' *ofisa*, and sure enough, there was a well-dressed matron visiting the palm shop regularly. Gore put a tail on her, and she turned into Mrs. Frances Friedman, a wealthy West Side widow. For weeks the stakeout continued, and when Blackie Adams went out to buy a new garbage can, the detective crouched to spring. There was going to be a "money-burning."

The Gypsy approach, you see, to the miseries and uncertainties of old age and widowhood is that money is the root of all evil. The average rich widow is a hypochondriac, and a lonely one; she consorts with Gypsy mama for reasons of palmistry and personal comfort, and once rapport has been established, it is not difficult for the Gypsy to lead the victim to believe there is a curse on her money, and that if the money goes, the health of her internal organs will return. Mrs. Friedman received several treatments, over a period of more than a year. The total bill was $118,000.

"We nearly caught her in the act," Gore remembered, "but she juggled her appointment, and they skipped under our noses. We found them in Alabama and they refused to extradite. In 1962, Blackie took Valda and the two kids to Miami to set up an *ofisa* and we had them!"

"Would you like to know what Micky Marko said?" I asked.

"I sure would," said Gore. "Valda's right here in Manhattan awaiting trial. You wouldn't do any harm telling me, just hearsay."

"Micky's wife Trina talked to Valda while the *bujo* was going on. Valda really liked that woman; she believed she was helping her. Another Gypsy who knows the Markos was in the Tombs with Valda. Valda told her, when she touched the last package of money, when she made the switch and then burned the bag of newspaper, a terrible thrill went through her, and she knew the curse was passing from the money into her, and she would be caught.

"And Valda agreed to run away with Blackie, but she really wanted to keep in touch with Mrs. Friedman, but Blackie wouldn't let her. They lived in a motel in Alabama. Blackie bought two cars, and spent money like water. Valda made a garden behind the motel and raised tomatoes. Finally she agreed to go to Miami to try to raise more money; the profits of the big *bujo* were almost gone."

Many months passed without the case of Valda Adams coming to trial; one postponement after another. For example, it seemed her lawyer had a conflicting trial in New England. Would the judge kindly put the case on ice awhile longer? He would.

The Gypsies gathered in the poolrooms, or in the Wagon Wheel Bar drinking beer of an evening, kibitzing the Adams-Friedman matter, waiting for their agents to finish work. Most of the *ofisas* had been closed, but the women who knew the art were picking pockets in the streets.

"The trouble with this life," said an aging Romany, "is that when you want to have a good time, your woman is working." He said this with true hurt, because Gypsies are almost uniformly faithful.

"At least she's not in jail like Valda," said Micky Marko.

"In jail she's been," he said. "I tell you, every moment of confinement I suffer myself, just like her. I tell her that. My love, I say, I have the cold iron bars right in my hands like you, every minute. I could not convince her. Sometimes it is too bad women are so much stupider than men, sometimes you really want to get something across."

We were in Paddy's Billiards one night, and Micky Marko holding forth in his chair by the pool table threw a bright crosslight on the matter of Friedman, and of Gypsy thievery generally. "The function of Gypsies in society," he boomed, "is to save *gajos* from the moneyitis that is the death of the spirit. How can you sing the song of the open road, the blessed song of freedom, with a bag of gold around your neck?" Then he swung from ethics to a revitalized legal inter-

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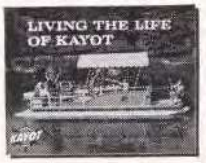

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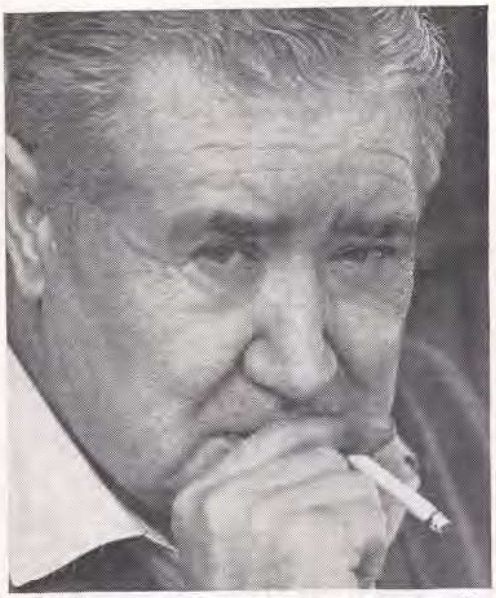

"YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME DOING THIS AGAIN," says Reynolds. Photograph was taken a few months before the author gave up smoking.

It's hard for a writer to GIVE UP SMOKING

Here's how I cut from 4 packs to 0 in 5 days

by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

A SURGEON can't very well operate with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth. When counsel addresses the jury, he doesn't stop for an occasional puff. But it's easy for a writer to smoke at his typewriter. In fact, I'd say that excessive smoking may well be one of the peculiarities of the craft.

I know that I smoked for thirty years—4 or 5 packs a day. I didn't think there was any easy way to stop. Then something happened!

Some time ago I was flying to Louisville with a few friends. A horse called Chateaugay was about to surprise us by walking away with the Derby. In the group was a friend of mine who doubles as my doctor. After listening to me hold forth for about twenty minutes on why Candy Spots was a shoo in, he said, "Quent, what's the matter with your voice?" I realized then that for some time I had been getting more and more hoarse and gravelly. "I'm going to have a look at that throat when we get back to New York," said the doctor.

A few days later I heard his verdict. "That throat of yours is as red as a maraschino cherry," he told me. "No more smoking for you!"

I dare say thousands have faced the same problem, but I still say it's harder for a writer to give up smoking than for anyone else. Fortunately, I have a secretary who is notably resourceful. She had heard about a little white pill called Bantron which has helped people all over the world to stop smoking. She got me a box. And in just 5 days, taking one of these little pills after every meal, I gave up smoking entirely.

I had absolutely no withdrawal pangs. Stopping was easier than I ever expected. Bantron didn't affect my taste in any way. It didn't even make me dislike smoking. It just removed the craving. I was so impressed that I became a kind of crusader. I wanted everybody who needed to stop smoking to hear about Bantron. I made some inquiries and found that it had an interesting, even dramatic, background.

The Bantron formula was discovered by doctors in the research department of Chicago's Loyola University. Its active ingredient is lobeline sulphate. Lobeline sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant, sometimes called Indian Tobacco. Hundreds of years ago the Indians, when they couldn't get tobacco, used to smoke the leaves and pretty blue flowers of this plant as a substitute. The extract is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action without being habit forming. The lobeline acts by displacing the nicotine in the system and helps curb the desire for tobacco.

So startling were the first results obtained with this little pill that further investigation was carried on. For months the research team carefully tested it on hundreds of people. The results showed that 83%—more than 4 out of 5 of all people who wanted to stop smoking—did so easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with its help. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

The discovery of the Bantron formula was reported in medical journals and newspapers all over the world. It was granted a patent by the United States Government. People everywhere who desired to stop smoking wanted to know how they could get this new pill. The Campana Corporation of Batavia, Illinois, was chosen to market it. Bantron is now being sold in over 14 countries.

My own experience with Bantron had an interesting aftermath. At the time, I was doing the commentary on a new series of films about World War II that were being produced in Hollywood. After Bantron had helped me stop smoking, I went back to Hollywood to finish the series. But alas—I had a new voice. It wasn't like my old voice at all. It was so much clearer and better. The difference was so striking that in the upshot they had to do the whole of the first part of the series over.

Because of what it did for me, I am a firm believer in Bantron. If you have a smoking problem, try this amazing little pill. It really works! Bantron® is so safe when taken as directed, that you can get it in the United States and Canada at all drug stores without a prescription.

pretation. "Forget what you read in the papers, fellows. This Mrs. Friedman was miserable with that money. I'm an enlightened Americanized Marko, only there might as well have been a curse on the loot, it was making her so sick-miserable. So she decides the thing to do is get rid of the money, and Valda Adams is kind enough to help." (chorus of laughter) "Now you gotta see Valda's point. She is willing, but in our nation it is illegal to deface or willfully destroy U.S. currency. But Mrs. Friedman is so distraught with the prospect of dying of cancer due to the curse on the money, that Valda is unwilling to upset her with a discussion of such a technicality. The important thing is to help the poor woman get rid of the evil money. Which she did. Now I ask you, gentlemen of the jury, is that a crime?"

Old Tom O'Reilly happened to be present, O'Reilly who in his heyday ran a speak on 47th Street, with a six-man band no less, "when Leone's Restaurant was six tables in a basement next door."

"That is a delicate point of law," says O'Reilly to Marko knowingly. He wrinkles his face elegantly and says, "But I tell you what AR would say." Tom righthanded for Arnold Rothstein for many years, and claims to know who shot him, but won't say. This makes him an expert on anything.

"What would AR say?" says Marko impatiently.

"He'd say, you don't hijack 118 G's off anybody without takin' the boys to tea. Hell, when I was running the gambling end for AR and we needed some protection for the swank crowds we was getting, I just call headquarters and they send over a couple of bicycle cops, pedaling fast. Them were the days."

Marko heaved out of his chair. He was closing shop. Around the corner in a coffee bar, he said, "We could come back two days later and O'Reilly would still be yapping about the Rothstein days. This big case with Valda is right here and now, it's grand-grand larceny, and the future of Gypsies is at stake. For one thing, if the captain got taken to tea, Valda wouldn't be extradited here and coming to trial. For another, I say no crime was committed, no crime whatever. And me, I know Valda personally."

Marko proceeded to outline an interesting concept of non-crime. "You give ten grand to some church, you figure it increases your chance of going to heaven," he said intensely, letting undertones of the guttural Romany language put a growly edge on his words. "In a manner of speaking, you figure you have bought off the Almighty, and you are happier. But could you go in any court of law and prove such a person got something for that money? You give it freely and take your chances. Is that against the law? No. Now how is Valda any different? Could you prove she doesn't have the pipeline? She sincerely believes she has the pipeline, she sincerely believes she has a purpose to relieve certain people of financial burdens on this earth. What is the difference, you shell to the Baptists or Valda Adams? Furthermore, it is against American law to burn the

money as Friedman wishes, so Valda makes a switch and burns some old papers. What do you want, she should commit a crime against the U.S. Treasury?"

As it turned out, Valda Adams served 22 months in jail for her part in the big *bujo*. Her trial took seven weeks and the jury couldn't agree on a verdict. But Valda was unable to raise the $25,000 bail and was kept languishing in the pokey while her second trial was postponed and postponed and postponed. Finally, she pleaded guilty to one count of second degree grand larceny and went out on parole. What actually happened to the $118,000 has never been determined but rumor has it that a large percentage remained in the sovereign state of Alabama which refused to extradite.

Micky Marko had left town long before Valda got sprung. But before his departure he found time to favor me with a few, final pessimistic words about the future of Gypsies.

"I tell you, times are changing," he said. "I don't know what's in it for us Gypsies. We dodge from city to city. You have to pretend you want to open a fruit store in order to rent an *ofisa*. That's dishonest. Or you have to feud with rival Gypsies to get an *ofisa* in good territory. Like Detroit, the Stanleys have got Detroit, and the Williams have got Frisco. Ah, the old days. The caravan days. Campfires, any farmer would let you pull the wagons off on to his land. We went house to house mending pots. We had a mitt camp, a little harmless fortune telling. Then comes the Depression. I knew of only one Gypsy who met the Depression head on and won. He would go into a bank with a thousand dollar bill and ask for ten C's. He'd rummage around and change his mind and give nine back. He was so good at it he kept 30 Gypsies in food and clothing. He was caught in Alexandria, Virginia, and did four years for bank robbery in the Federal pen.

"The Depression and the war, Gypsies spent more and more time in cities, you die in cities. In cities the *bujo* flourished. I remember my aunt, she made *bujo*. She was terrific, Sadie. I would get her the chicken. The sucker brings in a tenner, for a test. Sadie puts the ten-spot on the rug and I hand her the chicken, a live chicken. Sadie holds the chicken over the bill and sets it down and asks the sucker to touch the chicken. The sucker touches the chicken and the chicken drops dead. Boom! Yoy, is there a curse on that money. The next day the sucker is in there with a wheelbarrow."

"Why does the chicken drop dead?" I asked, mystified.

"Sadie crushed its ribs with her fingertips."

"What was that pipeline to heaven crap you told me before?" I asked.

"Oh, I get carried away sometimes," Micky Marko blushed. . . .

Micky Marko is gone from our town. He and his own are in Chi.

The story I heard, his daughter-in-law dipped a big one on Broadway, a Mafia or somebody equally loaded. So Ruth Marko bought Tony Marko the new car he wanted, probably a Cadillac, and all the Markos piled in and left town and that was that.

I went by the *ofisa* and found an empty store with a single strand of forgotten gauzy lace dancing in the breeze of an unattended electric fan. It had been a hasty departure.

In the great cities of our land, Micky Marko and the men who have it made are fighting to maintain their way of life. Would it be too much for law enforcement people to understand if, with tactfully subdued cheers, we root them home?

—Dale Shaw

Taxax: People vs. Politicians

[*Continued from page* 53]

Well, that was 26 years ago—and here we are reading the newspaper reports of what happened as a result of the State Investigation Commission's probe of bookmaking in Westchester County: cops admitting they're on the take, high police officers acknowledging the receipt of "gifts," angry cops telling how they were kicked around by their commanders because they tried to uphold the law and do something about bookies, and Jacob Grumet, a member of the commission, saying: "People don't stop to realize that this betting feeds the underworld with money and power, and that that money and power is used to corrupt public officials."

"How can you expect a community to get exercised over gambling?" asked the Rev. David Coleman of the Salem Baptist Church in New Rochelle, "when a so-called constructive organization like the Parent-Teacher Association promotes gambling?"

He explained how just recently children from Trinity Public School were urged by the PTA to sell raffle tickets—and one of the prizes to be given was a basket of booze.

Churches and fraternal organizations, civic groups and even Boy Scout troops hold raffles and lotteries. They're all for worthy causes, to be sure, but they're *gambling*. And how hypocritical is the law that says we can go to a race track, pay for admission, and then bet ourselves blind and poverty stricken—but that we can't bet if we don't go to the track?

I think that TRUE's TAXAX plan, which calls for legalization of off-track betting, a national lottery, Monte Carlo-type casinos and the diversion of millions of dollars from the underworld into state and federal treasuries in tax payments, is ideal. Its enactment is long overdue.

Aren't we ever going to learn that gambling laws can't be enforced any more than prohibition laws? People want to gamble and they won't be denied. But why should we cling to statutes that force them to break the law every time they want to make a bet, and, at the same time, enrich thousands of racketeers, gangsters and crooked cops and politicians?

—Norton Mockridge

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Sure, and in our April issue, it's Irish girleens like the lass here, not to mention the fabulous new "Irish Martini" in honor of St. Pat's. There's that broth of a boy, Joey Bishop. There's David Brown, husband of that Helen Gurley Brown, author of "Sex And The Single Girl," with a man's eye view on the situation. The new gatefold feature—largest on the stands—has a beauteous travel agent beguiling us as Miss April Weekend. There's Cheryl Powers, the most spectacular girl on the European stage, in a most spectacular appearance. And of course, Cavalier's monthly menu of lively articles, memorable fiction, crackling humor, and everything that is *courant* for the new man in a new world.

Cavalier

Bag Next Year's Buck Today

[*Continued from page* 51]

Many men living in large cities say they can't find a place to shoot (though this situation is improving). Or they say the ammunition costs too much. Ammunition for a big-game rifle does cost from $18 to $24 per 100. Even so, I think a man is well advised to buy at least 100 rounds a year and use most of it in practice. And if cost is a serious factor, there is nothing wrong with practicing with a .22 or even a rifled pellet gun.

There is something else the deer hunter can do—something that all serious target shooters do—that costs nothing. This is called "dry" firing: aiming and letting off the trigger of an empty rifle. A man can learn most of what he needs to know about shooting a rifle and keep pretty well in practice by dry firing in his house or back yard.

For the prime skill of a rifle shooter is control of the trigger, which can only be learned by practice.

The novice trying to get a shot off when his sights are on the target usually yanks the trigger. This spoils the shot. And he commonly flinches, which can be just as bad.

It is often assumed that a man flinches because he is afraid of the noise and recoil of the rifle in firing. This can be the case. But you can flinch just as badly when dry firing, believe it or not—when you *know* there'll be no noise or kick.

You squeeze a trigger while aiming at a mark with an empty rifle and unless you are a practiced shot you will see the sight jump off as the hammer or the firing pin falls. Everyone flinches sometimes, especially in the offhand position. This is a natural reaction to putting pressure on a trigger that suddenly lets go. The tendency to flinch can be overcome by practice—at least to the extent of not flinching either much or often.

The control of the trigger is so important that I think a beginner should do his first dry firing—and his first actual shooting—from a rest. That way the wobble of the sight on the target will be so minimized that the shooter can concentrate on the trigger let-off. When he has learned to control the trigger, he can go successively to the prone, sitting and finally the offhand position, the toughest in shooting but one often used in hunting.

All these positions will come easy with dry-firing practice. And as they become familiar, you find yourself letting off the trigger faster and with more confidence. Now you'll find the transition to actual firing an easy one.

And when you draw a bead on a buck, you'll be able to taste the gravy before you pull the trigger. —**Lucian Cary**

TRUE

"If we get separated, we'll meet back in Cedar Rapids."

Salt-Water Fish Get Fresh

[*Continued from page* 35]

considered one of the sportiest and most delicious of marine game and commercial fish, one of salt water's greats. These fish had been placed in Imperial as 4-inch fingerlings, had grown in less than three years to proportions far outstripping anything known in their native habitat for that short time: an astonishing 30 inches and an estimated 17 pounds!

I saw test-net records from Red Bluff Reservoir, farther west on the Texas-New Mexico border, of redfish grown in a mere five months from fingerling size to almost two pounds, another of 7¼ pounds in 20 months, and one recaptured at Imperial that zoomed to over 12 pounds in two and a half years. Casa Blanca Lake near Laredo was also sustaining channel bass. Golden croakers from the Gulf had made the grade in Imperial, and perhaps most astonishing of all, Gulf shrimp were positively known to have still been alive and healthy in west Texas months after transplantation.

Like most world-changing ideas, this one stemmed from a basically simple thesis. I sat in Larry Campbell's office at San Angelo, Texas, headquarters for Region 1 of the Texas Fish & Game Commission, and had it explained to me. Larry is a wiry, intense, cards-on-the-table kind, with a burning desire to do a bang-up job of fisheries management in a chunk of the U.S. that should be about as discouraging to a fisheries biologist as the Sahara.

"Most people," he said, gesturing with spread hands, "think of water as either salt, or fresh. That's a misconception. Generally speaking, 'fresh' waters are simply those with small and varying degrees of saltiness. Most people also think only black and white about fish, too. There are, they say, salt-water fish, and fresh-water fish. That's not wholly true."

My own broad fishing experience had taught me that some fresh-water species with access to rivers emptying into salt-water are able to survive rather well in the brackish in-between zone, and vice versa. Also, it is well known that some salt-water species—such as striped bass, smelt, salmon—run up fresh-water coastal streams to spawn. In fact, some of these in past centuries have become landlocked, and have thus launched new fresh-water races of their kind. Examples are Atlantic salmon and smelt.

In late years the striped bass has caused a great stir because it became landlocked in South Carolina and continued to survive. Numerous states—Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Oklahoma, and Texas, too—have now transplanted stripers to their big impoundments, hoping to start a dynamic new sport fish that will roam open waters and cut down the population of the troublesome, superprolific forage species native to most such waters, the gizzard shad.

"But," Larry continued, "it was never deemed very reasonable that an ocean fish, I mean, a species strictly of salt water that lives, spawns, and dies without ever experiencing a so-called fresh-water environment, could survive permanently in one. I believe we were the first people to wonder seriously about this, and not just for pure-research reasons. We had problems that sparked it."

A few years ago, Texas fish biologists had begun to ponder what to do about a number of Texas impoundments where the standard fresh-water sport fish, such as black bass had a most difficult time trying to survive. These so-called "fresh" waters were, as are hundreds of others throughout the U.S., rather highly saline. And, as is true in many places where such waters exist, the areas where they were located were water-poor. Local residents had to go far for good fishing.

"In such places," Larry said with his infectious Scotch grin, "we had nothing to lose no matter what we tried, for we had damn little to start with. Out here in west Texas, particularly, *anything* you can find that can live and grow puts you ahead of the game."

Worthless rough fish like gars do all right. But species such as black bass can make it only during the good years. In drought years, which most of them are, water levels drop, salinity rises, and the fish, unable to tolerate it, turn up their fins.

Lake Kemp, west of Wichita Falls, was the first lake tried with salt-water species. The Big Wichita River which feeds Kemp, has its headwaters in a region of soft rock that seeps large quantities of dissolved salts into the stream. With great difficulty, a few young channel bass were collected on the Gulf coast and transplanted in Kemp. By 1957 some 1,400 of these, plus a scattering of spotted weakfish, or sea trout, entered the lake. So did a truckload of blue crabs from the Gulf. As late as 1960, reports were still coming in that the crabs had survived. This was interesting, but that news was overshadowed by lack of any reliable reports on recapture of fish. It was a big piece of water to work with, and no determined attempts were made toward recapture by department personnel for fear of harming fish that might possibly be spawn-ready. Consequently, the Kemp trial just sort of petered out.

"We got interested in the idea for west Texas," Larry told me one day as

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he and Norrel Wallace and I rode across the bleak country toward Imperial, "because the only waters we had out here were just about worthless for sport fishing." Larry gets steamed up when he visualizes future possibilities. "Picture a guy out here who never has caught anything but a sorry old gar or buffalo. Suddenly he latches onto a 15-pound red that tears hell out of things. He'll talk about that one till next year!"

I inquired about the salinity of Imperial and Red Bluff as compared to the world's oceans. It is much lower. But salinity fluctuates, Larry emphasized, with the weather. Evaporation, drawdowns of water for irrigation, extended dry periods, sudden rains, raise or lower it. These lakes, and many others in various parts of the U.S., are in a category from roughly a tenth to half as saline as average sea water.

There were, it seems, a million obstacles to getting started. Texas Gulf Coast weather is mercurial, and mostly bad. Crews attempted with small-mesh seines to capture fingerlings. The goal was 5,000, and the species selected were redfish, flounder, sea trout and golden croakers. But adverse weather raised hob.

The "take" wound up at a paltry 1,723 baby fish. Nobody knew for sure how best to transport them way across Texas, or how to feed them. Nobody was certain the water in the tank trucks would remain at proper temperature or salinity for these tender charges. How, also, would the constant jostle of the curves and bumps affect them? And, would the sudden switch to the new environment simply kill them?

When finally the juveniles arrived at destination, a check was further discouraging—their condition was none too good. The sea trout had not stood it well at all. Some of the reds were almost as bad off. Flounders, croakers, and one group of 183 three-inch reds, however, had done pretty well. This was in April of 1961, and as the tiny fish swam weakly away in their new home, everyone heaved a sigh made up both of relief and anxiety.

"Our troubles had really just begun," Larry said as he and Norrel and I stood looking out over Imperial. He waved an arm. "There's 1,200 acres of water. In it we had put a mere 800-odd fish. In it already were voracious gars and some other predaceous fish. How many of our pets, after all this work, would just get gobbled up? That is, *if* any of them lived at all. And if a few did live, how the devil could we hope to check on them? Even with gill nets it was going to be needle-in-a-haystack stuff. And this, remember, is a *little* lake compared to Red Bluff, where the rest went. What we really needed, we all knew, was a dense concentration of fish."

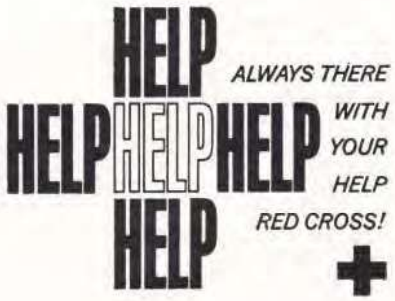
Wallace said, "Yeah. We couldn't afford to lose a darned one. I thought this guy," he jabbed a thumb into Larry's ribs, "was going to gnaw his nails to the third joint fretting."

There was one bit of bright side. It has been the experience of scientists in transplanting species of birds, animals and fish to reasonably suitable new habitats that, if they survive and do anything at all, for a time at least they do better than in the original environment. This is a kind of "law" in wildlife biology. In addition, some of the department boys were bringing up another hopeful point. It is well known that in some coastal bays lacking thorough tidal action, waters sometimes become too highly saline for suitable spawning conditions. Studies show that sea trout have difficulties. Even shrimp are adversely affected. That is why young shrimp are found concentrated quite often around coastal river mouths. When small they must have plenty of fresh water to cut down salinity.

"Some of the boys were wondering," Norrel explained, "if it could possibly be that though redfish in their ancient home on our coast do well, they would do *better* in another environment."

Larry was eager to break in. This kind of stuff is his meat. "We have to learn all these things," he said intently. "Maybe redfish in the Gulf have for a million years simply put up with what they've got. How do we know? Maybe it isn't *perfect* habitat at all. Like a guy suffering in the tropics longing for home in Colorado's mountains. He's healthy, but he could be happier."

There was still another hopeful point.



These lakes were loaded with gizzard shad of all sizes. Thus, the predaceous transplants would have plenty of forage. Everyone concerned went back to other chores, but not for a day could Larry Campbell, whose charges the fish now were, get them out of his mind. As project leader and fisheries biologist for this region, he was the man who had to keep his fingers crossed hardest and both ears bent.

About four months after the original transplant, rumors began filtering into Larry's San Angelo office that sent his spirits soaring. Sport fishermen, so the word went, had been occasionally picking up on hook and line in the project waters some strange-looking fish they'd never seen there before. The word had been dropped throughout the region that any such fish caught should be released. And, at Imperial one gentleman had been found who fished there a great deal for anything catchable. He was greatly enthused over the project and had elected himself a kind of unofficial guardian of the transplants. He was keeping an eagle eye cocked. The boys knew he would release anything he caught and urge others to do likewise. They also knew his word on catches would be authentic.

Hurriedly, work personnel and equipment were assembled at San Angelo to make recapture attempts. "It's a long haul out there to either reservoir," Norrel Wallace told me—and I knew that well, having driven it several times. "After you get a crew there, you either have to camp on shore and fix your own grub, or drive long distances for both eats and lodging."

Gill nets were set in the lakes. Nobody knew for sure what size mesh to use, for nobody knew how big the fish would be. "To give ourselves every break," Larry said, "we set them so they could be left out overnight."

Needle-toothed gars got tangled in them and raised hob. The crew had to make wild guesses as to where to string the nets, even in 1,200-acre Imperial. In Red Bluff it was worse yet, for that lake covers several thousand acres. Larry checked his data over and over mentally as the crew hauled away next morning. Whatever they might catch had been here just five months and had been three to four inches long when put in.

"Yard after yard of net came up. Every time something flopped, so did my ticker," Larry told me. "It's difficult to describe how worked up a fellow can get over something like this. Then all of a sudden a fish showed that wasn't a gar, or a buffalo, or a weak black bass. There was a pinkish-silver flash as it struggled and every man working let out a yell. We had a red!"

And an astonishing redfish or channel bass it was. Not huge by an angler's dream standards. But at five months it was an eye-popper. It was 15 inches long and weighed well over a pound. By the time the nets had all been run in both reservoirs, the boys had recaptured one more red in Imperial of almost identical size, plus a croaker that had about doubled its size. In Red Bluff, three reds were taken that had made even more phenomenal growth. They were just under 17 inches and a hair less than two pounds average!

"From here on," Larry told me last spring as we went over his records, "we never made a run that we didn't recapture at least something. And we never made a recapture without being amazed at the growth rate. As an example, at 12 months we picked up a redfish in Red Bluff that was still only slightly longer than before, but it now weighed three and a half pounds."

The most exciting test results occurred when the fish had been in the lakes a year and a half. A redfish was caught at Red Bluff that measured 22½ inches and weighed 7¼ pounds. And at Imperial the boys hit a real jackpot. By a great stroke of what was probably pure luck, they recaptured 19 reds. Average length: 26 inches; average weight: 6¾ pounds.

The sea trout apparently disappeared. "They're not too sturdy anyway," Larry explained, "and we had only a few to begin with."

An occasional croaker showed up in following tests, always with good growth. Flounders, of which only 114 had been transplanted, were difficult of course to recapture but each time one got into a test net it elated all hands. These were wonderfully healthy, and had made startling growth.

On my last trip to Imperial I talked to the gentleman who had been a self-appointed guardian in the area. He told me positively that he had seen shrimp alive in the lake as late as two months after the transplant. No doubt predator fish got them. But they did make out and apparently could survive indefinitely. He told me also of an experience with a big redfish.

"I was fishing for white bass in the channel mouth where new water comes into the lake," he said. "I had on a min-

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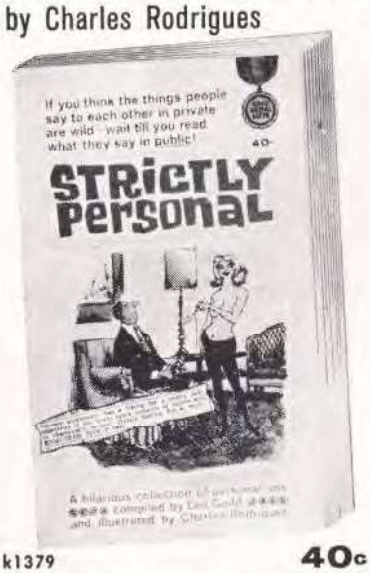
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now. Suddenly something took it and it was no white bass. When I set the hook this fish tore off in six directions. It came up and wallowed and raced and I couldn't hold it at all. I'll tell you it ripped that lake apart."

He upped anchor and tried to follow it, to keep it from breaking his line. Slowly he wore the brute down, and after 10 minutes he had it near the boat.

"It was the biggest and best thing I ever saw come out of this desert," he related, eyes glowing. "I got it into the boat and I strung it carefully and took it quickly in and weighed and measured it, and then let it go, because I'd promised Larry and the boys I'd take care of their pets. It was a redfish and it weighed 15 pounds!"

Larry grinned when I retold this story to him. "It's difficult to estimate the true recreational value of catching a big channel bass like that from an inland lake 500 miles from the coast, but I guess you don't doubt, after that tale, that the value is exceedingly high."

At the present time there's a full-speed-ahead program to get more young fish from the Gulf and transplant them, to build up a concentration. The facet that has delighted all hands is that in both Imperial and Red Bluff recaptured specimens have shown a state of well-being and advanced growth rate so far above that of their native habitat. In many instances, growth rate has been double that of fish on the coast.

"Two things can cause this," Larry told me. "Either less competition for food, or else a truly more productive habitat. We have every reason to believe it's the latter, because in Red Bluff, where growth rate exceeds even Imperial, there is a heavy concentration of white bass, and as you know these are extremely voracious fish, competing severely for food."

Of course, the one big day the boys all look forward to is complete proof that some of their pets have successfully spawned. Already sexually mature fish have been recovered, with eggs and milt formed. Examination of one fish gave hints it may have spawned. Baby fish, however, are awesomely difficult to find. I paced all one day along the shores of Imperial watching crews wade and haul fine-mesh seines, time after laborious time, diligently trying to come up with one or two small fry.

"Lack of success so far doesn't mean anything," Larry says hopefully. "In their native habitat, reds don't spawn until they're four years old. We hoped they might spawn earlier here, because of their swift growth rate. We're searching, therefore, ahead of schedule. And anyway, we might never locate the fry, yet turn up with the lake teeming a year or so later. Besides, with so few fish probably left, due to natural mortality and predation, spawning becomes more difficult for those remaining. We've got to get a lot more in here."

What if at long last no spawning occurs in this inland habitat? Larry Campbell feels such an eventuality is still by no means the end of the trail. "In fact," he says, "it's still just a beginning. Think of the millions spent to raise legal-size fresh-water trout all over the U.S. for stocking. We now know that these very best of salt-water bay fish make phenomenal growth in waters unsuited for fresh-water game fish. We can learn to raise these fish dirt cheap."

If spawning fails, he envisions the netting of mature fish on the coast, stripping them of eggs and milt, hatching the eggs in a hatchery, releasing the fry inland. It is at this point that Larry Campbell really gets revved up, and it must be admitted his views for the future are exciting. In his last report to his superiors, he has recommended a greatly broadened research program, and suggested the trial introduction inland of other salt-water species such as pompano, snook, sheepshead, tarpon.

"Can you imagine," he says tensely and with eyes flashing, "catching a big tarpon one of these days in west Texas—or up in Nebraska in a lake always previously thought worthless for fishing? All over the western half of the U.S. in particular, there are scores of highly saline waters weak in production of so-called fresh-water varieties of game fish. As our population skyrockets, we will need every one of those wasted waters for recreation, and maybe someday for food supplies, too."

From here Campbell and some of his crew take off for a Cloud Nine excursion. They predict the possibility of large impoundments on our more saline rivers in many states raising 60-pound stripers, bull reds of 40-plus. They see the possibility of commercial fisheries far inland in formerly fishless places, with fresh flounder, shrimp, blue crab available at half the present price because of lowered processing and transport costs.

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The thought is dynamic. "I for one," Larry says, "don't think any of these things are questions of *whether* they can be done, but simply of working out the technology of *how*. After all, if we orbit men we ought to be able to raise fish in new environments."

They're not losing sight of the basic idea, of course, which was to make possible good recreational angling in areas where near-destitution in that sport now reigns.

One man in west Texas told me: "We have more fishermen and less water out here than any place I know. This thing will be a real savior for places like ours, all over the United States."

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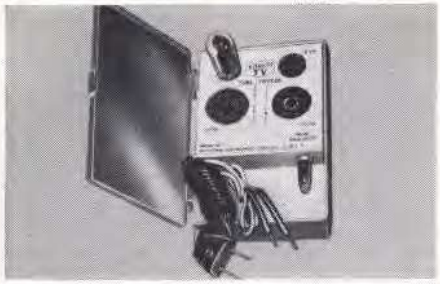

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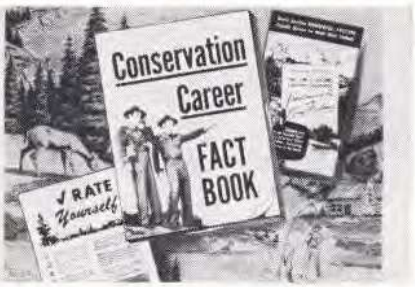

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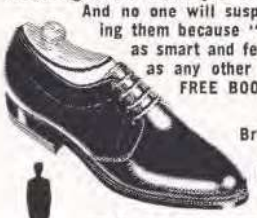

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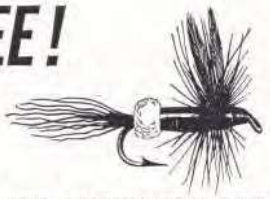

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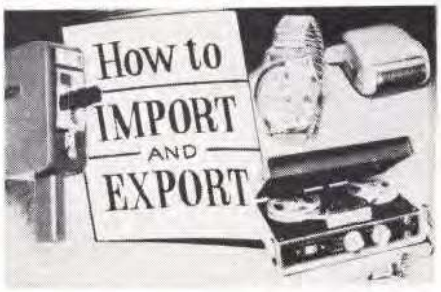

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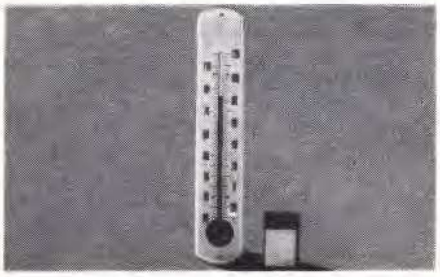

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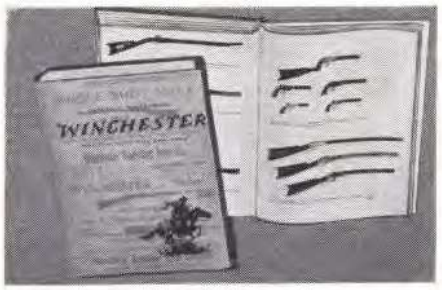
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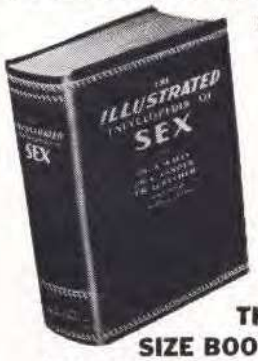

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I Fell 15,000 Feet

[*Continued from page* 56]

amphibian plane flew over me and circled as though deciding whether or not to land. But the seas were high and I knew he couldn't make it. He came in very low and dropped another raft, this one with a 200-foot lanyard attached to it. The end of the lanyard landed barely 10 feet from me, and by paddling gently backward, using my arms only, I caught hold of it and pulled the raft to me. Even before trying, I knew I couldn't crawl into it, so I just took a grip on its sides and held on.

The Coast Guard amphibian gained altitude and flew off. (I learned later that he headed for a squadron of minesweepers that was returning to the United States from a tour of the Western Pacific. Unable to tune to their radio frequency, the pilot had trailed a wire from his plane and dragged it across the bow of one of the minesweepers, the *USS Embattle*. The minesweeper captain understood the plea, and veered off at top speed in the indicated direction.)

In the water, I was fully conscious during the two and a half hours it took the ship to reach me. I spotted it while teetering at the crest of a wave. Soon, its great bow was pushing in toward me and I could see sailors in orange lifejackets crowding its lifelines. A bearded man in a black rubber suit jumped into the water and swam to me.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "My legs and back."

I was very cold now, and worried about the growing numbness in my legs. Perhaps the imminence of rescue made me light-headed, for I remember only vaguely being hoisted aboard the ship, laid out on deck, and having my flight suit cut away.

I'm told I screamed: "Don't touch my legs! Don't touch my legs!" But I don't remember it. Somebody gave me a shot or morphine.

Later—it must have been an hour or more—a man was bending over me and I could hear him asking questions. It was a doctor who had been high-lined from a cruiser, the *Los Angeles,* which had been operating in the area.

He bent over me and said: "You have a long scar on your abdomen. How did it get there?"

I told him about a serious auto accident I'd had four years earlier in Texas, and that my spleen had been removed at that time. He grunted, and asked more questions while he continued examining me. Then he said, "You and I are going to take a little trip. Just over to the *Los Angeles;* it's steaming alongside."

Somehow they got me into a wire stretcher, and hauled me—dangling and dipping—across the watery interval between the *Embattle* and the cruiser. In the *Los Angeles's* sick bay, they gave me another shot of morphine, thank God, and started thrusting hoses into me. I could tell from all the activity, and from the intense, hushed voices, that they were worried.

My body temperature was down to 94°, my intestines and kidneys in shock. The doctor never left me during the night, and a corpsman took my blood pressure every 15 minutes. I was unable to sleep. Finally, a quart or more of sea water came out of me and my nausea was relieved a bit.

By listening, I pieced together the nature of my injuries: both ankles were broken, the left in five places, the right in three; a tendon in my left foot was cut; the right pelvis was fractured; number 7 vertebra was fractured; I had a partial collapse of the left lung; many cuts and bruises on my face and body; and, of course, my intestines and kidneys had been shaken into complete inactivity.

The next morning, the doctor—Dr. Valentine Rhodes, I discovered his name was—told me that the *Los Angeles* was steaming at flank speed to a rendezvous with a helicopter 100 miles from Long Beach, California.

At 3:30 that afternoon, I was hoisted into the belly of a marine helicopter from the *Los Angeles's* fantail, and we whirred off to a hospital ship, the *USS Haven,* docked in Long Beach.

Once aboard the *Haven,* doctors came from all sides with more needles, tubes, and X-ray machines. But their reaction to my condition was so much more optimistic than I had expected that I finally broke down and let go a few tears of relief, exhaustion, and thanks.

It all seems like a long time ago, although I know it happened only last June 18 and 19. It now looks as though I'll get through this OK, though whether I'll ever fly jets again remains an unanswered question. My ankles have been put back in place with the help of steel pins; that partially-collapsed left lung has reinflated; and my kidneys and intestines are working again without the need of prodding.

The Marine Corps has discovered that the cause of my flame-out—and that of Major Tooker—was the failure of an automatic cut-off switch in the refueling system; the aircraft's main tank, made of heavy, reinforced rubber, filled to capacity then simply burst like a balloon, and the fuel caught fire. The Corps is making certain that no similar accident can ever happen again.

Do I feel lucky? That word doesn't describe my feelings. To survive a 15,000-foot fall with an unopened chute is a fair enough feat. But in these lazy days of recuperation, my mind keeps running back to something Dr. Rhodes told me in the sick bay of the *Los Angeles* during those grim and desperate hours.

He said that if I had had a spleen, it almost certainly would have ruptured when I hit the water, and I would have bled to death. Of the 25 pilots in our squadron, I am the only one without a spleen.

It gives me something to think about. Maybe it does you, too.

—Lt. Cliff Judkins

TRUE

"Five percent preferred the frozen, 3 percent preferred the dehydrated, 1½ percent preferred the condensed, and 90½ would rather starve first."

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A color portfolio of outboard motors and their six decades of progress. Read THE OLD KICKER AND HOW IT GOT SLICKER, by Wm. Taylor McKeown, photographed by Ozzie Sweet . . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

HIROSHIMA PILOT

[*Continued from page 37*]

. . . Early on the morning of August 6, 1945, the Straight Flush and three other planes were high over Japan reconnoitering potential target cities for the Enola Gay which carried the A-bomb. Major Eatherly's mission was to scout Hiroshima. When he found bombing conditions suitable he flew to a rendezvous point, accompanied the Enola Gay back to Hiroshima and circled over the city after the explosion to take scientific measurements and report on damage. A few days later Major Eatherly carried out a similar mission for the drop on Nagasaki . . . Major Eatherly was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and other honors. He returned to Texas for his discharge.

The *Newsweek* story continued: how after the war Eatherly began to suffer from nightmares . . . how he waked his wife at night shouting "Bail out! Save the children!" . . . how in 1950 he voluntarily entered the Veterans Administration hospital at Waco suffering extreme nervousness.

Newsweek further revealed that Eatherly had been divorced from his wife and three children; that he had been arrested in New Orleans, Dallas and Houston; that he served a year for forgery in New Orleans in 1954-55; that he drew monthly compensation of $237 a month from the VA for mental disability; and that in 1957 he had been transferred from the Waco hospital to a Fort Worth jail, awaiting trial for burglarizing two post offices.

Newsweek circulates overseas, and the next year, in 1958, a book called *Formula for Death* was published in France, then translated into several other languages. Its author was Fernand Gigon, a French journalist. Mr. Gigon wrote of Eatherly:

He was a powerfully built man with pale eyes, 23 years old when he went to Tinian. Already he had 33 air victories to his credit. . . . He came from Grayson County, Texas, where his father was a rich and successful farmer. . . . He was called Poker Face because after risking his life in the skies, he would return to the base and risk his pay at cards or dice and he always won. . . . His B-29 reached the burning town 15 minutes after the *Enola Gay* had dropped the bomb. He wrote his report and was delighted at the success of the mission. Three days later he carried out the same job over Nagasaki. . . . He returned to Texas a much-decorated hero to be greeted with processions, bands, flags, pretty girls, speeches by the Mayor. But in the midst of the ceremonies he fled from the festivities. He was found hiding in the barn, in tears. . . . Then one day his young and pretty wife sued for divorce. The small town was amazed. She told the Judge: "I cannot live with Claude any longer. He frightens me. He often jumps up in the middle of the night screaming: 'Release it! Release it!' Then after a moment during which he seems to be in hell, he shouts: 'Not now, not now! Think of the children! The children are burning!' His features are distorted with terrible fear. He trembles all over. After these nightmares he awakes in a fever. If I speak to him he does not hear me. With his eyes wide open he asks me to help him pack, since the Pentagon is sending him back to Hiroshima to see what happened to the children there." . . . The divorce was granted, and Eatherly has lived a life of flotsam. He has worked as a laborer on a farm in Texas. He has vacillated between long periods of sanity and brief moments of madness. The doctors at Waco Military Hospital diagnosed his illness as extreme nervous depression, and he was returned to public life with a pension of $237 a month. . . . He regards this pension as a premium for murder, as a blood payment for what he did to the Japanese cities. *He has never touched this money.*

One of Britain's "angry young men," John Wain, was impressed with Gigon's report on Major Eatherly, particularly with the line about Eatherly's "never touching" his pension or compensation. So John Wain wrote a long, moving poem titled *A Song about Major Eatherly*. This poem appeared in many periodicals throughout the world, and was then included in a volume titled *Weep Before God* and published by Macmillan and Company in London, Bombay, Calcutta and Melbourne. It was published in Canada and the United States by St. Martin's Press. The poem begins in this manner:

Good news. It seems he loved them after all.
His orders were to fry their bones to ash.
He carried up the bomb and let it fall.
And then his orders were to take the cash,

A hero's pension. But he let it lie.
It was in vain to ask him for the cause.
Simply that if he touched it he would die.
He fought his own, and not his country's wars.

For 33 moving verses the poem continues, and it ends with this:

O, give his pension to the storekeeper.
Tell him it is the price of all our souls.
But do not trouble to unlock the door
and bring the Major out into the sun.
Leave him: it is all one: perhaps his nightmares
grow cooler in the twilight of the prison.
Leave him; if he is sleeping, come away.
But lay a folded paper by his head,
nothing official or embossed, a page
torn from your notebook, and the words in pencil.
Say nothing of love, or thanks, or penitence:
say only 'Eatherly, we have your message.'

John Wain's poem was given a dramatic reading over the network of the British Broadcasting Corp.

In 1959 many newspapers in Europe and Asia published a report that Bob Hope had offered Eatherly $250,000 for his life story. Eatherly was said to be deciding whether Audie Murphy or Robert Ryan should portray him.

On May 25, 1959, *Newsweek* published a second story which it headed "PSYCHIATRY: The Curse of Hiroshima." This story quoted an unidentified psychiatrist as saying that Eatherly was suffering from a "classic guilt complex." The psychiatrist explained: "the flier has tried to punish himself for the self-imagined wrong of Hiroshima—he has twice attempted suicide—and failing suicide, Eatherly has sought the punishment of society by acts (forgery, robbery, breaking and entering) which would bring down its wrath."

After reading that *Newsweek* story, two German writers turned their attention to Eatherly. A Viennese philosopher, Gunther Anders, began corresponding with Eatherly; and from that correspondence came the book first published in Germany under the title *Off Limits fur das Gewissen* (Off Limits to Conscience) and later published in Britain and the United States as *Burning Conscience*. A portion of this book is Eatherly's brief letters, as edited by Mr. Anders; but the major portion is Mr. Anders' explanations to Eatherly of the nature of his "Hiroshima guilt" and the nature of America's guilt.

In all editions of the Anders-Eatherly book Eatherly's story is told by a journalist named Von Robert Jungk. He has published two Hiroshima books: *Children of the Ashes* and *Brighter Than a Thousand Suns*. He has also written many stories about Eatherly in European newspapers.

Here are excerpts from Jungk's story of Eatherly:

Had Eatherly never visited Nagasaki, had he never gazed, shortly after the war, on that atomic desert which he had helped to create in the green countryside of Japan, he probably would have remained as unmoved as were his brother pilots of the 509th Composite Group which he commanded. . . . But Eatherly gazed into the faces of his victims; he saw their eyes fixed on him; observed their expression of misery, of that lack of any desire to live after they had witnessed the end of the world. . . . After this shattering experience Major Eatherly spoke to no one for days on end. . . . "Battle fatigue," they said, because Eatherly himself, in 1943, had been a victim of battle fatigue after long and unbroken months in the South Pacific.

. . . . When Eatherly had his first glimpse of his homeland, he received the news that his mother had died from cancer. To waiting reporters he cried: "It's a punishment! We shall all be punished! We shall all have to make atonement!"

. . . . Eatherly, the much-decorated hero, refused to be feted by his home town of Van Alstyne, Texas.

. . . . After his demobilization, Eatherly first tried to find a solution by emigration. Disgusted with political developments in his own country, he enlisted as a pilot in the Israeli Forces.

. . . . Returning to Texas, the ex-pilot was tormented by nightmares in which he saw the agonized faces of those burning in the hell fires of Hiroshima.

. . . . He began cramming bank notes into envelopes and sending them to Hiroshima.

. . . . In 1950, the year in which President Truman decided to manufacture the hydrogen bomb, Eatherly tried in a hotel room in New Orleans to end his life.

. . . . After surviving the suicide attempt, a plan began to take shape in Eatherly's mind. He would fight against the jingoistic tendency in America. He would fight it by knocking that national paragon, the virtuous war hero, from his pedestal. He would compromise him and expose him; and the victim of this act of unmasking would be himself, the Hero of Hiroshima, Maj. Claude Robert Eatherly.

. . . . When Eatherly was sentenced to prison for forging a check, the judge gave him no chance to tell the court that he had sent the money to the children of Hiroshima.

. . . . The morally more healthy Eatherly could not come to terms with the sick society into which he was continually being let loose, because he had failed to develop that protective thick skin which enabled his normal contemporaries to accept complacently the crimes of Auschwitz and Hiroshima.

The publishers of the Anders-Jungk material announced: "Eatherly has certainly been punished. His sense of guilt was intensified by his visit to Hiroshima. A morally healthy man, he has not been able to come to terms with a sick society."

Britain's 90-year-old Nobel Prize winner, Bertrand Russell, commented: "The case of Claude Eatherly is one of appalling and prolonged injustice. . . . No unbiased person. . . can honestly doubt his sanity. He has been punished solely because he repented of his comparatively innocent participation in a wanton act of mass murder."

Book reviewers in Britain have commented in this manner:

The Manchester Guardian. . . . The patriotic press in America thought Eatherly was a war hero who had had a prolonged nervous breakdown. The Air Force provided for him. . . . and tried to keep him out of sight.

The Irish Times. . . . President Truman has expressed satisfaction with his part in Hiroshima. But Truman's satisfaction is not shared by the young U. S. major upon whom fell the responsibility of giving the order which unleashed the bomb.

The Oxford Mail. . . . Eatherly. Major Claude Eatherly. Remember the name? We should remember, for he was the man chosen by the Allies to drop the bomb on Hiroshima. . . . The weight of his guilt has proven more than he could bear.

The Catholic Herald. . . . When he tried to draw punishment on himself, he was put in a mental hospital, though the evidence for any sort of madness seems to have been very thin.

The Sunday Telegraph. . . . Of all the grim reminders of Hiroshima, there is none more pathetic then Major Claude Eatherly. His contrition has struggled ceaselessly for adequate expression.

The Reynolds News. . . . He has been forgiven, but he cannot forget. He devotes all his income to maintaining 19 children in foreign lands as their foster father. . . . One can only question the sanity of a world that locks up its penitents and feeds them tranquilizers lest their remorse infect others.

The London Times. . . . The case of the Hiroshima pilot, Claude Eatherly, has received worldwide publicity. He has become for our time a legend, a symbol, and a scapegoat.

Reviewing this partial record, I noted first that everything published about Eatherly had been written by men who had never seen him. More surprising, none of the writers had bothered to examine any record, either military, medical or criminal.

Why had 12 years elapsed after Hiroshima before anyone reported that Major Eatherly was suffering from a classic guilt complex?

And what about injustice? Was Eatherly the American Dreyfus? Was he really imprisoned? Did he need help?

I didn't know the answers, so I decided to seek them.

Before traveling to Texas to see Claude Eatherly, I learned exactly what he had done at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The record of these operations is available at the Air University, Maxwell Air Force Base, Montgomery, Alabama.

On June 15, 1945, Major Eatherly arrived on Tinian with the 509th Composite Group, the 1,800-man atom bomb group. This was a self-sufficient unit, with its own housekeeping, police, transport, communications and ground crew personnel. In this group 13 B-29 crews. . . 65 officers and 52 sergeants. . . had been trained to perform this assignment:

To take a B-29 off the ground carrying one 10,000 pound bomb and sufficient fuel (about 7,400 gallons) to fly 3,000 miles in about 13 hours. To fly the bomb 1,500 miles, lifting it en route to an altitude of 32,000 feet. To drop the bomb, aiming visually in daylight, and miss the Aiming Point no more than 500 feet. To return 1,500 miles to takeoff point.

Major Eatherly commanded one of these 13 crews. He piloted and commanded a B-29 called the *Straight Flush*. He and his crew were qualified to drop atomic bombs. In 10 months of training they had made scores of simulated A-bomb flights: over land from Wendover, Utah, and over water from Batista Field, Cuba. After reaching Tinian they continued to make training flights —to Truk and Marcus Islands—and on July 20, 24, 26, and 29, 1945, the *Straight Flush* made simulated A-bomb drops on the Japanese cities of Tokyo, Otsu, Tsugawa and Maizuru.

Of these 13 crews which had been trained to drop A-bombs, seven were assigned roles in Special Bombing Mission No. 13 (Hiroshima). The chief role went to the *Enola Gay*, piloted and commanded by Lt. Col. Paul Warfield Tibbets, commander of the mission, commander of the 509th, and the man personally selected by Air Force Gen. Henry H. Arnold to drop the first atomic bomb.

Two B-29s were assigned to fly alongside the *Enola Gay*: the *Great Artiste*, piloted and commanded by Maj. Charles W. Sweeney; and *No. 91*, piloted and commanded by Maj. George Marquardt. The *Great Artiste* would carry blast gauges; *No. 91* would carry cameras.

Three B-29s were assigned to serve as weather scouts—one B-29 to each of three possible target cities which in order of priority, were Hiroshima, Kokura and Nagasaki. These scouts were needed because of the terrible insistence on accuracy: the bombardier had to be able to see, with natural vision, the Aiming Point throughout the bomb run. The three B-29s assigned to these roles were: for Hiroshima, the *Straight Flush*, piloted and commanded by Major Eatherly; for Kokura, the *Jabbit III*, piloted and commanded by Maj. John Wilson; and for Nagasaki, the *Full House*, piloted and commanded by Maj. Ralph Taylor.

The seventh B-29, the *Top Secret*, piloted and commanded by Capt. Charles F. McKnight, was assigned to fly to Iwo Jima and park off the runway near a specially constructed pit. If the *Enola Gay* developed mechanical trouble, it would land at Iwo and the bomb would be transferred to the *Top Secret*.

At 1:37 a.m., August 6, 1945, by the clock and calendar on Tinian, the *Straight Flush* took off and headed for Hiroshima on the exact course which would be flown later by the *Enola Gay*. At the same moment, from other runways, the *Jabbit III* and the *Full House* took off for Kokura and Nagasaki.

At 1:51 a.m. the *Top Secret* took off for its stand-by role at Iwo Jima. At 2:45 a.m. the *Enola Gay*, carrying the bomb, took off, accompanied by the *Great Artiste* and *No. 91*. All of the seven "mission crews" in Special Bombing Mission No. 13 were airborne.

At sunrise Major Eatherly in the *Straight Flush*, was nearing Japan at an altitude of 32,000 feet. About 300 miles behind him, on the same course and climbing to that altitude, came the *Enola* Gay with the *Great Artiste* and *No. 91*. The *Jabbit III* was approaching Kokura; the *Full House* was approaching Nagasaki; and the *Top Secret* was sitting on the hard sand at Iwo.

At 7:09 a.m. the *Straight Flush* reached the Initial Point near Hiroshima—a point 17 miles from the Aiming Point which was a river bridge in Hiroshima. A "bombing run" is begun at an Initial Point, and the "run" is toward the Aiming Point. On the exact course which would be followed by the *Enola Gay*, the *Straight Flush* made a simulated bomb run toward the Aiming Point, with all hands observing visibility and drift.

At 7:25 a.m. Major Eatherly sent this radio message to Colonel Tibbets and to the Headquarters at Tinian:

CLOUD COVER LESS THAN 3/10THS AT ALL ALTITUDES. ADVICE: BOMB PRIMARY.

Primary meant the primary target city, Hiroshima. After delivering that message, the *Straight Flush* headed back toward Tinian.

At 8:15 a.m. the *Straight Flush* was about 225 statute miles from Hiroshima. Major Eatherly and each member of his crew heard the beginning of a continuous radio tone signal which had been switched on by the bombardier of the *Enola Gay*. The signal meant that the *Enola Gay* was "running on Hiroshima" and that within 15 seconds the bomb would drop. The men in the *Straight Flush*, as did all the other mission crews including the one on the ground at Iwo Jima, listened intently: and at 8:15 plus 17 seconds the tone stopped. The signal had been broken by the *Enola Gay's* bomb-bay doors springing open as the bomb fell.

The tail gunner on the *Straight Flush*, along with other crew members, searched the skies toward Hiroshima with glasses, but they could not see the flash or the bomb cloud: they were too far away. The only "weather crew" which reported being able to see the bomb cloud were the men on the *Jabbit III*, which was about 200 miles from the blast.

At 2:07 p.m. Major Eatherly landed the *Straight Flush* back at Tinian. He and his crew were cheered and congratulated, after which they joined hundreds of airmen, reporters, photographers and generals who were waiting for the *Enola Gay*. At 2:58 p.m. the *Enola Gay* landed to applause and cheers, and Gen. Carl Spaatz awarded Colonel Tibbets the Distinguished Service Cross.

From the records, here is further clarification of Major Eatherly's role at Hiroshima:

He did not, as some accounts insist, "select the target." Hiroshima had been selected as the primary atomic target in Washington by the Combined Chiefs of Staff, and the selection had been approved at Potsdam by Truman, Churchill and Attlee. (Russia was not then at war with Japan.)

When the *Enola Gay* reached a specified point near landfall on the Japanese islands, Colonel Tibbets, as planned, received reports from all three weather planes. Visibility was favorable not only at Hiroshima but also at Kokura and Nagasaki. From these reports Colonel Tibbets, 50 minutes from Hiroshima, made the decision to proceed to Hiroshima as he had been ordered to do if visibility was favorable.

Except over his own crew Major Eatherly exercised no command authority. He neither *selected* nor *decided*. His role was nothing more or less than to provide his commanding officer with an accurate weather report. In performing this role Major Eatherly was a party to the bombing of Hiroshima. He saw the city before the bomb fell; and, finding the weather suitable, he "advised" his commanding officer to bomb Hiroshima as ordered. So perhaps it can be said, with some truth, that his report helped "seal the doom of Hiroshima."

He was not awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. He was awarded the Air Medal "for participation in combat missions against the Japanese Empire 20 July-8 August, 1945." This decoration was awarded to every officer and enlisted man in the 509th who made similar flights to Japan.

The date "8 August" is significant in Major Eatherly's citation. On that date he piloted the *Straight Flush* on another training flight —a simulated A-bomb drop on the Japanese city of Yokkaichi— and that was his last wartime flight.

The mission on which the second A-bomb was dropped on Nagasaki was flown on August 9, 1945. In that mission Major Eatherly and the *Straight Flush* had no role of any sort.

The war ended August 14, 1945.

The men who flew with Eatherly in the *Straight Flush* to Hiroshima were:

The Co-Pilot: Lt. Ira Weatherly, Memphis, Tennessee. (So the *Straight Flush* is remembered as being piloted by "Eatherly and Weatherly.")

The Navigator: Capt. Francis D. (Felix) Thornhill, Poplarville, Mississippi. . . now living at Ukiah, California.

The Bombardier: Lt. Franklin Kenneth Wey, Chattanooga, Tennessee. . . now living at Gadsden, Alabama.

The Engineer: Lt. Thomas Grennan, Mercer Island, Washington.

The Radio Operator: Sgt. Patrick L. Bowen, North Walpole, New Hampshire.

The Gunner: Sgt. Gillion T. Niceley, Elizabethtown, Kentucky. (He was the tail gunner. . . the tail guns were the only guns on the 509th's B-29s.)

The Radar Operator: Sgt. Albert Barsumian, Winnetka, Illinois.

The Assistant Engineer: Sgt. Jack Bivans, La Grange Park, Illinois.

In 1945 Eatherly was 27; Thornhill was 25; Wey, Weatherly and Grennan were 23; and the sergeants were "kids" of 19 and 20. I wrote to each of these men. Here are excerpts from two replies:

I was radio operator on the *Straight Flush*. I'm Patrick L. Bowen, 22 East Street, North Walpole, New Hampshire. I'm an insurance broker. Claude Eatherly and I were close in 1944-45. I consider him one of the finest men I ever met. I make this flat statement: Claude Eatherly was the finest pilot in the 509th. He had nerves like iron. . . quiet and capable. . . never boastful. Moreover, he had a talent for making us feel that rank meant nothing: all that counted was skill and the ability to pull together. I think we were the best crew in the 509th: the closest, the friendliest, and the most expert. We are the only crew in the 509th which has held a crew reunion. . . . It's true that our role at Hiroshima was relatively small. We don't deserve much credit. The flight wasn't difficult. There was no opposition. It was like flying over one of our own cities on a beautiful sunny day. We reached the target shortly after 7 a.m. and we flew over it, then back over it for perhaps 15 minutes making sure that the entire target and the Aiming Point were clearly visible. As the radio operator I reported this condition to headquarters at Tinian and to the *Enola Gay*. When we got back to Tinian we were ordered to go to our quarters and not converse with anybody. The island was swarming with reporters, photographers and generals, and since we had not been there when the bomb dropped, I didn't expect us to get much attention. But I must admit that I was surprised, and a little disappointed, when we got absolutely *no* mention and *no* attention. Colonel Tibbets apparently didn't tell anybody that the *Straight Flush* had any role at all. I have read all the major publicity about Hiroshima. I saw the movie, *Above and Beyond*. And I don't believe that the Air Force has ever once mentioned Claude Eatherly and the *Straight Flush*. . . . I believe that Claude Eatherly was deeply hurt by the manner in which he was overlooked in all the publicity, and I believe that much of his personal tragedy stems from this. . . . Because he loved to fly, Claude expected to spend the rest of his life in the Air Force. After the war, at our base at Roswell, New Mexico, he begged me to stay in the Air Force with him. . . . I didn't see him again until we met in Louisville, Kentucky, for our reunion in 1958. We spent four days together: he looked just as neat and sharp as ever, and he talked just as sane, with exactly the same manner, as when he had commanded the *Straight Flush*. . . . We all waited for him to tell us something about his troubles: his being in jail, in the mental hospital, etc. But he never mentioned them . . . . Has he ever been insane? I can't believe it. In 1944-45 and again in 1958 I found him to be a fine, friendly, alert and capable man; and to me he still stands 12 feet tall. Even if he wasn't mentioned in the publicity about Hiroshima, I can tell you he was there. He did well what he was assigned to do. And he still has the respect of every man who flew with him.

I was navigator on the *Straight Flush*. I'm Francis D. (Felix) Thornhill, now of Ukiah, California, though I was reared in Poplarville, Mississippi. It has been almost 17 years since I have seen Claude Eatherly. My wife and his wife were good friends. We both had one child about the same age. Our wives and kids visited a lot while we were flying. Knowing Claude as well as I do, it's hard for me to believe that he has developed any "guilt complex" over our activities against the Japanese. Claude was a real happy-go-lucky person. He believed in having fun and enjoying life. He loved to fly. I don't think Claude was scared of anything or anybody. . . . His greatest weakness was he liked to gamble. He was a good poker player. He won lots of money in Utah and on Tinian. He liked to shoot dice at the State Line Hotel in Wendover. I have seen him shoot dice by the hour at $100 a throw, constantly bitching because $100 was the house limit. . . . He was married to a real good-looking girl. She was a nice person, really fond of Claude. My wife and I hated to hear of their divorce.

So Eatherly had not been called a hero in 1945. Not until 1957 had he received any publicity; and Mr. Bowen believed that neglect—his *not* receiving publicity for Hiroshima—had caused Eatherly's personal tragedy.

But the central questions remained. Had Hiroshima contributed to Eatherly's mental disorder? Had he *repented* his role? And had he been *punished* for repenting?

I learned by telephone that Eatherly was now (March, 1962) in Galveston, Texas, on one of his numerous "trial visits" away from the Waco hospital. His medical diagnosis was "schizophrenic reaction, chronic and undifferentiated"; and his illness was said to be in remission. Since in 1961 he had been held by a court to be "competent to manage his own affairs," he had no guardian. He was living in a Galveston hotel and being treated privately by a psychiatrist.

I flew to Galveston, and at midnight I checked into the Jack Tar Hotel. Next morning I telephoned, not Eatherly, but his psychiatrist, Dr. Wiebke Thomsen, a German woman from Hamburg, educated in Germany and spending her third year in the United States. Dr. Thomsen is on the staff of the John Sealy Hospital, which is part of the University of Texas School of Medicine. Eatherly was not a hospital patient, but a private patient of Dr. Thomsen's.

I met Dr. Thomsen and talked with her at length. She told me she had learned about Eatherly in letters from Europe, after which she had visited the VA hospital in Waco where Eatherly was a patient. She had discussed him with VA psychiatrists who had offered to allow her to talk with Eatherly. She declined this offer and did not see Eatherly in Waco. However, Eatherly learned of her inquiry, and when he ran away from the Waco hospital on August 10, 1961, he came to Galveston and called Dr. Thomsen. He said he wished to become her patient. She agreed. And the Waco hospital authorities, on being advised of his whereabouts and that he wished to become her patient, had agreed for him to remain in Galveston. I told Dr. Thomsen that I had come to her before approaching Eatherly because, before he talked with me, I wanted him to understand what my purpose was, and I wanted him to have time to reflect and seek advice. Moreover, I wanted to talk with him only with his physician's approval, and only if she advised me that my questioning would not harm him in any way.

"Dr. Thomsen," I said, "I will appreciate your explaining to Eatherly that I am, first of all, an investigator. I'm not here either as his friend or his foe. I'm not here to promote the cause of world peace or to oppose it; or to defend or attack any policy of the United States. I'm here only to seek the facts of Eatherly's experience. I'll appreciate your telling him that I'll want to look at his Air Force record, his medical record, and his criminal record. And I want him to talk with me only when and if, after information and reflection, he chooses to do so."

Dr. Thomsen then said: "You have caught him at a very bad time. Like many people in his condition, he has good weeks and bad weeks. I have told you that he has been away, that he returned only this morning. I could not advise him to talk with you this week, or you with him."

"I understand," I said. "Talking with him tomorrow would save the expense of returning here, but I'll follow your advice.

Two days later, in Alabama, I received a telephone call from Claude Eatherly. He was disappointed that I hadn't come to see him while I was in Galveston.

"The reason I didn't visit you," I said, "was that Dr. Thomsen told me you weren't feeling well."

"I was all right."

"Are you feeling better now?"

"Sure. I'm okay. I'm busy with my correspondence. We're working on my autobiography. We're going to make a short Ban-the-Bomb film in Mexico City. And we're finally getting the big motion picture rolling. I've just signed a good deal. It's for a really big picture to be made in Hollywood."

"You do sound busy," I said. "Have you reflected on what Dr. Thomsen told you about me? Are you sure you want to talk with me?"

"Sure I want to talk with you," he insisted. "A lot of guys who really can't do anything come to see me. That's why I want to see you. You can do something. Aren't you going to write anything?"

"That's the point," I said. "If I write anything, what I write may be quite different from what already has been written. Do you understand that?"

"Sure I do."

"Have you read all that has been written?"

"Well, I've read a lot of what's in English. I saw the *Big Story* TV show on NBC. I've read the script for the big motion picture. Some of the stories in German and French have been read to me. I don't have anybody who can read Japanese."

"Do you approve of what you have read?"

"Sure. The writers are famous men. They are good men crusading for peace."

"Perhaps that is even more to the point," I said. "You see, I'm not famous. And I'm not a 'good man crusading for peace.' I'm only a reporter. The only thing about you which interests me is the truth. If I come back to Texas and talk with you, and if I then decide to examine your records and your whole experience, I'll write nothing except what I believe to be true. You want to help me do that?"

"Sure," he said. "You can write what you want to. I don't have anything to hide. Just come to see me and we'll talk. Or maybe I can meet you somewhere?"

I paused a moment. Then I said: "If we understand one another, Mr. Eatherly, I'll come to see you. But I want you to understand the difference between a poet, or a philosopher, or an essayist, or a TV writer, or a motion picture writer, and a reporter. Poets and philosophers and essayists are often men with big purposes: they have ideas to sell and cases to make. TV writers and motion picture writers must sell soap and cigarettes and tickets. So when they write about a man, they select and sometimes exaggerate those things about him which seem to serve their purposes. A reporter only wants to tell the truth and let the true story serve what purpose it can. That's the sort of writer I am. Do we understand one another?"

"I think we do."

"All right. I can't come immediately because I have other work to do. But within about two weeks I'll call you. And I'll fly to Houston and drive down for a talk."

That seemed to satisfy him, and the conversation ended.

A week later I was in Chicago on other business, so I spoke to another member of the *Straight Flush's* crew: former Sgt. Jack Bivans. He is now an account executive for the Columbia Broadcasting System. We talked at the O'Hare Inn not far from the airport.

Despite his youthfulness in 1945, Jack Bivans was the "famous" member of that crew. A wisecracking, nice-looking, talented young actor, he had earned $500 a week as a "child star" in radio soap operas which once emanated by the dozen from Chicago. He had been Chuck Ramsay in *Captain Midnight,* Butch Brent in *Road of Life,* and Junior in *Ma Perkins.* On the Hiroshima flight, as on many a long, boring training flight, he told me his job was to keep Major Eatherly and the crew laughing as he joked and mimicked on the intercom.

"Tell me, Mr. Bivans," I said, "after the bomb drop—after you had listened on the radio to the drop, and after you had learned of the death toll—do you remember noticing anything unusual about Eatherly's behavior? Did he appear to be depressed? Did he seem to want to avoid conversation? What is your recollection as to how he acted during the few hours or few days immediately following Hiroshima?"

Mr. Bivans answered: "I can't remember noticing any change in the Skipper. Except he was disappointed."

"Disappointed? In what way?"

"The Skipper had wanted to drop the first bomb. We had a good crew. . . I think we were the best in the 509th. So the Skipper was disappointed when we drew only a weather-scout role for Hiroshima. He was more disappointed when we were left out entirely at Nagasaki. When he realized the war was ending and we weren't going to get to drop an A-bomb, well, he felt let down and left out. He had watched Tibbets get the Distinguished Service Cross; and over the radio he had heard about all the Hiroshima publicity, and he felt that he and his crew were being overlooked."

"How do you know he felt that way?"

"He told me he did. About a week after Hiroshima he came to me and said, 'Jack, we were at Hiroshima, too, and we're not getting credit for it. So I want you to write something. You know how to do it. You're in that business. Books will be written about Hiroshima. Movies will be made. And nobody is ever going to know we were there unless we tell them. I want you to write something and send it to your mother in Chicago and she can give it to the newspapers. You're famous in Chicago, and the papers will run it. Tell everybody that the *Straight Flush* was at Hiroshima.' "

I asked: "Was he serious when he said that to you? Or joking?"

"He wasn't joking," Mr. Bivans replied. "He was dead serious. But I pointed out one handicap to him. 'You're forgetting one thing, Skipper,' I said. 'Censorship. I can't mail anything like that to my mother.' "

" 'Sure you can,' he said. 'You're forgetting something. Any officer can censor an enlisted man's mail. You write your mother and I'll put the censor's stamp on it.' "

"Did you write the letter?"

"Yes. I wrote about the *Straight Flush*—how we led the way, how we got to Hiroshima first. When I showed it to the Skipper I thought he might think I was laying it on too thick. But he liked it. We mailed it to my mother. She gave it to the Chicago Tribune. You can read it in the files. It was a good Chicago story: Local Youth, Former Child Star on *Captain Midnight,* Leads Attack on Hiroshima. It was good for me: maybe it helped me get my role back on *Captain Midnight* when I got home. And of course the only other name featured was Al Barsumian, the other crew member from Chicago area. We were just two kid sergeants who had been 'at Hiroshima,' but we got publicity. The Skipper got very little: and for the next 12 years—until he began getting publicity for his crimes and his guilt complex—I suppose the only people who knew he was 'at Hiroshima' were those he told about it."

"What about his guilt feelings?" I asked. "Do you believe guilt may have made him sick?"

"I'd have to answer No," Mr. Bivans replied. "But I can't believe he has ever been sick. I served with him for more than a year: when I was 19 and he was 27. I regarded him as an intelligent, friendly, capable, carefree man. I met his wife at Wendover. She was beautiful, capable, and seemed devoted to him. I still think he was a great guy. He must have been the best poker player in the Air Force. He always had a fistful of dough, and he loaned us money anytime we wanted it. We thought he was rich—off a big ranch in Texas. He told us he had been flying since he was 17, and that he had flown many combat missions in the South Pacific. He was a swell guy to drink with.

"He always carried the book with plenty of girls in it. From Wendover, Utah, we used to race in two cars over that hundred miles to Salt Lake City. The Skipper and I would pass the whisky bottle back and forth, from one car to the other, at 80 miles an hour. When I left the Air Force in 1945 he was begging me to stay in. That was three months after Hiroshima, and he had never mentioned regret, guilt or remorse to me. Then I didn't see him for 13 years. In May, 1958, we held a crew reunion in Louisville during Derby Week. Six of us, including the Skipper, spent four days and nights together—in a motel and going to the Derby. Since we had heard of the Skipper's troubles, we went to the reunion expecting. . . well, maybe not even to recognize the Skipper. But he was exactly the same! That same curling-lip-grin, like a kid who has been caught in a cookie jar. He looked like Donald O'Connor, the dancer. Sure he was older. He was about 40. He had put on a little weight. His face looked fleshier. But he was as carefree as ever. He wanted to drink, play poker, and chase girls. And in the poker game he was in there pushing all the time, winning, complaining if anybody wanted to quit and get some sleep. He could still fall asleep the minute he hit the sack and sleep like a baby. He never told us about any guilt feelings or nightmares. He was the same old Skipper, and none of us can believe he has ever been crazy."

"Well," I said, "the VA seems to be paying him maximum mental disability compensation. Doesn't that indicate to you that, at some point during those 13 years when you didn't see him, something went wrong? Something must have made him mentally sick; and somebody in the VA must have decided it was 'service-connected.' What made him sick?"

Mr. Bivans reflected, then answered: "If he is really sick, my guess is that he's sick of something like show business hunger. He had two small contacts with show business. In 1943 he married this pretty, ambitious, Italian-American girl he had met at Pasadena Playhouse. She was called a 'movie starlet.' She may have had a bit part on Broadway. Maybe the Skipper caught a little show business hunger from her. Then he met me, and I guess he was impressed by what I had earned as a kid. He liked to spend his liberties with me and the other sergeants instead of with his fellow officers. By the time he reached Hiroshima maybe he had developed a sort of sick need for public attention. And when he didn't get it, maybe it made him sick. And when life got tough

down the line, he went back to trying to get attention out of Hiroshima. Does that sound crazy?"

Two days after I returned to Alabama from Chicago I received another telephone call from Claude Eatherly.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Mr. Huie," he said, "but. . . when are you coming?"

"I have been delayed," I answered. "It may be another week."

"I just can't wait that long. I need some money. I need $500 and I need it right now."

"Are you in trouble?"

"No, no trouble," he said. "But something has come up. If I'm going to make it on the outside, I've got to have something to do. . . some interest besides my writing that will keep me busy an hour or so a day. Dr. Thomsen says I must find something. Well, I've met this woman. . . she's a real nice woman. She works in a beauty shop, and she wants to buy a shop. We like to be with each other. She has two children and I like them and they like me. I want to help her buy a shop, then I'll keep the books and help her look after things."

"Are you going to become a hairdresser?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he said. "I'll just help manage things."

When I said nothing, he continued: "Well, I've got this big movie deal. . . with big, famous men. They have paid me $500 and they owe me another $1,000 now. They'll owe me $6,000 more in a year. And I have a big percentage of the picture. And I'm expecting to get a $500-advance from the publishers of my autobiography in Washington; and our foreign publishers—the ones who are publishing my letters—they are supposed to deposit another $1,000 for me in Switzerland. So I've got plenty of money coming. But I need $500 today. Can't you wire it to me?"

"No, I can't do that," I told him.

"But you are going to write something aren't you? Maybe a book? And you can pay me something? Or you can just lend me this $500 and I'll pay it back when I get my money from Mexico City?"

"Mr. Eatherly," I said, "I haven't made my position clear. I haven't yet decided to write anything about you. And if I do I don't plan to pay you anything since what I might write is not likely to be profitable."

That halted him. Then he assumed I was lying.

"You're kidding," he laughed. "Your books sell millions. I see them in paperback on the newsstands."

"Some of my books sell well," I said. "Others don't. They don't have a mass appeal. They are the truth, so they are too sad. They don't have sympathetic heroes or happy endings."

"A book about me by you," he said, "is bound to make money. We're already doing all right with books. The book with my letters in it is now selling in 10 languages, and money is coming in every day. Writers have been after me for years to help me with my autobiography, and big, famous writers are working on the big movie."

"Then why hasn't your autobiography been written, or a film been made?"

"You know why," he said. "The Air Force is against me. The State Department is against me. And these things take time. You have to find the right people. Isn't that right?"

"Perhaps."

"Mr. Huie," he said, "you and I can make a deal. I know we can. And I need money today. I need money in a bundle, so I can invest it and not spend it. Won't you wire me $500 today? I really need it. . . and I need it now."

"No, Claude," I said, "I won't wire you the money. I won't promise to pay it to you, or give it to you, or lend it to you. But I will fly out there and talk with you. I'll come tomorrow morning."

"I'll be glad to meet you in my car at the Houston airport."

I wondered how he had obtained a driver's license. With maximum mental disability?

"No, thanks," I said. "That's too much trouble. Airplanes are sometimes late. You telephone me at the Jack Tar Hotel about 2 p.m. I should be there by then. You can join me. You tell Dr. Thomsen that you have called me and that I'm coming. I'll want to see her tomorrow evening. You and I will talk, then I'll decide if there is any way I can let you have the money."

When Claude Eatherly came to my room I was sitting in shorts and terry cloth jacket, on the porch overlooking the Gulf, trying to relax. It was a sunny Sunday afternoon in late March, the temperature was 78°, and many persons were walking along the beach. On arrival I had telephoned Dr. Thomsen and told her why I had returned. I asked her about Eatherly's condition. She said he was better, but asked me not to let him talk more than an hour.

His appearance was no surprise. I've visited too many jails and mental hospitals not to know that the "disordered" man today often looks "just like everybody else," and in many cases he seems to act "just like everybody else." Eatherly is six feet tall and smokes cigars. His jaws have fleshened, to make his face round; and his forehead slopes backward to curly, reddish, receding hair. He had arrived in an old-model car, and his dress was ordinary. He doesn't appear alert, but I sensed calculation in his manner. He seemed distrustful, watchful, each word is a maneuver; and he still has that tendency, reported by his crew members, to curl his lip and grin.

Looking at him closely, I said: "I must have met you on Tinian. I remember the 509th. Riding out here this morning I have been trying to recall individual faces."

I picked up a copy of the Pictorial Album of the 509th Composite Group—which notes on its title page that it was "written and published by and for the members of the 509th Composite Group, Tinian, 1945." He recognized the book and, for all his poker face, he evidenced disturbance.

What makes this book disturbing to him is that it doesn't mention his name in connection with Hiroshima. He is pictured with his ground and air crews and the *Straight Flush*—along with the 12 other crews—but you can read every line and look at every picture and never learn that Claude Eatherly was "at Hiroshima." This is not an oversight. Nor is it due to somebody's not liking Major Eatherly.

Every one of the 1,800 men in the 509th thought he had some role in the support of Hiroshima—the ground crews who serviced the bombers, the communications men, even the cooks, and the security police. These are proud Americans: they are proud because they think they "ended the war." And "Hiroshima" to these men means, not a city, but the *attack* on Hiroshima. Eatherly's weather flight was not part of the attack, it was part of the support. So Eatherly is not mentioned, and all the book's pages which are devoted to "Hiroshima" are filled with eyewitness accounts of the men who were in the *attack*—who made the decisions, took the risks, dropped the bomb, saw the explosion, measured the blast, assessed the damage.

So this album, so cherished by every other member of the 509th, has been avoided by Claude Eatherly. He dropped his eyes when he saw it.

I next handed him some letters from members of his crew. He read them, alternately frowning and smiling. Then I handed him a marked clipping from the London *Spectator:*

> Eatherly's letters are innocent. It may be an unreal, artificial innocence, a sign of unnatural withdrawal in a man of 42, but it angers me to see this innocence exploited. . . . I find this book, said to be based on Eatherly's letters, extremely distasteful. I find the idea of exploiting this unhappy, middle-aged man revoltingly cruel.

He was shaken. He opened his mouth twice to speak, but only sighed. Then he said: "They say here I'm being used. Well, I want to be used."

"I can understand that," I said. "There is nothing wrong in wanting to be used."

"I'm a pacifist now. There are many pacifists in the world. Important people. Famous people. They are interested in writing about me. I want to be useful to them."

"Nothing wrong in being a pacifist. I'm friendly to pacifists."

"But you are not a pacifist?"

"No," I answered. "I couldn't qualify. I believed in the Second World War. I advocated war against Hitler as early as 1937 and was called a warmonger."

"Are you still a warmonger?"

"I don't think so. I'm for peace—coexistence if possible. But I'm not for peace-at-any-price. I believe there are evils worse than war—worse than death—worse than the death of a city or a nation."

"But I know what atom bombs can do."

"So do I. I know what any bomb can do. The first time I saw a child blinded by flying glass in London I wept as much as I could have wept for all the children of Hiroshima."

The conversation lagged a moment, then I said slowly: "Claude, remember our understanding on the telephone? I'm not here to debate nuclear policy. I'm only a reporter. You live in a comparatively free country. You have the right to be a pacifist. You have the right to repent whatever you did at Hiroshima, or whatever was done at Hiroshima. You have the right to join every Ban-the-Bomb group on earth. You have the right to advocate anything you like. If anybody attempts to abridge that right, you telephone me and I'll try to help re-establish it. Whether I agree with you is irrelevant."

"Then you want to help me?" he asked.

"Well, I'm here," I said. "You want $500 from me. You want me to write something about you. I'm here to see what, if anything, I can write. You told me you had signed a contract for a motion picture?"

He dug into his pocket and handed me a two-page instrument he had signed in Galveston before a notary about a month earlier. To a man named William Rowland it conveyed Claude Eatherly's portrayal rights for a film to be titled *Medal in the Dust*. The consideration was $500 paid on signing, another $1,000 to be paid in 30 days, and a final $6,000 to be paid within a year if the picture was made. Then there was a percentage clause, promising Claude

Eatherly a percentage of profits.

"You signed this?"

He nodded.

"Did you read a script before signing?"

"Yeah."

"You like it?"

"Yeah, it's all right."

"Who wrote it?"

He mentioned the names of two well-known Hollywood writers. Then he asked, "They know what they are doing, don't they?"

"I assume they do," I said. "I don't know either of them personally, but they both have substantial reputations."

"They think my story can do good," he said. "They think it can contribute to peace and to abolishing nuclear warfare."

"Well, those are worthy purposes," I said. "But if I'm to write anything I need to begin understanding just what your story is. Did you ever tell anybody you saw the blast at Hiroshima and then flew through the bomb cloud?"

"Yeah."

"And you knew it was a lie?"

"Sure."

"Did you ever tell anybody you were at Nagasaki?"

"I don't think so."

"Did you ever tell anybody you visited Japan and 'looked into the faces of your victims'?"

He dropped his eyes. "They made that up," he said. "Like me being struck dumb."

Then, following another line of thought, I said: "Did it ever occur to you to write to *Newsweek* and tell them that their reports were incorrect: that you were 225 miles from Hiroshima when the bomb fell, that you were not at Nagasaki at all, that you didn't win the Distinguished Flying Cross, and that nobody ever called you a hero because nobody except your associates knew you were *at* Hiroshima?"

He shook his head.

"This poem about how you refused your compensation—it was published here in Texas, someone must have sent it to you—did it occur to you to write to the poet and tell him he had been misinformed?"

He shook his head.

"All right," I said. "You were in the 509th . . . you piloted the *Straight Flush* . . . you did have a modest role at Hiroshima . . . you left the Air Force . . . you began to suffer from nervousness and anxiety . . . and you attempted suicide. *Newsweek* says you twice attempted suicide. Once in a New Orleans hotel room. One version says you slit your wrists. How about that?"

He held out his scar-free wrists to me.

"I never touched my wrists," he said. "I never attempted suicide in New Orleans."

"Did you ever attempt suicide anywhere, anytime?"

"I took some pills. In Houston."

"Is there a police report on it?"

"I don't know."

"What hospital did they take you to?"

"I don't remember."

"Was your wife with you when you took the pills?"

"Yes."

"After you took the pills, did you tell her you had taken them?"

"I think I did."

"Then you went to the VA hospital, you began receiving treatment, you were awarded service-connected compensation which you sought and accepted, and at some point the psychiatrists decided you were suffering from a guilt complex over your involvement at Hiroshima? Is that the story?"

"That's it," he said.

"And because you felt guilty, you began seeking punishment? You committed strange crimes, hoping to be jailed or punished in some fashion, but what you wanted to be punished for was what you did at Hiroshima? Is that correct?"

"That's it," he said.

"And all this became known in 1957?"

"Well, that's when the publicity started," he answered. "Just when I began feeling guilty, I don't know. Maybe I started feeling guilty when I was flying back from Hiroshima."

"And after your publicity started in 1957, in *Newsweek* and elsewhere, your story was televised! Then Mr. Rowland began trying to make a motion picture? And your story began attracting attention in Europe and Japan?"

He nodded.

"Then here is the most important question I have for you, Claude," I said. "When you started getting all this publicity, did anybody attempt to hurt you?"

He hesitated, then he answered: "All I know is what the doctors told me. Until the publicity started, I had never been held in the 'closed ward' at Waco. They put me in the 'closed ward' and told me it was because I was a 'political prisoner.' Dr. Constantine told me that General Twining, of the Air Force, was trying to transfer me to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington so that the Air Force could keep me where I couldn't talk to anybody or write to anybody."

"The doctors told you that? And those are VA doctors?"

"They sure are, and that's what they told me."

I looked at my watch, remembering my promise to Dr. Thomsen. We had been talking an hour.

"Then here's one more question," I said. "Are you willing for me to look at your Air Force service record? At your FBI criminal record? At your VA medical record?"

"Sure."

"Are you willing to sign letters asking each of these organizations to make your records available to me?"

"Sure."

"You understand what you're saying?"

"Sure."

"You have no objections to my publishing whatever is true about you?"

"No. Just so you be sure it's true . . . and not just what somebody tells you. I have my own records."

"Then, here's what I'll do," I said. "This evening I'll talk with Dr. Thomsen. I'll think over our conversation. You come back here tomorrow morning at 9. I think I may decide to examine your experience. I may write a book. I may decide to pay you $500 for helping me. You can invest it in a beauty shop."

Late that evening, after I had gone to bed, my telephone rang and it was Claude Eatherly. He sounded forlorn. He wanted to know if I had been talking to people about him and I told him yes. He said he was looking at television and began to describe some program, and as he talked I sensed his loneliness.

"That's one of his problems," Dr. Thomsen had said. "After 11 years in and out of a mental hospital he feels that his brothers and sisters no longer want him to visit them. His mother is dead. His father is very old. His wife divorced him several years ago, remarried, and he no longer visits his children. So he feels that most everyone has given up on him. That's why he welcomes the letters about world peace from many different countries. That's why he likes to talk about writing books and making motion pictures."

The guilt publicity had given Eatherly new reason for being. It had given him letters to read and write, callers to receive, great enterprise to contemplate. Why should he correct poets and reporters, dramatists and philosophers? They had made him feel useful and less lonely.

Next morning, promptly at 9, Claude Eatherly rapped on my door. He had come to collect his $500. I had already written his check, and I had also written four letters for him to sign. The letters were to the Air Force, the hospital at Waco, the VA in Washington, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, requesting and authorizing all of them to show me his records.

He read the letters hurriedly, signed them, and I handed him the $500.

"Now that this transaction is completed, Claude," I said, "I'm curious about one point. Do you believe your signature is valid? Do you believe you are legally sane and competent?"

"Sure I am," he answered. "No court has ever appointed a guardian for me. I have always handled my own affairs. Whatever I sign is legal."

He then asked me: "You don't think I'm incompetent, do you?"

"How could I?" I answered. "Your crew members are convinced you're competent. And Lord Bertrand Russell is said to be one of the world's most intelligent men. He says that no unbiased person can doubt your sanity. So how can I doubt your sanity or competence?"

He smiled and pocketed my check. "I suppose I'll be seeing you again," he said.

"You can count on it," I said.

In extreme northeast Texas, on the Oklahoma line, is agricultural Grayson County. You reach it by driving 40 miles north from Dallas, through McKinney. The county seat of Grayson County is Sherman, a city of 17,000. The community of Van Alstyne, population 1,605, is between McKinney and Sherman.

Six miles from Van Alstyne, on a farm-to-market road, is a 425-acre farm which has been owned for 60 years by James E. Eatherly. He is now 87. He lives there, with only his 85-year-old brother; the two old men do their own cooking. The two-story farmhouse is ramshackle, unpainted, and there is no telephone. The farm is no longer worked; a few cattle are "run" on it.

Here on October 2, 1918, Claude Robert Eatherly was born, the youngest of six children. Three boys; three girls. One of the girls died in her teens; and today the other two girls are married . . . "doing well" . . . living in middle-sized Texas cities with their husbands, children and grandchildren. The other two sons, James and Joe Eatherly, are connected with Humble Oil Company. James Eatherly, with his wife and family, lives in Midland, Texas, where he is directly employed by Humble; and Joe Eatherly with his wife and two children, lives in Van Alstyne where he is the Humble distributor.

All these five children, boys and girls, went to school in Van

Alstyne, graduated from Van Alstyne High School. The family belonged to the Van Alstyne Baptist Church. They all attended the nearby college—North Texas Teachers College, Denton, Texas.

The only one to go into the service was Claude Robert. He enlisted in the Air Force in Dallas on December 30, 1940. He was six feet tall, weighed 155 pounds, and he had attended the college during the school years 1936-37, 1937-38, 1938-40. He had completed 76 semester hours out of 128 needed to graduate. Half his grades were D's the other half C's. He had three B's; two in chemistry, one in physical education. The Air Force record says he "had never been employed except to help his father on the farm."

In Van Alstyne I asked people if they had any particular recollections of Claude Eatherly. One elderly farmer remembered him as "Claudie." Others told me he was "about like everybody else." He "liked fun and didn't study much"; he liked "all kinds'a games"; maybe he "liked the girls a little more'n average." He wasn't particularly handsome but he had "a sort of little-boy grin that seemed to attract the girls." He didn't talk a lot; he was "a nice guy to be around." He "just never seemed very serious about anything."

Claude Eatherly received his primary training (three months) at Cal-Aero, Ontario, California; his basic training (two months) at Goodfellow Field, San Angelo, Texas; and his advanced pilot training (two months) at Barksdale Field, Louisiana. It was at Barksdale on August 16, 1941—near his 23rd birthday—that he was pronounced capable of flying two-engined aircraft, commissioned a second lieutenant, and assigned to the Ferry Command, Long Beach, California.

At Long Beach Lieutenant Eatherly accumulated 107 flying hours in four months of ferrying duty: chiefly flying Lockheed Hudsons to Canada. On December 2, 1941, he went to the 2nd Bomb Group, Langley Field, Virginia. He was there on December 7th—Pearl Harbor day—flying B-18s on patrol. On February 2, 1942, he joined the 34th Bomb Group at Pendleton, Oregon, where he accumulated 103 hours flying LB-30s.

On April 5, 1942, he was transferred to the 3rd Bomb Squadron, Panama, and from March 12, 1943, to April 26, 1943, he was with the 25th Bomb Squadron on the Galapagos Islands, near Panama. This gave him nearly 13 months of antisubmarine patrol in the Canal area.

On April 26, 1943, he was assigned to the 39th Bomb Group at Davis-Monthan Field, Tucson, Arizona. He was at Tucson for eight months, and it was during this period that he married. In 1941, while he was a cadet at Cal-Aero, through mutual friends he met a Texas girl who was to become his wife. They were married at Tucson on June 3, 1943.

On December 12, 1943, Captain Eatherly moved to the 359th Headquarters Squadron, Alamogordo, New Mexico. For two months he was at Clovis, New Mexico. Then, on June 1, 1944, he was assigned to the 393rd Bomb Squadron, Fairmount Field, Geneva, Nebraska.

It was this squadron—the 393rd—which was picked to become the nucleus of the 509th Composite Group. And with this squadron, on August 1, 1944, a year before Hiroshima, Eatherly moved to Wendover Field, Utah, to begin his atomic training.

It is untrue, however, to say that "each pilot" in the 509th was a "picked super-pilot." The pilots were not picked: the 509th took the entire 393rd Squadron as it was composed on August 1, 1944.

In 1962 at the Pentagon I discussed this point with General Tibbets.

"No, I didn't pick Eatherly," General Tibbets explained. "I inherited him along with the rest of the 393rd. After their assignment to me, all personnel of the 393rd were given special checks, including security, but that was the extent of the picking."

"This is not to say," the general continued, "that I would not have picked Eatherly. He was capable. What we called the Typical Texas Pilot, with his boots and flamboyance and a little something extra added to his dress. He was reckless in his off-duty life, and I remember calling him on the carpet for too much speeding, drinking and gambling. But he knew how to fly. I trusted him as a pilot. He had a splendid crew, with excellent morale. Had the war continued, and had we been ordered to drop more atomic bombs, without hesitation I would have entrusted one of those bombs to Major Eatherly. There was, however, never any chance that he'd be selected to drop the first bomb. That was my responsibility: I had been ordered to drop it. Nor was there ever any chance that he'd drop the second bomb. That bomb was assigned to Eatherly's superior officer, the commander of the 393rd Squadron, Maj. (now Brigadier General) Charles W. Sweeney, who had flown alongside me with the gauges at Hiroshima.

"Eatherly was a fine pilot," General Tibbets concluded, "but by no means the finest. He was one among many fine pilots."

From August 1, 1944, to June 9, 1945, Eatherly trained for the atomic mission: at Wendover; at Inyokern, California; and at Batista Field, Cuba (12 miles south of Havana). On June 10, 1945, he "departed for the Pacific Theater," to quote the record, with the 509th. He flew the *Straight Flush* by way of Hawaii and Kwajalein. By mistake he landed on Guam instead of Tinian, and this landing is remembered because the *Straight Flush* was the first B-29 with reversible propellers to be seen at that B-29 base. Eatherly attracted a crowd of veteran B-29 crewmen, watching him "back up" several times before he took off for North Field, Tinian.

In my efforts to learn more about Eatherly from the time he arrived on Tinian until he left the Air Force, I was lucky to find that two people who knew him were my neighbors. Kenneth Wey's father is in the laundry business at Chattanooga. Ken's wife, Kay, is from Monterey, Tennessee, on the Cumberland Plateau; and Ken and Kay have three daughters.

In 1957 Ken and Kay Wey bought a laundry business in Gadsden, Alabama, and after I found them they came to my home for a weekend, and Ken brought his personal records to supplement the official Air Force records.

"I suppose I knew Claude Eatherly as well as anyone who served with him," Ken said. "I served with him longest. I was his bombardier from the time we were organized at Wendover; I made all the flights from Tinian; I was his bombardier during all the training for Bikini, I was with him at Bikini, all the way down to the fall of '46 when I left the Air Force."

In all the A-bomb training flights made by Eatherly and his crew, a 10,000-pound practice bomb was dropped. These simulated atomic bombs were called "punkins" (pumpkins) because of their shape. In the training flights made from the United States and Cuba, the punkins had been filled with concrete.

Ken Wey showed me his personal flight record for the six combat flights made to Japan by the *Straight Flush*. On each of these flights, except the Hiroshima flight, a torpex-filled punkin was dropped. No one can say with certainty whether anyone was killed by these five punkins. If so, they were the only human beings killed by an aircraft piloted by Claude Eatherly.

The Air Force record says that during his entire war service Eatherly flew "180 patrol missions, 6 combat missions." These "combat missions," as described here, totaled "74 hours, 20 minutes" in the air, and they were "unopposed by any form of enemy action."

This means that Claude Eatherly has an unusual Air Force record. He was commissioned before Pearl Harbor, yet he never heard an enemy bomb fall or an enemy shot fired. He never saw a man die, and he never flew over enemy territory until he flew to Japan in the last weeks of the war when the Japanese had no means of threatening a B-29 at 30,000 feet. And his flights from Tinian to Japan were made long after we had established the emergency base at Iwo Jima and after our air-sea rescue units had begun operating within sight of the Japanese coast.

So no one can escape this conclusion: the fates gave Claude Eatherly one of the safest experiences of any man commissioned by the Air Force during the war.

"Tell me," I asked Ken Wey, "what happened to Eatherly after August 14, 1945—after the war ended?"

"Nothing much," Ken replied. "We stayed on Tinian for a couple of months, just standing by, killing time, drinking, playing poker."

"Was Eatherly depressed? Remorseful? Conscience-stricken?"

"Of course not. He wasn't reflective or complex. He was mechanically-minded. He has one talent: machines. In his crew were men much more complex and better educated than he was. But they had washed out of pilot training. He hadn't. He could look at an airplane and spot a loose rivet. He could listen to an engine, like a musician listening to a symphony, and spot a sour note. Other than that you can't imagine a simpler man. He wanted to fly airplanes then take a drink and deal the cards or chase a girl. He wanted a good time."

"And during those weeks Eatherly never mentioned Hiroshima to you?"

"Of course not. The war was over. He played poker, and he must have won three or four thousand dollars. Then we finally took off for home. Our wives and kids were to join us at Roswell."

"How did you live when you got back to Roswell?"

"Well, Kay joined me and his wife joined him. We both had children about 18 months old. We both lived off the base. We both like to play golf. So we flew some . . . and played a lot of golf . . . and once in a while we got together in the evening."

I turned to Kay Wey. "What did you think of Eatherly?"

"I liked his wife," Kay replied. "She was at Wendover for several weeks. She was sweet, pretty, devoted to him—worked hard. At Roswell I saw her considerably more than at Wendover. She was trying hard. I can't say that I ever really liked Claude Eatherly. I didn't dislike him. I didn't think he was handsome. He had a sort of little-boy charm—if you like men with little-boy charm. I don't. He didn't talk much. He gave me the impression of a man who is uncomfortable in any domestic situation. He seemed proud of his wife because she was pretty; but I never saw him display any affection or even concern for her. He didn't seem particularly fond of his child. I think he was the sort of man who is comfortable when he is with men. But he is not comfortable sitting down with wives and husbands for a friendly evening."

"Are you surprised at what happened to him?"

"Well, I wouldn't have predicted that he'd wind up in a mental hospital," she said. "But I guess I would have predicted trouble—

especially if I had known that he was going to leave the Air Force. When I knew them there was never any thought that he'd leave the Air Force. He was going to stay in and he was trying to persuade everybody else to stay in. I certainly would have predicted trouble the day that Claude Eatherly had to get out and hit it and try to make a living for a family."

Kenneth Wey said that early in 1946 he and Eatherly were back "dropping the punkin again." All the other members of the "old crew" had become civilians, and their places in the *Straight Flush* had been taken by others. But Eatherly and Wey were still together . . . and still "dropping the punkin."

"We were dropping the punkin," Ken Wey explained, "because five of the crews which had been trained to drop atomic bombs were assigned to duty in OPERATION CROSSROADS, Bikini, the first atomic test series after the war. At Bikini there was to be one aerial bomb drop—only one—before all the brass and photographers and reporters and diplomats. And the five crews were to make a series of competitive drops, and the winner was to be the crew with the best CE."

CE means Circular Error. The scientists in charge at Bikini also wanted accuracy. They wanted the bomb dropped "within 500 feet of the Aiming Point," with a CE "not to exceed 500 feet." So for several weeks the five crews trained and made their competitive drops.

"Well," Ken Wey continued, "Claude Eatherly wanted to make that drop at Bikini. I mean he really wanted to make it. He had his heart set on it. He was a fierce competitor; he liked to win; he wanted to be first. So over that New Mexico desert we really sweated with that punkin. We were dropping on that range between Albuquerque and Alamogordo—just bare, hot, red desert. And you see, you are six miles up, trying to drop it on a football field. You couldn't even see the Aiming Point with natural vision. And there is a lot of luck in dropping over that desert. Because in that six miles of free fall that punkin can hit all sorts of crosswinds and updrafts and downdrafts which you can't allow for. We worked and sweated and cussed, but we just couldn't get that punkin to drop true. It would sail on us in spite of all we could do. We made some good drops but we also made some bad ones. We had one really bad drop—a big miss—and that ruined our score. Our CE was something like 900 feet. We didn't win . . . we didn't come second . . . we finished fifth and last. It was a bitter disappointment to Claude. It was tough on me, too, because since I was the bombardier I was more to blame than he was. And he chewed me out unmercifully!"

(Eatherly's former wife later told me: "The most important thing in his life was that he get to drop the Bikini bomb. I have never seen anyone so intense about anything as Eatherly was during that contest. And Kenny Wey is right about his being 'unmercifully chewed out' the day he made that bad drop. Claude was so furious I thought he was going to attack Kenny. I would say that not being selected to drop the Bikini bomb was the biggest disappointment of Claude's life.")

Despite this poor showing, Eatherly and Wey went to the Pacific with the other four B-29 crews. The record says Major Eatherly, on April 26, 1946, "departed for Kwajalein Atoll for OPERATION CROSSROADS."

Eatherly was based on Kwajalein for six weeks and made seven B-29 flights from Kwajalein to Bikini during the atomic tests. He carried scientist-observers and blast gauges, and there for the first time he witnessed an atomic explosion. But again he was only in support: the crew which made the aerial drop got the attention. Eatherly received the peacetime "Army Commendation Medal for Commanding BLAST GAUGE AIRCRAFT during OPERATION CROSSROADS January-July 46."

I asked Ken Wey: "What did you do on all those days and nights on Kwajalein? Did you happen to notice any changes in Eatherly?"

"No, he seemed the same," Wey replied. "Of course there isn't much to do on an atoll. You can swim or play volley ball or go to a movie or get drunk or play poker. Claude played poker—sometimes for two or three days and nights at a stretch. And he had his most famous winning streak. He and Roger Ramey (later a lieutenant general) played head-and-head for a long session. At the end of that session the whole officers club witnessed Ramey endorsing a $3,000 check over to Eatherly. So while Eatherly didn't make the bomb drop at Bikini, he sure as hell dropped a punkin on old Roger Ramey."

On August 3, 1946, Eatherly returned to Roswell, and Ken Wey left Roswell and the Air Force shortly thereafter. So again I asked Wey: "In your last days at Roswell, after you had returned from Kwajalein, did you notice any change in Eatherly?"

"Well," he answered, "I didn't see him very much after we came back from CROSSROADS. He had to rush home because of his mother's death, and I was getting ready to leave the Air Force in September. But now that I think of it, I do remember that he seemed to be growing a little more belligerent. He had never been much of a fighter: he got along with most everybody. But at Kwajalein he beat up a guy in a poker game. He accused this guy of cheating, grabbed him by the collar, jumped on him, and beat him up pretty bad. So maybe he was becoming more belligerent."

After CROSSROADS Eatherly received some hard blows from the fates. While he and General Ramey were playing head-to-head poker at Kwajalein, an exploratory operation was performed on his mother at a hospital in Sherman, Texas. The surgeons found hopeless cancer, and she lay waiting for the end. This news was conveyed to Eatherly by the Red Cross when he landed in California on August 2, 1946, en route to Roswell.

Von Robert Jungk and others who have written about Eatherly have exploited this dramatic situation—"the Hiroshima pilot landing on the soil of the United States and being informed that his mother is dying of cancer." In half-page photos several European newspapers in 1959-60, presented "the stricken Eatherly, the death message in his hand, crying out: 'It's a punishment! A punishment for Hiroshima! We shall all be punished for the crime of the century!' "

In these stories he learns of his mother's impending death as he returns from Hiroshima, not Bikini. He gets the death message shortly after he has been "struck dumb". . . and after he has visited Japan to "look into the faces of his victims." So he "cries out in anguish" in 1945, not 1946.

What actually happened was, after receiving news of his mother's condition upon his return from Bikini, he flew on to Roswell, was granted a 30-day leave, and he and his wife went to the old farm home to await his mother's death. For three weeks the entire family was gathered there, visiting his mother at the hospital at Sherman and waiting. If Claude Eatherly ever associated his mother's death with Hiroshima, neither he, nor any of his crewmen, nor his wife, nor Joe Eatherly, remembers it.

Two disasters, however, hit him within a week. On August 21, 1946, he learned that his application for a regular commission in the Air Force had been turned down. This application had been supported by Brig. Gen. W. H. "Butch" Blanchard, who wrote that "despite certain deficiencies" he believed Major Eatherly could be valuable to the peace time Air Force. Eatherly's failure to get his regular commission jeopardized his chances of being able to stay in the Air Force. His wife remembers that he was "terribly upset" by this news. Then, on August 26, 1946, his mother died. He and his wife returned to Roswell after the funeral, and she remembers that he was "very concerned" about his future in the Air Force.

On November 1, 1946, remaining in the Air Force on his reserve commission, Major Eatherly transferred to the Meteorology School, Keesler Field, Biloxi, Mississippi. The record says he "assumed duty as a student."

When I noted this in his record in 1962, I was puzzled. Why would a man who liked to fly choose to leave a glamorous flying outfit like the 509th to become a student of meteorology? Even though he had been denied a regular commission, couldn't he have remained in the Air Force on his reserve commission? Why didn't he remain at Roswell? He had always been a poor student; why did he choose to study meteorology?

Eatherly's former wife was able to give me the answer. She wrote:

> I can explain his application to Meteorology School at Keesler Field. As you say, he was pretty upset after his application for a regular commission was turned down. About this time the Air Force began "releasing personnel from active duty," and you will recall that thousands were released. Eatherly actually received an order releasing him from active duty. But General Blanchard interceded for him and somehow managed to get him in the Meteorology School. This was positively the only way Eatherly could stay in the Air Force. His going to that school was his desperate, last resort, arranged by General Blanchard. I went with him to Biloxi with misgivings. He had never been a student and, at that point in his life, I did not believe he was capable of studying.

On December 3, 1946, Major Eatherly's Air Force record becomes uncomfortably formal. He is "relieved of duty as a student." Through channels his commanding officer informs the adjutant general:

> . . . this officer is to be separated from the service not as a result of any physical disability.
>
> . . . a decision to reclassify this officer has been reached for the following reason: undesirable habits or traits of character as evidenced by: CHEATING ON WRITTEN CLASS EXAMINATION.
>
> . . . it is recommended that this officer's resignation be accepted and that he be discharged without specification as to the character thereof. Officer has been informed that such separation is because he has exhibited undesirable habits or traits of character, which do not properly allow recommendation for an honorable discharge, and that he is not entitled to a Certificate of Service or mustering out pay and will not get accrued leave.

The Air Force regarded then—and still regards—an officer's

cheating on a written examination as grounds for dismissal. When other men's lives can depend on a man's knowledge, that man has no right to cheat and thereby claim he has knowledge which he doesn't have. To his commanding officer Eatherly admitted he cheated; he admitted it to me after I found it in his record. He told me he "wasn't even present at the examination" because he had arranged for another man to take it for him. He had intended to stay in the Air Force until he qualified for a retirement pension. He lost this opportunity.

However, the stern recommendations of his commanding officer were modified in Eatherly's favor. To make him eligible for veteran's benefits and not to handicap him in seeking private employment, the Air Force, on January 23, 1947, gave Eatherly a Certificate of Service and an honorable discharge.

I examined his Certificate of Service. On its face it is as honorable as any veteran can show. It has never handicapped Eatherly; it has helped him. Only in a small space on the back of the Certificate is there any qualification, and this is meaningless except to the knowing. The REASON for his leaving the service is: RESIGNATION WITHOUT SPECIFICATION AS TO CHARACTER.

As in most cases of "resignation in lieu of disciplinary action," Eatherly suffered some monetary penalties. He lost both leave pay and mustering-out pay. However, under a now-abolished law which granted officers going on active duty a bonus of $500 a year on leaving active duty, Eatherly received a windfall of about $3,000.

On another trip to Galveston I questioned Eatherly about the stories that he had "flown for Israel" after leaving the Air Force. He said these stories may have been distortions of an experience he had with Lt. Col. William I. (Wild Bill) Marsalis, USAF, Retired.

Eatherly said that in January, 1947, while he was waiting to be processed out of the Air Force, he met Colonel Marsalis and accepted a job from Marsalis for which he was to be paid $100,000! Marsalis was head of a group which intended to "make Cuba the 49th state." Eatherly was hired to recruit four other pilots whom he was to lead in bombing Havana and in supporting a landing party. Marsalis and Eatherly flew two new P-38 fighter-bombers from California to New Orleans; and at Gulfport, Mississippi, Marsalis began assembling tanks, guns and landing craft.

The project collapsed when Federal agents confiscated the airplanes and the arms and arrested Marsalis, Eatherly and two other men. Eatherly escaped prosecution because he was not a member of the corporation which owned the arms, but Marsalis and the others pleaded guilty to violating the Federal Firearms Act and served time in a Federal prison.

Did Eatherly get any money? Marsalis told me he did not. "I couldn't have paid him anything," Marsalis said, "because the Federals tied up all my money. If we had ever got to Cuba, Claude would have been fixed for life. But the Feds stopped us."

Eatherly, however, insisted to me that Marsalis paid him "a thousand a month for three months plus $27,000 in cash."

I found no evidence that this is true. But for some reason Eatherly told many persons through the years that he had "made money out of gun-running." And after 1958, when he began receiving publicity, *in Texas* the yarns about his gun-running and "how much money he stashed away" exceeded those about his exploits at Hiroshima. But *abroad* the gun-running was never mentioned; instead, during this post-Air Force period, Eatherly was "flying for Israel."

When Eatherly insisted to me that he had made money with Marsalis, I said: "Look at what you are telling me, Claude. You tell me you want to be used by your pacifist friends. What makes you useful to those friends is the report that you *repented the crime* of Hiroshima. Now did you really repent? Almost two years after Hiroshima you were planning to bomb the peaceful city of Havana for no more than the dream of being paid $100,000."

He gazed out over the Gulf, pulled on his cigar, and replied: "A man can change, can't he?"

"Sure," I said, "a man can change. Saul of Tarsus changed. The London *Times* says that, flying back from Hiroshima, you swore to devote your life to the eradication of war and the banishment of nuclear weapons. Your experience with Marsalis indicates that you may not have changed that early. What I'm looking for is evidence that you changed later. . . just when and why you changed."

"Well, I changed," he insisted.

"Did you?" I asked. "Look at your behavior now. You tell me you got $27,000 out of the Cuba adventure. You told your crew members that in 1958. It isn't true. How can a man repent what he regards as one crime and still keep insisting falsely that he got paid for a later crime?"

He couldn't bring himself to say anything more than "I changed. I repented." I couldn't understand then why he kept insisting that he was paid $27,000 by Marsalis.

Eatherly's first civilian job was with Texaco in Houston. He went to work on July 28, 1947. He was to be a "salesman of petroleum products." But first he had to train for a year, and during that period Major Eatherly made the classic comedown in America—the one the jokes are about. He had to come down to the filling station attendant. . . the man in the coveralls who is learning to punch a clock, to meet the public, to clean windshields and check tires, to sell petroleum products "from the ground up."

He survived the training period. He worked long hours—hard, dirty work. He had some minor troubles. He got drunk a few times. But he made it. He won his promotion—his white collar and his company car.

His wife tried to help him. Though they had been married four years they had never lived together for any length of time. When he went to work for Texaco, she set up a home. At her insistence they moved into a single room because she wanted to live within his income. At the end of his "coverall" period they celebrated his promotion by moving into a modest apartment at 3934 Caldwell Street, Houston.

"I remember clearly," his wife told me, "that about this time he and I read *Hiroshima*, the story about all the suffering the bomb caused. He told me he was sorry for the victims but that the bomb should have been dropped because it saved many more lives, both Japanese and American, than it cost."

I showed his wife the published stories in which she is said to have reported that he suffered from nightmares during this period —that he screamed in the darkness "Bail out!" and "Save the children!" She told me that she had never made any such statement; that not once in her life with Eatherly had she heard him yell "Bail out!" or "Save the children"; that not once had he ever expressed to her, or evidenced in any manner in her presence, any emotional reaction, including regret or anxiety, over his experience at Hiroshima.

While he was working for Texaco, Eatherly and his wife selected a home: at 4601 Holt Street, Bellaire, Houston. The house had not been built, but it was in a "model veterans community" with 100 percent government-guaranteed, 30-year financing at 4 percent interest.

In 1948 Eatherly made his first effort to obtain service-connected disability compensation. He filed a claim with the VA asserting that he had been damaged physically by radiation poison and that this had resulted in his wife's miscarrying.

This claim was considered for a year, then denied by the VA. Before the claim was finally denied, Eatherly's wife had borne a normal child, their second; and thereafter she had no more miscarriages, and in 1953 she bore another normal child.

In 1949, suddenly, for no apparent reason, Eatherly began drinking immoderately and quarreling with his superiors. He quit his job at Texaco on March 25, 1949; and went to work with Ada Oil Company, as a salesman, on August 30, 1949. He worked with some success for five months, then alarmed his wife by appearing one day and announcing that they were moving at once into a more expensive apartment: Apartment No. 1, 6903 Academy Street, Houston.

"The move was folly," his wife told me. "The apartment was much too expensive. But an even stronger reason for our not moving was that our house on Holt Street would soon be finished, so we needed to stay where we were and move only once. I had a small baby; Claude had been staying out all hours; I never knew where to find him; I often prepared dinner and he didn't appear or telephone. But now he had quarreled with our landlord, so without even notifying me he had rented the larger apartment, ordered the moving van, then came to order me to move at once."

They moved into the new apartment on February 10, 1950.

The suicide attempt, about which much has been written both in the United States and abroad, occurred 10 days after Eatherly and his wife moved into the Academy Street apartment.

On the evening of Monday, February 20th, his wife told me that she prepared his dinner but he didn't come home for it. Nor did he telephone. When he reached home a little after 9 p.m., there was a scene between him and his wife.

"I tried to bring him to his senses," she said. "We quarreled about money, discipline, and our responsibility to a small baby and to a 6-year-old child just starting to school. During the quarrel he went into the bathroom, and after a while he came out and said he wouldn't be around to bother me any longer since he had taken sleeping pills. I didn't think he was telling the truth, but then he began to get scared and asked me to call the doctor, I called an ambulance and Dr. E. T. Clark."

This case at Herman Hospital, Houston, Texas, is No. 503999. The record shows that Claude R. Eatherly was admitted to that hospital at 11:05 p.m., February 20, 1950. He was placed in Room 662-E; and at 10:45 a.m., February 21, 1950, less than 12 hours after he was admitted, he was dismissed.

Years ago, when I was a young police reporter just out of the University of Alabama, I began covering sleeping pill suicide attempts. So I have long been familiar with state laws, hospital practices, police practices, and what to look for. Texas law requires

that if in the opinion of the physician suicide has been attempted, the police must be notified and the police must file a report. If there is any police report on Claude Eatherly's alleged suicide attempt, neither I nor an FBI-trained private detective could find it.

So while Eatherly may have attempted suicide, and whatever he did may be evidence of mental illness, until a police report is found there is no legal evidence that he ever attempted suicide.

Back in his apartment, Eatherly talked at length about his troubles and about why he had attempted suicide. He talked with his wife, with his brother James, and with James's wife. He told them something they had not suspected: that he was a Benzedrine addict, and he said all his troubles stemmed from this habit.

His wife told me he said: "I started taking Benzedrine pills when I was overseas. I had to take them to keep awake during those long bomb runs up to Japan."

All he needed, he said, was to be hospitalized for a few days —just a little help to get off Benzedrine—and he would be all right. He'd work; he'd support his family; he'd live within his income; he'd keep regular hours; and he'd write no more bad checks.

That same afternoon James Eatherly and Claude Eatherly's wife went to the regional office of the Veterans Administration at Houston and asked the VA to admit him to the Waco hospital on an emergency basis. The VA agreed—with what seems to have been unusual rapidity. The VA decision to admit him was conveyed to his wife on the morning of February 23, 1950; and that afternoon she, James Eatherly and Claude Eatherly drove the 188 miles to the Waco hospital.

Claude Eatherly entered the Admitting Ward at the Waco hospital at 5:15 p.m., February 23, 1950. James Eatherly and Claude Eatherly's wife returned to Houston that evening.

This sequence of events meant that during February, 1950, Claude Eatherly, more than during any previous period in his life, talked seriously about himself and his "problem." He talked to his wife and brother in his apartment. He talked with them during the ride to Waco.

"Certainly he talked about remorse," his wife told me. "Over and over he said he was sorry for the way he had treated his children, his brothers and me. He said he was ashamed of staying out at night and losing his money and not looking after his family.

"On his first visit to the Waco hospital Eatherly spent five weeks. But he certainly didn't tell us that he felt guilty or remorseful or even disturbed over anything that he had done during the Second World War."

That was four and a half years after the bomb fell.

The psychiatrists noted that he had experienced difficulty in functioning in private life, that he had proved partially inadequate, that he was frustrated, that his ego was bruised and weakened, that he was anxious and afraid, that he was unable to consider others because he was preoccupied with his own problems, and that he had tended to withdraw before what seemed to him a difficult life situation.

Was he only partially impaired by anxiety? If so, was he suffering from anxiety neurosis—a relatively simple disorder which might be relieved by talking with him, helping restore his self-esteem, helping him gain confidence by gaining insight into his condition? Would he then be able to face his life situation and function at a fairly high level?

Or was he seriously impaired by anxiety? Perhaps to the extent of a psychosis like schizophrenia, which means extreme withdrawal from a life situation, a loss of contact with reality, living in a dream world, having delusions, obsessions or hallucinations?

His illness was diagnosed as "anxiety reaction." This meant he was not found to be seriously ill; he was not psychotic, which means he was not insane; he was not obsessed, deluded or hallucinated; he was a man said to be "only partially impaired by anxiety neurosis." He was treated with confinement, which is said to give a man "temporary relief from the responsibilities of his life situation," and with psychotherapy, during which he was said to have been in "good contact" and to have evidenced "excellent insight into the nature of his problem." On release he and his wife were assured: "He has now received all the benefits which this hospital can give him." The prognosis: "He should be able to function at a moderately high level."

Again the VA denied his claim for compensation for service-connected disability. Apparently he did not mention "Hiroshima" to any VA psychiatrist, because that he had been "at Hiroshima" does not appear on any Air Force or VA record.

How did Eatherly behave while he was at the hospital? Under what conditions did he live?

During his entire five weeks he stayed on the Admission Ward, which is the hospital's Building 90, and he enjoyed "grounds privileges with occasional evenings in town with an attendant."

A veteran nursing assistant told me in 1962: "Sure, I remember the first time he came here. I used to do a little boxing in the Navy, and during his first visit here he worked out every day in the gym. He liked to punch the bags, and the doctors like for new admissions to punch the bags: it relieves hostility. I gave him a few tips on how to punch the bags, so we became friends. He liked to go to boxing matches. . . he had the dough to buy tickets for us. . . so I remember taking him with me a time or two to see the matches, I even let him buy us a beer or so. He has never been an alcoholic; he's not a compulsive drinker: he just drinks when he wants to drink. He's good company. . . smart as a briar."

"Do you recall any other characteristics?" I asked. "Any likes or dislikes? Did he act *crazy* in any way?"

The nursing assistant shook his head. "If you want to understand the major," he said, "remember this. Some men are mentally sick and they act sick. Others may be mentally sick but they don't act sick. If the major is sick. . . and the doctors say he is. . . he is one of those who never acts sick in confinement. He has been in and out of here for years, but nobody has ever seen him do anything crazy or heard him say anything crazy. As for what he likes: well, he likes his sack time. He likes to sleep till noon. . . . He's the soundest sleeper I ever saw. He learned that lying in the sack in the Air Force. And he has always liked a brand of certain cheap cigars. He has always paid some attendant to get them for him when he has been here."

For three years after his first visit to the hospital Claude Eatherly lived in Houston with his wife and continued to decline. He returned to work for Ada Oil Company but was soon discharged for drinking and quarreling with his customers. He continued to give "hot" checks which were often made good by his family. He and his family moved into the home at 4601 Holt Street, and his wife went to work.

James Eatherly persuaded his own employers, Humble Oil Company, to give his brother a job as a roustabout. And for a year Claude Eatherly did manual labor in the natural gas fields. Catastrophe struck one evening while his wife was doing the laundry and he was "out." She answered a knock at the door and met a grim-faced James Eatherly and an official of Humble Oil Company.

This time Claude Eatherly had given a "hot" check which his family could not make good. For the first time he had committed forgery—"forgery by alteration." He had altered an Humble check and cashed it. In deference to both James and Joe Eatherly, who were then and now associated with Humble, the company did not press a charge. But Claude Eatherly's employment was terminated.

But other forgeries followed. On April 2, 1952, Claude Eatherly was arrested and charged with forgery. He was released on bond posted by James Eatherly.

On February 28, 1953, the house at 4601 Holt Street was sold. Eatherly was under bond for forgery, drinking heavily, and his wife was pregnant again and unable to work. She returned to her parents.

On a hot afternoon in May, 1962, I visited that house on Holt Street and talked with people in the neighborhood. It's a mature neighborhood now; the trees have grown tall, the grass is lush, and many of the GI families have moved away as more children came and larger homes could be afforded. But at every door someone remembered hearing about "all the trouble the people on the corner had." Heads began to shake, tongues began to cluck when I mentioned the name.

"They had so much trouble. . . she worked so hard. . . she tried so desperately to hold things together. . . she was a pretty little thing and she tried so hard. And he was a pleasant guy . . . everybody liked him. . . but he drank and stayed out all hours . . . you could hear them screaming at each other. . . and she got pregnant again and got sick and had to give up."

Twenty days after the house was sold, on March 20, 1953, in Houston's Criminal District Court No. 2, Case No. 666-53, Eatherly pleaded guilty to forgery and was sentenced to five years probation by Judge Langston King.

The facts indicate that there was an understanding that the VA "would assume him." On May 22, 1953, the VA notified Eatherly that he had "won a partial disability award" and that he would return to the Waco hospital for further treatment.

Because Eatherly and his wife were living apart, the letter advising him of his award was delivered to her in another city. She notified the VA that they were living apart. The VA then divided the compensation and began mailing a monthly check for $54.50 to her for the three children. A check for $57.12 was given to him.

This meant that the VA was now paying "50 percent service-connected mental disability compensation." And this brings me to the first mystery of the Eatherly Case. Who gave Claude Eatherly *service-connected* compensation? How did Eatherly qualify for service-connected compensation six years after he was expelled from the Air Force?

On what wartime or peacetime military experience was Eatherly's claim based? Hiroshima had nothing to do with it. As I can prove from records: no VA psychiatrist learned that Eatherly had been *at* Hiroshima until 1957.

The VA declined to dispel this mystery for me. I questioned several knowledgeable men in confidence. Each one shook his head and said he couldn't figure it out.

When Eatherly received news of his award he was visiting his brother Joe at Van Alstyne. He was supposed to report to the hospital on June 1st. En route to the hospital, on May 30, 1953, he was arrested in Dallas for passing worthless checks, Case No. 48562, and lodged in the county jail. When the county attorney learned that the VA had assumed him charges were dismissed, and the Dallas County Sheriff's Office delivered him to the Waco hospital on June 10, 1953.

In February, 1954, the psychiatrists at the Waco hospital treated Eatherly with 60 hours of insulin coma. When he was discharged on May 19, 1954, he went to the home of his brother James at Midland, Texas. He lived quietly for several months, then traveled toward New Orleans when he again became involved in swindles.

Because so much has been written about his forging checks in New Orleans to get money to send to Hiroshima, I tried to recreate several of his adventures there. I was assisted by a detective, Bill Gurvich.

On November 24, 1954, Eatherly registered at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, as Paul Chenchar, and was assigned room 624. In a plastic case he had nine cards identifying him as Francis A. Baker, 1942 Alta Vista Street, Houston, Texas.

F. A. Baker and Paul Chenchar are listed as aliases on Eatherly's FBI record. There is a real F. A. Baker. At a football game in Houston in October, 1954, Mr. Baker lost his wallet. Eatherly got possession of the cards: driver's license, social security card, hotel and gasoline credit cards, etc. He later told police he acquired the cards from "an unknown female in a Houston bar."

On November 27, 1954, he entered Mayer-Israel, Inc., 714 Canal Street, and selected a topcoat. The price of the coat was $61.75, and he asked if he could pay by check. A Mrs. Tatum examined the cards of F. A. Baker and accepted the check. It was drawn on City National Bank, Houston. Eatherly left the store wearing the coat. The check bounced from Houston marked Evidently Drawn on Us in Error. The police were notified, and Mrs. Tatum described "F. A. Baker."

Near 5 p.m. on December 1, 1954, Eatherly entered Coleman E. Adler & Sons, jewelers, 722 Canal Street, and selected a man's ring selling for $611. It was a white-gold ring with one large stone and two smaller stones. Eatherly wanted to give a check for $250 on the City National Bank of Houston as a down payment. He offered to pay the balance in notes. He showed the F. A. Baker cards, and said he was employed as a salesman for W. H. Betz Company, of Houston. He gave this information to the store's credit manager, Edwin F. Moise.

Mr. Moise telephoned the Houston bank; but the bank's switchboard had been turned off at 5 p.m. Mr. Moise then telephoned the Houston Credit Bureau which reported that F. A. Baker, of 1942 Alta Vista Street, had a "good credit rating." On that assurance Mr. Moise accepted the $250 check, along with the nine notes, and delivered the ring to Eatherly.

In 1962 Mr. Moise, now employed elsewhere, recalled the incident.

"Eatherly? Sure, I remember him," Mr. Moise said. "He was a cunning one. But he trapped himself by talking too much. He made one statement which enabled me to catch him. Milton Adler, one of the store's owners, brought him to me just after 5. I had a hunch he was a con man. I'm always suspicious of guys who come in after banks can't be reached. But when I got that good credit rating I decided to let him have the ring. But he disturbed my sleep that night: I kept feeling he had 'taken' me. So next morning I telephoned the Houston bank, and of course they didn't know Mr. Baker of Alta Vista Street. I informed both Milton and Walter Adler, the store's co-owners. We also informed the police.

"Then I remembered something," Mr. Moise continued. "There had been a three- or four-minute delay while the Houston Credit Bureau was checking its files. Eatherly was sitting there at my desk, and to make conversation I asked him what brought him to New Orleans. He replied that he was in New Orleans 'to spend a few days playing the horses.' The racing season was on at Fairgrounds Race Track, and many Texans come to New Orleans for the races. The minute I remembered this, I suggested to Milton Adler that I go to the tracks and look for him. 'I'll bet I can find that rascal in 30 minutes,' I said. Milton Adler didn't think I had a chance to find him, but Walter Adler thought it was a good idea, and he sent me to the track in a taxicab."

"Now don't tell us you found him," Mr. Gurvich said.

"I sure did," Mr. Moise said. "I searched the grandstand two or three times and I was about to give up when I went up to the mezzanine and was eating a hamburger when I spied Mr. 'F. A. Baker' in line at one of the betting windows. I grabbed a cop and the two of us confronted him. He put on a good act. He was a cold-blooded operator. He first denied ever having seen me before. The cop took him downstairs to the track manager's office and called two city detectives. To the detectives he admitted he had bought a ring, but he claimed that his name was F. A. Baker and that, by mistake, he must have drawn the check on the wrong bank. He said the ring was in his room at the St. Charles Hotel. The detectives searched him and found a pawn ticket, dated that morning, December 2, 1954, from Reiner's Loan Office. The pawnbroker had loaned him $154.50 on the ring. He had $90 cash on him."

Eatherly was lodged in jail. He was wearing the topcoat from Mayer-Israel: Mrs. Tatum identified him. During the next few days a total of nine F. A. Baker checks reached the police, each check representing a swindle. The St. Charles then charged Eatherly with "beating a hotel bill" for $61.60.

On Christmas Day, 1954, Eatherly sat in the New Orleans jail awaiting trial. He could have gone free on $1,500 bond. But no one appeared to post bond.

After pleading guilty to forgery, Eatherly spent 13 months in the parish (county) prison in New Orleans. This was the low point of his experience. His wife had divorced him. Neither of his brothers visited him. Because no one had yet suggested that he might be suffering from guilt feelings over Hiroshima, he had no pacifist friends and no journalist friends. No reporter or writer took any note of him.

He worked in the prison as a "hallboy". . . like a bellman in a hotel. He delivered messages to inmates, escorted inmates to and from the area where they talked with visitors. He was not allowed outside the prison, but inside he was allowed considerable freedom.

Mr. Gurvich and I questioned the prison physician and the prison pharmacists, all of whom remembered Eatherly from photos. Did Eatherly request tranquilizers?

We were given this general reply. That while Claude Robert Eatherly was in the New Orleans Parish Prison he appeared to be a healthy and well-adjusted man, both mentally and physically. He was involved in no dispute or fight, and he evidenced no nervousness. Not once did he request medical attention or medication. He ate heartily, took exercises, kept himself neat, performed his work capably. He slept soundly and quietly. He served a minimum sentence because of good behavior. Everybody who knew him liked him, and he left the prison with the good wishes of everyone.

So whatever it means in explaining his disorder, here is a behavioral fact: Eatherly functioned better while he was in jail, without psychiatric attention, than he ever did in the VA hospital.

On his release from prison Eatherly voluntarily returned to the hospital.

During 1956 there were four developments in the Eatherly story:

1. On his return to the hospital from prison he was assigned to a different psychiatrist: Dr. Oleinick Pavlovitch Constantine, who was brought to the United States from Russia in 1925 by Baptist missionaries.

2. On the advice of Dr. Constantine, the VA changed Eatherly's diagnosis from anxiety reaction to schizophrenia. The VA then awarded Eatherly 100 percent *service-incurred* disability compensation.

3. Despite declaring Eatherly a schizophrenic, the VA now ruled that he was "competent for compensation purposes." This meant that the VA discontinued sending half the compensation to Eatherly's children and began sending all the compensation to him. The VA notified his former wife: "henceforth Mr. Eatherly himself will mail checks for child support." Eatherly never, at any time thereafter, mailed a single check to help support his children.

4. On a trial visit out of the hospital, on April 30, 1956, Eatherly, with two accomplices, broke into two small post offices. They had hatched a plan to forge postal money orders to provide Eatherly a $2,500 stake for gambling at Las Vegas. They failed to obtain the blank money orders. . . Eatherly failed in repeated efforts to open a safe. . . and the burglaries netted only stamps and a small amount of money. All three were subsequently arrested, indicted, and they were awaiting trial in Federal District Court. Eatherly was back in the hospital.

The Case of *The United States vs. Claude R. Eatherly* was set for trial in Fort Worth in April, 1957. As the defendant, Eatherly was transported by two Federal marshals from Waco to the county jail in Fort Worth. And it was here, in the automobile ride from Waco to Fort Worth, that the coincidences began which resulted in the "world-wide Eatherly case."

One of the marshals was Robert C. Smith, of San Antonio. At some point during the trip a low-flying airplane attracted attention, and Mr. Smith recalled that he had served in the Air Force. . . as a sergeant and line chief for the 509th Composite Group. The prisoner then recalled that he was a major in the 509th and that he commanded a B-29 called the *Straight Flush*.

"Well, I didn't know whether to believe him or not," Mr. Smith recalled in 1962. "I wasn't sure I remembered any Major Eatherly, but then I thought I did remember the name. When he said somethings which indicated he was on Tinian, I decided he might be telling the truth. And I thought it was a hell of a note: me a former sergeant being a Federal marshal, and him a former major

being transferred from a nuthouse to a prison to stand trial for robbing post offices."

After Eatherly had been lodged in a cell, Mr. Smith told several of the jailers and a trusty that the prisoner claimed to be "a Major Eatherly," and that he might have had "something to do with the atom bomb."

That evening a reporter for the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, Jim Vachule, visited the jail on his usual round. The trusty tipped him to what Mr. Smith had said. And again coincidence played its part. Mr. Vachule, too, had been in the Air Force. As a B-29 crewman he had been on Guam at the time of the atomic attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

"You have been a crime reporter," Mr. Vachule told me in 1962, "so you know how it is. When I heard about the marshal bringing this prisoner up from Waco, I might have ignored it except I had been in a B-29 outfit. So I was interested enough to go to Eatherly's cell and talk to him. He was in bad shape. He smoked a pipe nervously. He appeared highly emotional and confused. He appealed to me as an old Air Force buddy to help him."

"He wanted to get out of jail?" I asked.

"Sure he did. Above all, he wanted to avoid going to a Federal penitentiary. He wanted to go back to the hospital at Waco."

"Did he win your sympathy? Did you want to help him?"

"Yes," Mr. Vachule answered, "I think it was true that if he was telling me the truth I was willing to help him stay out of jail. Some of what he told me I knew was incorrect. But other things he said proved to me that he had been a B-29 pilot. If it was true that an Air Force major who had been at Hiroshima had now turned to a life of crime. . . well, I thought that was a story worth working on. So I hopped to it. I held up the story for two nights, trying to dig up the facts. The hospital wouldn't give me anything, nor would the Air Force here in Texas. Van Alstyne is about 80 miles from Fort Worth, in our circulation area, but Eatherly's brother Joe resisted publicity and wouldn't give me the time of day. But I found some other members of the 509th who confirmed that Eatherly had been a pilot at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. I then wrote the *first story* that ever appeared about Claude Eatherly after he had become a mental patient."

Mr. Vachule wrote three stories, on consecutive days, all on the front page of the *Star-Telegram*, which also circulates in the Waco hospital. And those three stories made Eatherly the *Hero Who Led the Hiroshima Raid and Received the Distinguished Flying Cross.*

Here are excerpts:

World War II Hero in Trouble. . . the former major who led the history-making atomic bomb attack on Hiroshima. . . he flew back to a rendezvous with the bomb-carrying plane, and the bombers made the historic raid on Hiroshima. . . After the explosion Eatherly's plane and the others circled, taking scientific measurements and observing the results as well as they could. . . . A few days later Eatherly performed the same assignment at Nagasaki. . . . For his wartime services Eatherly was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and other honors . . . . Eatherly was honorably discharged in 1947.

It was from these stories by Jim Vachule that *Newsweek* wrote its first story and launched Eatherly nationally and internationally.

It was also from these stories that Dr. Constantine learned *for the first time* that Eatherly had been *at* Hiroshima!

The Vachule stories, however, contained one important paragraph which was *not* picked up by *Newsweek*:

> The one-time hero said he wanted it understood that he is not blaming his mental condition or his troubles on his war experience.

In short, to the reporter who in 1957 launched him as a mentally-troubled Hiroshima Hero, Eatherly insisted on making clear that Hiroshima had not contributed to his troubles.

The Vachule stories resulted in further developments:

1. The United States attorney had asked the Waco hospital for an "expert opinion" as to whether Eatherly was "presently able to stand trial" for the post-office burglaries. The hospital, in a letter signed by Dr. Samuel H. Ross, answered Yes. Only after receiving this opinion had the U.S. attorney transferred Eatherly to the Fort Worth jail. But after publication of the Vachule stories, when the case was called before the Federal judge, Dr. Constantine and Dr. Robert B. McElroy appeared for the hospital and told the court that he was *not* "presently able to stand trial."

In short, the VA psychiatrists were in disagreement. And after learning that Eatherly had "led the Hiroshima raid," the VA changed its spokesmen and thereby reversed its "expert opinion" as to Eatherly's mental condition.

2. On noting this disagreement among the VA psychiatrists, the Federal judge postponed Eatherly's trial and ordered him back to the Waco hospital for six months of treatment and observation, after which the VA was ordered to advise the court again as to Eatherly's condition for trial.

3. In May, 1957, while Eatherly was on a "closed ward" at the hospital, and while he was awaiting trial, Dr. Constantine gave Vachule an even better story. It appeared on the front page of the *Star-Telegram* under this head:

HAUNTED BY HIROSHIMA?
Guilt Complex Blamed
In War Hero's Crimes

Here are excerpts:

> Could a guilt complex arising out of his participation in history's greatest mass killing have driven Air Force hero Claude R. Eatherly into a postwar life of irresponsible crime? Psychiatrists treating the one-time B-29 pilot aren't positive, but they think Eatherly's role in dropping the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima may be in large part responsible for his present mental disorder.
>
> . . . Dr. O. P. Constantine, one of the hospital psychiatrists assigned to the case, said he wanted the public to know that because of a severe condition of mental illness Eatherly was not responsible for his acts at the time he broke into the post offices.
>
> . . . "Prior to his wartime experience," said Dr. Constantine, "Eatherly was everything a man should be. He was one man in a thousand. . . . loyal and dependable. He had high moral principles, and all the qualities of leadership."
>
> . . . It was an accumulation of horrifying war experiences climaxed by his participation in the first atom bomb drop that induced Eatherly's mental condition, the doctor said.

Eatherly read that story with unusual interest. He wanted to beat the post office rap and avoid Federal prison. Dr. Constantine was his sole hope.

Dr. Constantine's suggestion of a guilt complex received immediate and powerful support. At that time NBC aired a television series called *The Big Story*. The gimmick was to select the "big news story" of the week, *dramatize* it, and give the reporter who wrote it $500 and The Big Story Award.

The Big Story snapped up Vachule's stories, and on May 24, 1957, the *Star-Telegram* informed its readers that Vachule had won "the Big Story prize" and that his story about Eatherly would be dramatized on May 31, 1957. Again: the paper's readers included Eatherly, Dr. Constantine, officers of the Federal court, and the citizens of Van Alstyne.

"The eyes of the nation next week will be on Fort Worth," the newspaper reported, "and more particularly on a *Star-Telegram* reporter."

The TV drama was called *Hiroshima Plus Twelve*. (Twelve years, that is.)

"How did you like the TV drama?" I asked Vachule in 1962.

"Well," he sighed, "to put it mildly I was flabbergasted. I had been vaguely aware that some television shows use dramatic license, but I wasn't prepared for what they did to my Eatherly story. I believe I might say: the *true* story was *very highly* dramatized."

The kinescope of this "drama" was shown in 1962 for my purposes. It was a creation of Pyramid Productions.

This "drama" features a "psychiatrist" who wants the public to know what ails the Hiroshima Hero:

> He thought that he himself was responsible for all those deaths. So he yearned to atone for this act. He wanted to be punished for it. Instead, society treated him as a hero. This made his sense of guilt even more intense. There was only one outlet left for him. He had to commit anti-social acts. . . crimes . . . in order to be punished for what he believed to be unbearable personal guilt. In effect, he has been driving his shame into his subconscious. Conscious, he doesn't recognize his war crimes. But unconsciously, he does, and he wants to be punished.

With that television show on May 31, 1957, millions of Americans were told: that an Air Force hero had been driven to mental illness by his guilt feelings over Hiroshima; that the hero yearned to be punished for Hiroshima; and because his society would not punish him for Hiroshima, the hero had resorted to forging checks and robbing post offices to compel his society to punish him.

More important: *Eatherly himself* had been told all this! He had sat silent in confinement and read Dr. Constantine's opinions in the *Star-Telegram*. Then he had sat silent in confinement and watched and listened while the TV "psychiatrist" explained *to Eatherly* that his forgeries and robberies were only his efforts to win punishment for Hiroshima.

How could Eatherly dispute what the psychiatrists were saying? The TV "psychiatrist" had informed both Eatherly and the public that any denial by the hero that he felt guilty over Hiroshima would be irrelevant. Why? Because the hero *did not know* that he felt guilty over Hiroshima. His Hiroshima-guilt had been driven into his subconscious, and only a psychiatrist could discern that Hiroshima-guilt had caused the hero to forge checks and rob post offices.

How can one mental patient oppose doctors and dramatists who can command the pages of *Newsweek*, the wires of the Associated Press, and the coaxial cables of NBC?

And why *should* he oppose them! What they were saying could first help him beat a Federal rap, and then it could give him a chance to become a wealthy crusader for world peace!

As a matter of fact, that is just what happened.

In November, 1957, Dr. Constantine and Dr. McElroy informed the Federal court that Eatherly had "improved" and that he was able to stand trial. Eatherly's two accomplices were each sentenced to two years in Federal prison. But at the trial Eatherly pleaded "not guilty by reason of insanity." He didn't testify. He only sat and listened to hours of psychiatric testimony offered in his defense.

The burden of Dr. Constantine's testimony was that Eatherly's mental illness had been the cause of his breaking into the post offices on April 30, 1956; that this illness was caused by his feeling guilty over Hiroshima and wanting to be punished; but that this illness was now in remission, and that Eatherly was now ready to return to free society with a good chance to make a useful citizen.

One harsh psychiatric note was struck. The United States attorney knew of the disagreement which existed among the VA psychiatrists regarding Eatherly. The attorney insisted on questioning Dr. McElroy about this disagreement. When the defense objected, the U.S. attorney said:

> If the Court please, I am endeavoring to show this jury that psychiatry is not exact, and that in the same VA institution, in a period of less than six weeks, the United States Attorney was given directly conflicting answers. Dr. Constantine and Dr. McElroy were only one party to that conflict. We think we are entitled to show this conflict to the jury. It bears on the weight and credibility of the opinion testimony.

When the court sustained the U.S. attorney, Dr. McElroy then read Dr. Ross's opinion of Claude Eatherly from the VA record. Dr. Ross, a graduate of the University of Detroit, had been the first VA psychiatrist to examine Eatherly in 1950. He was the psychiatrist who, up to that time, had had the longest association with Eatherly. Dr. Ross considered as nonsense the suggestion that Eatherly was suffering from a guilt complex.

Here is Dr. Ross's opinion of Eatherly as read from the VA record by Dr. McElroy:

> This patient has no moral feelings toward his wife or children or toward any human being that he comes in contact with. He has no feeling of responsibility or moral obligation to any individual or group or to society as a whole.

The jury, however, found Eatherly Not Guilty, and he returned to Van Alstyne with his brother Joe. He was as free as any American. He was also famous. A big German picture magazine purchased a transcript of the entire trial; and Eatherly began receiving letters from "all over the world" urging him to lift his voice, to promote books and motion pictures, and to devote his life to the cause of peace.

Eatherly's post-office trial was held in Abilene, Texas, and he was defended by an able lawyer, Davis Scarborough. I asked Mr. Scarborough for his recollections of Eatherly.

"I didn't feel as if I knew him," Mr. Scarborough said. "In my several conversations with him, preparing his defense, I never felt I was able to get through to him. He'd answer my questions freely, but I was never convinced that I had been taken into his confidence. I never believed he was telling me what he was thinking. I saw no evidence of any guilt complex in him: he didn't appear apprehensive over what might happen. He had the appearance of other men I have represented who had mental problems to the extent of being habitual criminals. I was convinced that his post-office burglaries would not be the last of his antisocial acts. He had mental and emotional problems which would cause him to run afoul of the law later."

"How did you happen to take his case?" I asked.

"The county attorney of Grayson County telephoned me and said he was a close friend of Claude Eatherly's brother. The county attorney said he didn't think Claude Eatherly needed to go to a Federal pen, and the county attorney asked me if I would help. As a favor to the county attorney, I agreed. Because the man was said to be sick, the fee was nominal: $400. One of the Eatherly brothers paid it to me—I don't recall which one. I talked with both James Eatherly, of Midland, and Joe Eatherly, of Van Alstyne. They are both fine men."

"And I'll say this for Claude Eatherly," Mr. Scarborough added. "He had no shortage of friends. As soon as it was published that I was representing him, I got letters and calls from all over the country from men who had been in the 509th with him and who wanted to help in any way they could."

Efforts to make a film based on Eatherly's experience began in this manner:

"Shortly after the Big Story broadcast," Jim Vachule told me, "I entered my *Star-Telegram* stories in a contest called the Newspaper Hall of Fame sponsored by a Hollywood producer named William Rowland. The purpose of the contest was to pick a newspaper story that could be made into a full-length documentary picture. The winning reporter was to be portrayed in the film by name and was to receive a $5,000 cash award. In a surprisingly short time I began receiving telephone calls from Mr. Rowland advising me that my story would be the winner if all details, such as legal clearances, could be worked out. I made a trip to Waco in an effort to obtain a release from Eatherly. But hospital authorities refused to let me see him because he was under Federal court commitment awaiting trial at Abilene. Mr. Rowland paid my expenses to Waco, and he advised me that two well-known authors were writing the script for the proposed picture. Because of the wide interest in the story and the obvious dramatic possibilities, I was hopeful that it could be produced as a motion picture from which Eatherly and I could share in the proceeds. I felt that he should receive the larger portion of these proceeds because, although we were both to be portrayed by name, the story was more his than mine."

I have reported that when I first talked with Eatherly he showed me a contract he had signed in January, 1962, with this same Mr. Rowland. What I now must make clear is that the promotion of Mr. Rowland's film, *Medal in the Dust,* was a continuous, rising-and-falling effort from 1957 to 1962. The film has not yet been produced; it may never be produced; but *Claude Eatherly's hopes became involved in this promotion effort!*

The effect on Eatherly, and on the Eatherly Case, of this effort to promote a film on his life cannot be overestimated. The effect of the film effort on Eatherly may have been more profound than the effect of his listening to the TV drama or the effect of his reading or listening to Dr. Constantine's analyses of him.

When Eatherly was shown a "book" with an engraved title . . . a two-inch-thick, loose-bound, mimeographed, professional-looking shooting script, all dialogue complete, with camera directions, a finished drama in which the star was named CLAUDE ROBERT EATHERLY, and supporting characters were named JOE EATHERLY and Eatherly's former wife by her real name, Eatherly assumed that shortly a big film would be a reality, and that shortly he would be paid $10,000 and a big percentage of profits.

When Eatherly read in a Dallas newspaper that the Texas war hero, Audie Murphy, was being "considered" to play Eatherly in *Medal in the Dust,* Eatherly believed it.

Most cruel to him was the fact that he seems to have assumed that the script should be defended by him as his true story! In order to help the film, in order to assure his receiving $10,000 and subsequent profits, he seems to have assumed that he must begin telling his visitors and correspondents that what the script depicted as true was in fact true!

I studied *Medal in the Dust,* then I wrote to one of the writers about it. He replied cordially that the script was "of course mainly drama laid over the facts of Eatherly's life." But how was Eatherly, a schizophrenic, to know the difference between *drama* and *fact!*

When Eatherly opened *Medal in the Dust,* the first page was a Foreword. Here is what Eatherly read: (excerpts)

> The story of Major Claude Eatherly, the Air Force pilot who led the Hiroshima and Nagasaki atomic bomb attacks, then turned to a life of crime, is a true story documented in military and police files. . . . It is a story of unparalleled, universal importance because for the first time it shows what the mass slaughter of the nuclear era can do to the military man who directs it. . . . It is an action story. . . the story of the newspaper reporter, himself an Air Force hero, who finds the key necessary to rehabilitate Claude Eatherly and give him a new future. It is a love story, the story of a marriage saved on the verge of breakup. . . . It is an adult story, probing man's deepest motivations, his unspoken commitment to humanity. . . it tells what the world's first atomic bombing raid did to the mind and heart of the man who actually led it. . . how it turned a national hero into a common criminal.

Eatherly, from the script, also learned these *truths*:

1. That MAJOR EATHERLY refused to touch his $264 a month pension. He looked on it as blood money.

This fiction became John Wain's "great" poem. . . published by Macmillan as truth "throughout the world" and dramatically recited over BBC.

2. That MAJOR EATHERLY "even when he does get a few dollars, doesn't spend it on himself. He puts it in an envelope and addresses it to Hiroshima, with a note, always the same, 'I'm sorry.' "

This fiction has been published as fact in 10 languages, and headlined by such great European newspapers as *France-Soir.*

3. That MAJOR EATHERLY was ordered to "select the target" for the first atomic bomb. . . that he did select it. . . that he was empowered to "cancel the operation". . . and that his cockpit was the command post during the attack on Hiroshima.

This is how Eatherly became the "commander" as well as the "leader" of the "Hiroshima raid."

4. That MAJOR EATHERLY, at the end of the war, was welcomed back to Van Alstyne, Texas, with parades, bands, and speeches by the mayor, all of which embarrassed him.

This fiction was first reported as fact by Fernand Gigon. . . and it became *fact* from then on.

5. That MAJOR EATHERLY, after the war, confronted the Hiroshima Maidens, the girls with the burned faces, and that he was struck speechless: "the enormity and horror of what he has done are too much."

This fiction, when published as fact, was accepted and repeated as fact by some of the world's most respected book reviewers.

6. That MAJOR EATHERLY, at the bedside of his dying mother, saw his mother's Bible fall open, and that he was stricken with "pain and guilt" when he noted in awe that the Bible had opened at *Thou Shalt Not Kill!*

That fiction was presented to millions of Americans as fact by *Parade* Magazine which is distributed in a number of Sunday papers.

7. That MAJOR EATHERLY, in an agony of remorse and self-hate, slit his wrists in a suicide attempt.

That fiction is the basis for the *Newsweek* report: "Eatherly twice attempted suicide." All the foreign mythmakers then wrote that there had been *two* suicide attempts.

The fact: there is no legal evidence that Eatherly ever *once* attempted suicide.

When I finished reading *Medal in the Dust,* I thought I had some understanding of how Claude Eatherly must have felt by 1958. He had listened to Dr. Constantine testify as to his guilt complex. He had been granted 100 percent *service-incurred,* mental disability compensation. He had listened to the TV psychiatrist. Then he had read what "Hollywood" wanted MAJOR EATHERLY to be. Moreover, he continued to read letters "from good people all over the world imploring him to speak and write and help."

Eatherly must have thought he had found a new purpose for his life. And if he was capable of knowing truth from fiction, he must have decided that truth didn't count. He wanted to see the film made, and he wanted to write or help write his autobiography to go along with the film. He wanted to be "used". . . to "promote the cause of world peace."

But in Van Alstyne, Texas, what can a man do who is "famous" and who has pleaded insanity to escape a Federal penitentiary? Who'll give him a job?

After his post-office trial, Eatherly spent six months in Van Alstyne. He attended his crew reunion at Louisville. . . the one where his crew members found him "just the same old Skipper." But when he returned to Van Alstyne, he traveled to Fort Worth to inquire of Jim Vachule what was holding up the motion picture and what could be done to push it along.

On July 15, 1958, Eatherly went to Dallas, got drunk, and held up a small grocery store in what the psychiatrists call a "bizarre manner." At the point of an unloaded gun, he forced the grocer to put the money in a paper sack and set it on the counter. Then Eatherly, bare-faced, walked out, leaving the sack of money on the counter.

On July 17, 1958, Dallas County sheriff's deputies escorted him back to the Waco hospital where he was officially admitted for the seventh time.

These bizarre robberies became Eatherly's new Mode of Operation. Whenever he was allowed out of the hospital, he committed several such robberies. He never harmed anybody, but after each such robbery he was returned to the hospital. The psychiatrists debated whether these bizarre acts were "attention-seeking" or "punishment-seeking." When Eatherly attempted to explain them, he seemed to be saying that they were efforts to attract attention to his "crusade" or his "book."

In the hospital Eatherly received thousands of letters and wrote hundreds. Some of this correspondence was with the German philosopher, Gunther Anders. Apparently, Eatherly repeated to Anders all the fabrications he had heard or read. Here are a few excerpts from his letters as published by Anders:

> Gunther, my success has been great in Japan. I can tell by the mail that my popularity has had its effect. . . . As to my getting out, my doctor said it would be after the election. I don't know what I do that has so much effect in Washington, but they sure know where I am and they are doing a good job of keeping me locked up.
>
> . . . I keep very little money as I have 19 children in foreign countries as their foster father. Each one costs me $10 a month.
>
> . . . My brother has refused to sign the responsibility form and help me get out. He does not share my views and has tried to prevent my work and writings for pacifist groups.
>
> . . . I intend to go to Japan as soon as I finish my autobiography and the movie is made. I intend to have Robert Ryan play my part. Audie Murphy offered me $250,000 for the screen rights but I turned him down.
>
> . . . I have some bad news to tell you. My sister and two brothers have applied for an indefinite commitment on me. I will, of course, take this to court and defend myself. I have not been disbarred in the State of Texas, only in Louisiana.
>
> . . . You will have to continue writing me at the hospital. My request for a trial visit was turned down in Washington, so now you see how much I am controlled. My doctor says I'm getting too much publicity for Washington to release me now.
>
> . . . I have spoken before many pacifist groups in most of the states emphasizing the importance of discontinuance of nuclear buildup, testing and stockpiling. I have appeared on television with Christian leaders. But I am not wanted in our schools. Only last month General Twining, Chief of Staff of the Air Force, tried to get me transferred to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. His excuse was to get me better treatment. My doctor refused to let me be moved. He knew as well as I that General Twining's only reason was to try to prevent further publicity about me.
>
> . . . As you know, Gunther, the Air Force is very worried and keenly interested in having me sacked away in this hospital. The Air Force dictates to this hospital what to do with me.

From such letters by Eatherly, Mr. Anders concluded that the Eatherly Case was another Dreyfus Case. And from the same letters Bertrand Russell concluded that "no unbiased person can doubt Eatherly's sanity."

On September 13, 1960, James E. Eatherly, Jr., filed an application for an indefinite commitment alleging that his brother, Claude Eatherly, was a "mentally ill person, requiring hospitalization in a mental hospital for his own welfare and protection or the protection of others."

This application resulted in a "lunacy hearing" or a "sanity trial" in the courthouse at Waco on January 12, 1961. Eatherly testified for two hours, claiming that he was sane and competent and should be allowed to leave the hospital. Four psychiatrists, including Dr. Constantine, testified against him, claiming that he "required hospitalization."

One of the psychiatrists was not connected with the VA. He was Dr. John E. Talley, now in private practice at Waco. During the Second War he was psychiatrist for the 45th Infantry Division.

Here is a summary of Dr. Talley's testimony:

> At the request of the County Attorney I went to the VA hospital yesterday and talked to Mr. Eatherly for 45 minutes. I had never seen him before. He and I sat down in an office alone. He was quiet, cooperative, in good contact, his memory appeared good, and I considered that I spent a pleasant hour with him. . . . He began volunteering information. He began talking about writing magazine articles and books. He said: "I want to express my philosophy against the nuclear buildup. I have a large pacifist following among my readers. I get a lot of encouragement from them to write more."
>
> He showed me a letter from Tokyo and said: "I get a great deal of mail from foreign countries urging me to contribute to peace. To try to promote peace aids me in solving my problem of guilt. I'm trying to relieve my guilt over killing all those people in Japan."
>
> Mr. Eatherly told me he had spent the last 21 months in the hospital, save for the last two months he had spent on elopement. He is definitely a man of higher-than-average native intelligence. He is a well-educated man.
>
> He told me that in 1947 he resigned from the Air Force. . . and this is a direct quotation. . . "because I was sick of the Air Force and what it stood for. I had just helped test the A-bomb at Bikini." I then asked him what employment he went into after leaving the Air Force. And he told me that at that time there were a number of countries in Central America which had Communist regimes, so he went in with some others to provide these arms. And he said he spent from 1947 until 1950 in what is commonly referred to as gun-running.
>
> Now it doesn't make sense to me for a man to say that he got out of the Air Force because he was "sick of what it stands for" and then immediately start providing guns for other people so they can start killing one another. This is what we call "discrepancy in thinking."
>
> So in summary I can say that I feel that he has a schizophrenic reaction, that he definitely needs further hospitalization. I don't consider him a man who would be a threat to society as a whole. He does not appear to be by nature a violent man.
>
> My diagnosis is schizophrenic reaction, chronic and undifferentiated. When we say schizophrenic reaction we mean that he is illogical in the way he thinks and feels, that his feelings are not in harmony with his thought content. I say chronic because I believe he has been this way, with flare-ups and periods of improvement, since 1950. Right now, I think he is in one

of his better periods. And by undifferentiated I mean that I was unable to find. . . for instance, any paranoid trend. He didn't indicate to me that he thought anyone was trying to persecute him.

I think this man needs protection from the adulation and idealization and lionization of the public. I think adulation may precipitate another flare-up of his illness. Perhaps a most serious flare-up. We all enjoy adulation. But we don't all have the abnormal need for it.

A jury of four men and two women found Eatherly "mentally ill and requiring further hospitalization," but they also found him "competent to handle his own affairs, and not requiring a guardian." Eatherly was returned to the hospital from which he "eloped" six months later and went to Galveston where I found him.

The administrator of the Waco hospital is Dr. George T. McMahan, who also was born at Van Alstyne, Texas. I questioned him about the published reports that the Air Force had attempted to interfere with Eatherly's hospitalization.

Dr. McMahan replied: "Only once have I ever had any communication from the Air Force relative to the case. I guess it was in 1959, probably after publication of one of the *Newsweek* pieces, I received a telephone call from a warrant officer in the office of General Twining. The officer told me that General Twining had directed him to call to inquire if, to my knowledge, Eatherly's children needed any assistance. I answered that it was my understanding that Eatherly's divorced wife had married again and that the children were being well cared for. The officer then inquired about Eatherly's condition, if he was receiving adequate treatment, and if there was anything that could be done that was not being done for his welfare and interest. I assured the officer that we were doing all that we knew how to do. And that is the only communication I have ever had, directly or indirectly, with the Air Force relative to this case."

After the Air Force dismissed Eatherly in 1947, it had no more authority over him than it had over a citizen who was never in the Air Force.

Eatherly had told me in Galveston that his best friends in Waco were Mr. and Mrs. George F. Frels. He gave me a letter to them, asking them to talk freely with me. Mr. Frels works for an airline, and Mrs. Frels worked for several years as a nurse at the VA hospital where she knew Eatherly well. During two months in late 1960, when Eatherly lived in Waco as an escapee, he spent much of his time with Mr. and Mrs. Frels in their home.

"During one period when Eatherly was locked up on a maximum security ward," Mrs. Frels said, "I used to talk to him by the hour. He was a healthy, intelligent, thinking, feeling, articulate man with no one to talk to and nothing to do. He was on a ward with the most disturbed patients in the hospital."

"He received letters, didn't he?" I asked. "And wrote letters?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "He got letters telling him he was a political prisoner, that his crimes were all only efforts to obtain punishment for Hiroshima, and that the Air Force was keeping him locked up for repenting Hiroshima. He liked to believe all that. He called himself a political prisoner. And he wrote those things to other people."

"Was his mail censored, either incoming or outgoing?"

"There is no strict censorship at the hospital," Mrs. Frels replied. "All mail is inspected. The incoming mail is inspected for scissors and other sharp instruments. The outgoing mail is examined for threats to people on the outside. Some of those men are always threatening to kill somebody the day they get out. And we censor excessive obscenity. As far as I know, nothing that Claude Eatherly ever wrote or received was censored."

"Then tell me, Mrs. Frels," I said. "From all your experience with Eatherly, what do you think's wrong with him?"

"Well, I'm no psychiatrist," she said, "but I'll tell you what I decided is wrong with him. *Nothing!* At least nothing that a psychiatrist can do anything about. He's just a man who wishes he had a more glamorous life. He wishes he were a writer. . . or that he was in show business. . . or that he was married to some rich and glamorous woman who could let him try to break the Bank at Monte Carlo."

"Do you think he has a guilt complex?"

"Nonsense! I don't think he ever felt guilty about any war experience. He's just a man who can't endure an ordinary existence. If only you or somebody could write a big book about him, or make a big picture about him, or help him get started in show business, or if he could marry a rich woman. . . there is absolutely nothing wrong with Claude Eatherly that some oil wells and a million dollars wouldn't cure in a minute!"

The last time I saw Claude Eatherly we walked along the beach together in the late afternoon at Galveston. He had become resentful of me. He had recently returned from Mexico City where he had met Mr. Anders and others who, he said, had made a pacifist film with him appearing in it. His friends in Mexico City had warned him that I had been hired by the Air Force to smear him. They had also assured him that his autobiography would soon be published all over the world, that the big motion picture was still in his future, and that television personalities in New York, London, Paris and Tokyo wanted him for appearances.

"I just want to hear you say it," he said. "The Air Force hired you to tear me down, didn't they? I know them. They want to tear me down."

"That's nonsense, Claude," I replied. "Everybody I talked to who ever wore an Air Force uniform and who knew you, had nothing but kind things to say."

"But they resent me for being a pacifist," he insisted. "They hate me for saying I'm sorry about Hiroshima."

"More nonsense," I said. "In the first place nobody in the Air Force believes that guilt over Hiroshima has been the cause of your mental illness. In the second place, if you have been disturbed by guilt over Hiroshima, I don't know anybody who objects to your saying so."

He reflected again, then spoke carefully: "You've told me that the 509th is having its first reunion in Chicago this year. Do you think they'd. . . resent me coming? Do you think I'd be welcome . . . now that I'm a pacifist?"

"Of course you'd be welcome," I said. "They'd all like to see you again. How did your crew members react when they met you in Louisville in 1958? Did they resent you?"

"No," he said. "They seemed to like me. . . just like it used to be."

"Then go to the reunion. Tell everybody how guilty you feel. They'll all be glad to see you. . . and play poker with you again."

(He subsequently attended the reunion. He enjoyed himself as much as he had at Louisville. That wasn't surprising: all he had ever wanted out of life was to be happy-go-lucky and have a good time.)

He then asked me: "Do you believe I've felt guilty over Hiroshima?"

"You may have," I said. "Most of us feel guilty about man's inhumanity to man. . . about war. . . about all killing. But I don't believe Hiroshima-guilt caused you to forge checks and pull stunt holdups. Your mental troubles were becoming apparent long before your 27th year of life and August 6, 1945. I believe that if you had had a full-scale psychiatric examination then, the psychiatrist would have predicted you'd cause grief before you ever came to terms with your life situation. There's nothing unusual about an ex-serviceman in the United States failing to make it on the outside and becoming schizophrenic."

He looked at me from the side of his eye. "Then you aren't really trying to tear me down?"

I shook my head. "I'm only interested in the truth about you. I hope you can make it on the outside and stay out of jails and mental wards."

"You think I can stay out?"

"I think you can."

"I've got to make it this time," he said. "I've got to stay out."

When I drove away, Claude Eatherly was still standing there alone on the beach; and I felt sorry for him. And again I wondered why so many people had wanted to avoid the truth about him . . . why reporters and poets, philosophers and dramatists, publishers and reviewers had been so eager to embrace without question whatever they heard or read about him.

In addition to carelessness, I suppose the answer lies in Atomic Anxiety.

John Wain wrote his moving poem because he wanted to believe that Eatherly spurned the cash; and the program directors of BBC contributed a half hour to the reading because they knew how many listeners wanted to believe. People have always wanted to believe that somewhere a good man is rejecting cash, assuming guilt, and being persecuted. I can understand people yearning to believe that at Hiroshima, as on the Damascus Road, a sinner was struck down by a great light and is now turned evangelist trying to save us from destruction.

The Eatherly Case outgrew an immature, schizoid Eatherly because millions of human beings yearn to believe that there was and is a MAJOR EATHERLY who "carried up the bomb and let it fall," then dropped to his knees and implored: "Father, what have I done!"

I believe the story of Claude Eatherly and his publicists curiously illuminates the time in which we live. **—William Bradford Huie**

NEXT MONTH'S BOOK CONDENSATION

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CROISET THE CLAIRVOYANT

by Jack Harrison Pollack

this funny Life

Having just recently moved into a new neighborhood, I wanted to start out on the right foot and not disturb everyone with a forthcoming party I had planned. To test the level of noise which the house could contain, I turned the television on full force and, closing the door behind me, walked out of the house to listen. Needless to say, the house didn't fully contain the blast from the TV set and the words and music poured out into the front yard.

Trying to open the door, I found I had locked myself out. My wife had gone shopping and would return soon with a key, so there was nothing to do but get in the car and sit and wait for her, though I felt more like crawling under it.

Shortly a neighbor tore out of his house and headed toward me. As he neared, he shouted, "Look, fellow, if you'd turn that darned thing down you wouldn't have to sit out here to listen to it!"

Jim Hewitt
Jackson, Mich.

All of the men on a bus came suddenly alert one morning when a shapely young woman in a tight, knitted outfit came aboard.

She paid her fare and turned to walk to the rear of the bus but lost her balance when the vehicle began moving. As she grabbed for a seat to hold onto she missed—and gave one unfortunate guy a pretty stiff whack across the forehead.

Embarrassed, the young woman started to apologize, but the man stopped her cold when he said, "Don't worry, honey. For what I was just thinking, I deserved it!"

Bill Donovan
Woodcliff Lake, N. J.

A speaker who'd finished addressing a club was offered a check by the club's president but turned it down; the speaker suggested that it be turned over to charity.

"Would you mind if we placed it in our special fund?" the president asked.

"No, not at all," was the response. "What is your special fund?"

"We're trying to raise enough money," was the answer, "so we can afford better lecturers next year."

Harold Helfer
Silver Spring, Md.

Our family doctor tells about the time he was taking an early evening stroll on a busy avenue near his office and met a bothersome female patient of his. She was a hypochondriac who called him at all hours of the night, took up his time during office hours, and was very slow about paying her bills. Her business he could do without.

As soon as she spotted him, she rushed up and launched into a long discussion of her aches and symptoms.

"Close your eyes and put out your tongue," instructed the doctor when the woman stopped to catch her breath.

As she did so, the doctor continued quietly on his way. That was the last time he heard from her.

T. Leonard
N. Y., N. Y.

The other day our daughter, Lori, aged 6, returned from the first grade of elementary school and threw herself on the davenport, saying, "I'm awful tired! The boys chased me around school all day and I'm so tired!"

My surprised wife asked her, "Why were they chasing you?"

Lori quickly replied, "I don't know—they haven't caught me yet."

Wayne Brouse
Leo, Ind.

During World War II, many non-swimmers at the Naval Training Stations were required to take swimming lessons nightly after a full day of drilling until they became qualified swimmers.

One Southern boy was really getting nowhere, and the chief in charge of instructing him asked, "What's the matter, boy? Why can't you swim? Haven't you got any water in Kentucky?"

After a short blank stare, the recruit replied, "Yes suh, chief—we have air, too, but I can't fly!"

Edwin Lubas
Salem, Mass.

A friendly, fatherly physician developed a habit of frequently asking a newly married young nurse whether or not she had become pregnant. On such occasions he would inquire, "Did you miss yet?" The young nurse, embarrassed but afraid to tell the old boy to mind his own business, always quietly answered, "No."

After several months of marriage and many inquiries she became a little tired of the routine. One day when the physician made his usual rounds and asked the usual question, "Did you miss yet?" she looked up, smiled very innocently and said, "Not a night, doctor, not a single night!"

Name withheld at writer's request,
Fond du Lac, Wis.

Located in the same building with the Trust Department of a bank in Baltimore, Maryland, is a small branch of the bank. Although the cashiers' windows are closed at 2 p.m., the Trust Department is open until 5 p.m., so the bank doors remain open. One day at 2:30 p.m., a man came rushing up to one of the cashiers saying he wanted to cash a check. The woman told him she was sorry but the cashiers' windows closed at 2 o'clock.

Obviously annoyed the man exclaimed, "But the banks in New York don't close until 3!"

At that the cashier turned around to look at the clock; then, turning back to the man, she said, "Sir, I don't think you'll make it."

B. L. Burke
Columbus, Ohio

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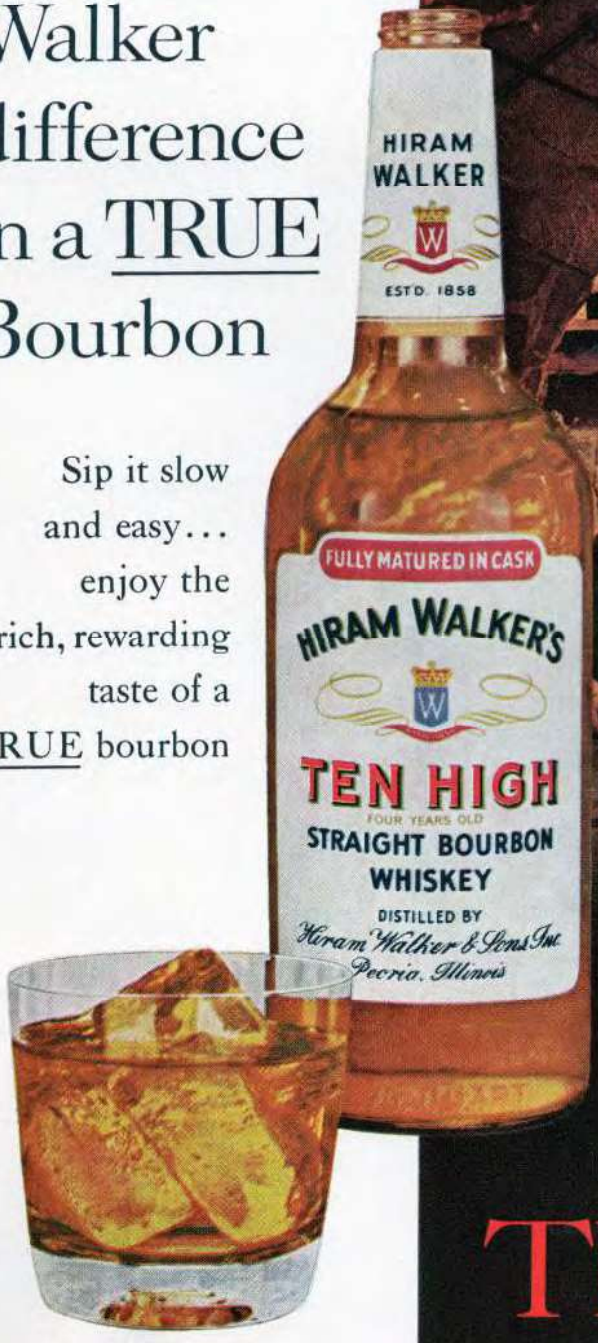

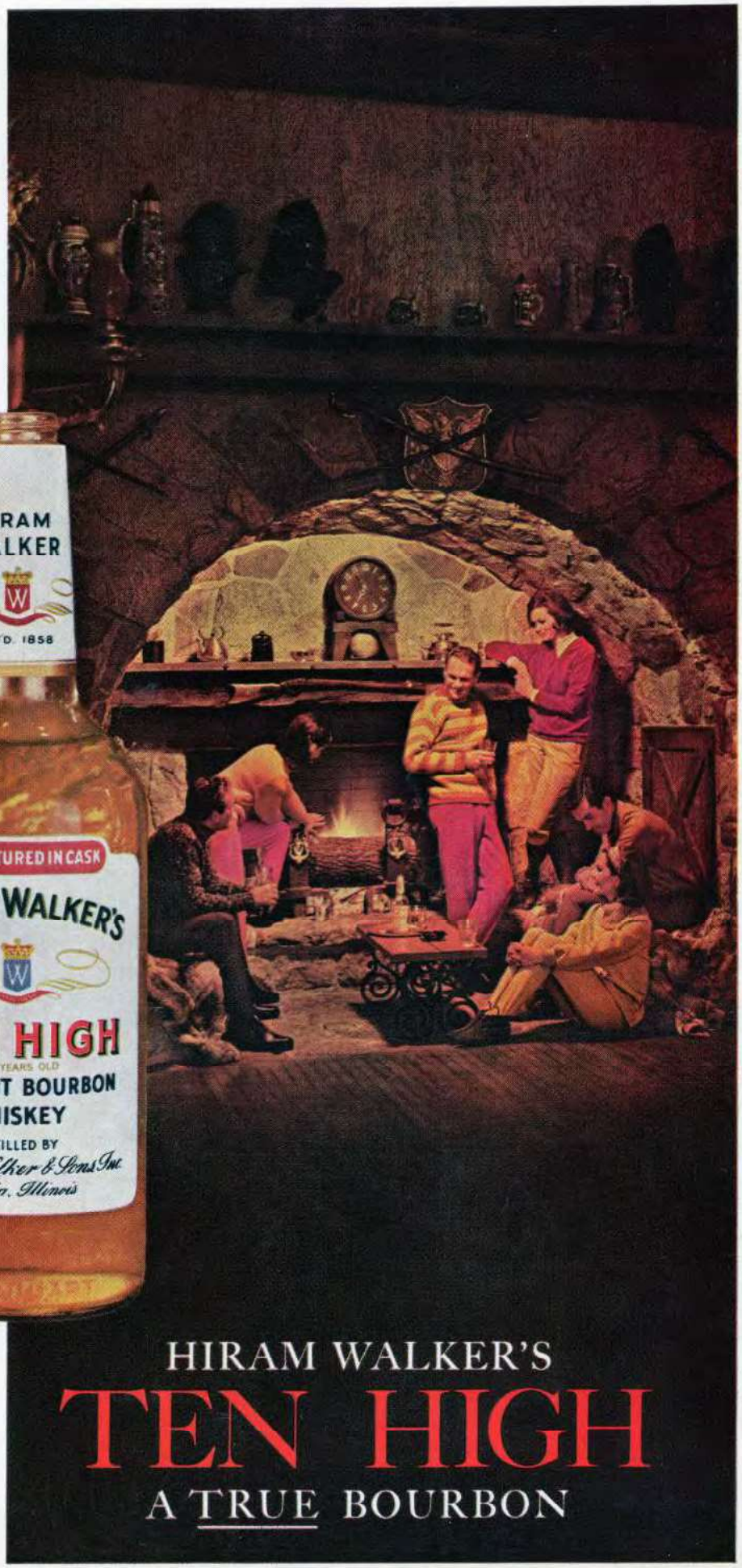

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